COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON
PATMORE. BY B. CHAMPNEYS

Coventry Patmore.

from the portrait by J. S. Sargent, R. A. (1894) now in National Portrait Gallery

Memoirs
and Correspondence of
Coventry Patmore

By

Basil Champneys

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CORRIGENDA ET EXPLICANDA

P. 40, l. 2. I have given Patmore's own date for his autobiography. It appears however, from a letter from Father G. Hopkins (printed p. 349), that it must have been written, at least in part, as early as 1885.

P. 72, l. 19, *for* "long animous" *read* "long-animous."

P. 179, near end, *for* "Vane" *read* "Fane."

P. 356, l. 2, *for* "is evidently an answer to that printed vol. i., pp. 155, 156" *read* "refers to his first poems printed in 1850 (see p. 166)."

P. 361, near end, *for* "Caine" *read* "Came."

P. 371, footnote, *for* "Commumia" *read* "Communia."

P. 374, omit semi-colon at end of l. 5.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

COVENTRY PATMORE

CHAPTER I

PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS

"Who is this Fair
Whom each hath seen?
What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be
Not thou, but God?"

IT has very rarely happened that a poet has been able or willing fully to reveal the secrets of his inner life, the sources of the inspiration of his work: for the analytic faculty is seldom found to be compatible with the synthetic, and, even where such union might have been possible, there has usually been some reluctance to remove the veil from the innermost shrine. Poetical expression, where "more is meant than meets the ear," affords but a partial manifestation of the ideas and convictions by which it is inspired, and generally leaves much to conjecture.

Patmore's poetry gives an unusual amount of insight into his philosophical and religious ideals; and, even had he limited his self-revelation to verse, there would, as it seems to me, be little of importance left to indicate or explain. But his prose writings, especially those of later date—the "Religio Poetæ" and "Rod, Root and Flower"—seem so to complete the manifestation of the poet's mind as to make any attempt at explanation almost superfluous. That which had been already indicated by the poems in

no dark or doubtful manner is by these carried into still greater lucidity.

Nevertheless there is nowhere in his writings any reasoned exposition of his philosophical ideas. His several apprehensions are declared in various relations of subject and context. Their consistency is solely the result of their birth from a mind of pronounced individuality, and in no degree due to any conscious development of a system. He did not himself consider any co-ordination or even obvious coherence to be necessary, believing that the reconciliation of ideas, apparently incongruous, might, so long as they were genuine and sincere, be left to time or perhaps to eternity. I think however that it might prove possible to do for him what he never attempted or desired to do for himself—to place his apprehensions and convictions in such relation to each other as to present, to some extent at least, a reasoned system of thought; at any rate to show more clearly the essential coherence of his ideas; and this even if there were no material to work on but his writings. But his conversation, at its best, was at least as characteristic as these,—was even more abundant in intimate confidences, often affording clues and explanations which served largely to elucidate what might have been obscure in his written work. And though the task of formulating a philosophical system from his written and spoken words is too ambitious a task for me to attempt, I may at least endeavour to group his more important ideas in some other than a mere fortuitous order.

I may remark in the outset that those who are familiar with the works of Plato can scarcely fail to notice the close resemblance which much of Patmore's philosophical thought bears to his, not merely in fundamental ideas but often in the mode of expression.

To give a single example—one out of many—the final paragraph of the essay "A people of a stammering tongue" might easily be mistaken for a free translation from one of Plato's dialogues; other passages vividly recall the "Phædo," "the Symposium" the "Phædrus" and the "Republic." He indeed often spoke of Plato's metaphor of the cave as the most inspiring idea to be found in philosophy.

The sketch which his father gives of him as a mere boy (vol. i. pp. 45-48) indicates that at an early age he had steeped himself in Plato, whom he regarded as a supreme poet. I do not however think that he was much given to reading Plato in later life, and the references to the dialogues are scanty in proportion to the influence which is apparent. He more often alludes to Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. John of the Cross; to Swedenborg, Hegel, Coleridge. I am convinced that the passages in his prose works which recall Plato most clearly were for the most part written without consciousness of the debt, and that he had in youth so assimilated much of the philosopher's thought, which was altogether consonant with his own idiosyncrasy, as to make it natural to him to think on similar lines, unconsciously to reproduce Plato's ideas, and even to write with a like turn of phrase. He was far more conscious of the influence derived from writers whom he had studied later, his debt to whom he generally acknowledges. He however usually succeeds in putting his own stamp on the thoughts and words of others.

With Patmore everything worth knowing was apprehended by "pure reason" only; and by this he meant intuition. "Reason" he held to be altogether different from "reasoning" which could at most deal with subjects of little moment. His attitude was,

therefore, consistently and deliberately that of a pure authoritarian, his concepts seeming to him to need no support of argument.[1] Essential ideas were apprehended by intuition alone, though they might be confirmed and illustrated by knowledge otherwise acquired. The universe generally afforded an infinite number of analogies which might be made fruitful only as they serve to illustrate the revelations of the inner consciousness. "The proper study for mankind was man," and that "man" mainly oneself.[2] He often quoted Coleridge's saying about the physical universe, that its use was to "make dirt cheap," of so infinitesimal importance did it seem to him in comparison with man, the "last and greatest work." Within this sphere of knowledge, it was the conscience and the affections which were the deepest and most fruitful sources of enlightenment; nor of these was any of equal import to that of love between the sexes, culminating in and developed by the nuptial tie. This was to him by original tendency and had become through actual experience the most suggestive, most illuminating, and most fruitful of natural revelations, and was the principal if not the exclusive fount of his inspiration both poetic and religious. There was scarcely a principle or theory in any branch of thought which he did not by analogy refer to and illustrate by this relation. In conduct, it is in the subjection of the emotional or "feminine" conscience

[1] Probably no more remarkable instance of this mental attitude can be found than Patmore's own account of his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church (see p. 50). He regards as self-evident claims which by almost all intellectual converts have been accepted only after long and deliberate thought.

[2] Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, "The world that I regard is myself: it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on. For the other, I use it but like any globe,and turn it round sometimes for my recreation."

to strong and far-sighted wisdom, which is the "masculine" conscience, that moral growth mainly consists. In poetry "masculine" law controls and dominates "feminine" sensitiveness, the two being indissolubly united, but the weaker always in due subordination to the stronger. Even in criticism he is apt to group his subjects according to the sexual idea, making the more emotional writer rank as "feminine," and him in whom the rational soul predominates as "masculine." And the same analogy which he brings to bear upon all the more important questions of life becomes naturally far more fruitful when applied to religion, which is always with him the one vital and almost exclusive subject of thought.

Human affections, of which love and the nuptial tie appear in the first rank, are a primary and natural revelation to all. They stand in the same relation to supernatural revelation in which St. John the Baptist stood to Our Lord; and it is by due attention to these, by the apprehension of and fidelity to their suggestions and inspirations, that man is prepared for the reception of Christianity. Religion enters in to spiritualize, to elevate, to complete, and to fulfil all that the natural affections had suggested. These are not to be held to be in opposition to Divine law, but its very basis and foundation. The Incarnation is not an isolated fact in time, but the culmination of a universal and eternal process. Man is, body as well as soul, a partaker of the Divine nature, which has been imparted to him first in the form of the human affections and afterwards by Divine revelation, through which these have their legitimate consummation. Nothing is more opposed to his view than the depreciation of the "body" or natural impulses, as apart from these the religious idea has no fulcrum on which to work. They are

not to be despised or suppressed, but accepted to their full legitimate scope, and interpreted in the light of Revelation, by which they are strengthened, raised, and sanctified.

If the natural affections are to be explained by Revelation, of no less value is the light which these cast upon the essential characteristics of Deity and on the ways of God to man. The parties to love are to be regarded as "priest and priestess to one another of the divine womanhood and divine manhood which are inherent in original Deity." If it were not for the help which this great symbol affords, contact between the finite and the Infinite would be unintelligible and incredible; but just as the lover realizes love, which otherwise would appear vague and intangible, only when his affections are centred on an individual, so the Godhead can only be apprehended as it concentrates itself on and manifests itself in the individual human soul. Infinity is revealed by voluntarily becoming subject to bonds; and inequality is so far from being an obstacle to the intercourse of Love that it is the very element in which it subsists. "It is the mystic craving of the great to become the love-captive of the small, while the small has a corresponding thirst for the enthralment of the great." "Between unequals sweet is equal love." And this process of intercourse between God and man, of which the Incarnation was the one special crisis and consummation in the past, as the Sacrament of the Eucharist is in the present, has been everywhere everlastingly in operation in various degrees and in various forms—being adumbrated even in such Pagan mythologies as represent deity in the form and fashion of man, and which so far identify the human with the Divine life. There is scarcely a limit to his use of the sex-metaphor in its application to religious mysteries:

even the doctrine of the Trinity is illustrated thereby. "Nothing whatever exists in a single entity, but in virtue of its being thesis, antithesis, and synthesis,[1] . . . which in natural life takes the form of sex—the masculine, the feminine, and the neuter, . . . which is not the absence of the life of sex but its fulfilment and power." Nay more: Godhead, the heavenly hierarchy, and mankind are grouped in relations analogous to those of sex in humanity: the First Person of the Trinity is alone simply originative or "masculine," and woman alone purely receptive or "feminine." Each intermediate order is alternately of either sex as it presents the passive or receptive side to the power above, and the active or operative side to the creature beneath. "Spirits at will can either sex assume," and man's attitude is towards the Deity passive, receptive or "feminine," while it is active or "masculine" towards the woman, to whom he is a revelation of the Godhead.

In connection with this view a few words must be said about Patmore's doctrine of "virginity," which is so frequently intimated in the "Odes." Mr. Gosse has given[2] from an early copy of "The

[1] The following is from Coleridge's "Table Talk," vol. i., p. 77:

"God, the Absolute Will or Ideality =
Prothesis.
The Father = Thesis. The Son = Antithesis. The Spirit = Synthesis."

The application of the sex-metaphor is exclusively Patmore's.

[2] "North American Review," March, 1897. Mr. Gosse conjectures "that Mrs. Patmore, in her rigid antagonism to Popery, would decree that this beautiful and highly characteristic section savoured too much of Rome to be preserved." The first four lines however are printed, with only slight alterations, in the earlier editions; moreover his ideas on such matters were in entire agreement with Emily Patmore's, as I hope has been sufficiently shown; and further, the sentiment is by no means specially associated with Roman doctrine. On the contrary, Rome, though not

Angel in the House" containing many of the poet's emendations the following lines the last four of which were omitted for subsequent publication:

"THE VESTAL FIRE."

"Virgins are they before the Lord
Whose hearts are pure: 'the vestal fire
Is not,' so runs the poet's word,
'By marriage quench'd, but flames the higher:'
Warm, living is the praise thereof;
And wedded lives, which not belie
The honourable heart of love,
Are fountains of virginity."

In his view, marriage, in its fullest fruition, exalted rather than compromised essential purity, so long as the partners to it preserved a sense of its sacramental character, of "the never-failing freshness and mystery." Even when actually lost by definite impurity, virginity may, he thinks, be recovered by penitence, love, and effort:

"There of pure virgins none
Is fairer seen,
Save One,
Than Mary Magdalene."

And those may take part in the "Heavenly Nuptial Song" who

"Losing, never slept
Till they reconquered had in mortal fight
The standard white."

It was characteristic of Patmore's thought that the spiritual should always come in the first order,

formally excluding such a view, has consistently shown a leaning towards technical "virginity." For instance, Rev. xiv. 4 is interpreted in Patmore's sense by but few Roman Catholics, whereas other Churches would find less difficulty in reading it as he does. As might be expected, the substance of the passage appears in all editions issued before Patmore's conversion and in no later ones.

the merely legal or technical in the second. This is the case no less with his view of marriage than with his conception of virginity. Though never undervaluing the formal and religious sanction, he held that the essence of the sacrament of marriage was union of soul and body accompanied by a fixed intention of permanence; and in this idea I believe him to have had Catholic theology on his side. No external sanction seemed to him to justify or make pure an association founded on any other motive, and marriage without love and without the desire of perpetual union was held by him to be scarcely less immoral than any irregular *liaison*. It was always the spirit rather than the letter of the law to which he gave his assent.

It is Patmore's view that religion is "an experimental science." It is through consciousness of the struggle between good and evil within his own soul that man can understand and appreciate the warfare between the same antagonists in the world at large, and can anticipate its ultimate result. If anyone doubts the superior power of good over evil, he will be at no loss to decide on which side victory will eventually lie, provided that he has made experiment in his own personal life. If he has thrown his will constantly and definitely on the side of good, he will have found evil, which will often have presented itself to him as a distinctly personal influence, to have been constantly vanquished and increasingly weakened by each successive contest. The victory of which he has been conscious in the microcosm of his own soul will lead him readily to believe that to the less intelligible conflict between the same powers in the outer world a similar result is assured. This confidence, which is within the reach of all, even of those who have none but natural religion,

is precisely consonant to Christian revelation, by which it is infinitely strengthened and corroborated.

If this is a fair statement of Patmore's position in religious philosophy (and I am convinced that however imperfectly stated, the ideas summarized are at the foundation of nearly all his thought), there are certain characteristic habits and opinions consistently held by him which seem more or less logically to follow therefrom. The conviction that all real knowledge is intuitive necessarily led him to dwell mainly if not exclusively on the workings of his own mind. Serious reading, serious companionship were of value to him only as they afforded opportunities for acquiring corroboration of his own original concepts. Knowledge of the physical universe (and, much as he appeared to despise science, he seemed always to have apprehended the far-reaching principles and ideas to be derived therefrom) was of use mainly as it afforded analogies to spiritual thoughts which he had himself conceived. The study of the Fathers of the Church to which, with the Bible and the Breviary, he in later years almost entirely confined his serious reading, was fruitful to him principally as it afforded confirmation of his original intuitions; while personal intercourse was valued by him for the community of thought or for the receptivity which he found in his companion. And as in later life his mind was more and more exclusively concentrated on spiritual ideas, it is scarcely surprising that he increasingly clung to solitude and to silence.

Indeed, so deeply was he convinced that the most direct if not the only approach to spiritual truth was by introspective rumination, that he would advise his intimates to put aside all reading, all active thought, and to remain passive to revelation from within,

which he believed was bound to come to others as it came to him. If he detected in a friend any capacity for innate spiritual ideas, he would, by way of the highest compliment, desire for him "six months of solitary confinement."

The intuitions which he valued were, he believed, vouchsafed to all. To some they were occasional and intermittent, to others more continuous; but they are "the light which lighteth *every man* that cometh into the world." To most the occasion of them is first love, which, if pure and unselfish, necessarily opens the soul to the loftiest conceptions of the Infinite; but the same revelation may come through other affections, from external nature, or even in dreams. The main duty of man is to live up to the standard of such inspiration, to keep it from fading, and even in the darkest moments to preserve the memory of it for encouragement and hope.[1]

It is moreover to this mental attitude that we must attribute the tendency, frequently betrayed, to depreciate works of active benevolence. That he should himself have found his main vocation in contemplative life is not surprising; nor will any who have reaped due advantage from his writings regret that he thus understood his own proper function; but his characteristic preoccupation with his own individual view made him careless or indifferent as to the effect which the strong expression of a somewhat special and exclusive opinion might have upon others: he was apt to present to his readers as a general "counsel of perfection" what was, after all, applicable only to himself and to those of similar idiosyncrasy. Be it noted, however, that this disparagement of works of active kindness went no further than theory, and that he, throughout his life,

[1] A short poem which appeared in the "Germ," entitled "Stars and Moon," shows how early he had conceived this idea.

even when his means were small, was unostentatiously liberal in charity.

Further, his belief that sex is a primary and essential relation, co-extensive with every form of existence, natural and Divine, made him utterly intolerant of any doctrines which seemed to him likely to upset the ordered relation between man and woman. Though the best part of his earlier life had been spent in doing loyal and tender homage to womanhood, and though later he had found in the worship of Our Lady the consummation of all his earlier concepts, he was in no degree prepared to countenance any tampering with woman's proper attitude, that of due subordination to man. He had no sympathy whatever with movements towards female emancipation, though he held man primarily responsible for the attempted usurpation. The fault, as he thought, originated in failure of manliness on the part of the male sex, which had induced woman to endeavour to occupy the position which man was abrogating. So long however as the proper relation was inviolate, there was no limit to the chivalrous admiration which he was prepared to devote to the "weaker vessel."

It would, I think, be scarcely fanciful to trace his political convictions to the same essential ideas. It was, in his view, necessary that the weaker or more "feminine" element in the state should be governed by the "masculine" and strong, its emotional and thoughtless members, those who seek the mere gratification of the moment, by the wise and far-sighted who can apprehend more permanent interests. He had no belief whatever in the collective wisdom of the multitude,—failed to see how any number of "grains of sifted sand heap'd make a likely house to stand," any number of "fools one Solomon." He held that ac-

cording to eternal and irrefragable law, power should be exclusively in the hands of those who by birth and education were in a position to attain to political wisdom. That the material interests of the masses could be promoted only by their having a share in government was an argument which did not touch him. He cared not a jot for "comfort," holding that it had proved in no degree conducive to spiritual and moral growth, but rather the reverse; and this was the only kind of welfare for which he had the least regard. To him, a democratic constitution was not merely a house built with sand, but was further a direct violation of the eternal and immutable law by which, as with the sexes, the weak must always be, and find their true happiness in being, subordinate to the strong. This attitude of a convinced aristocrat was equally evident in other domains, and by no means least in religion. Though he would in theory by no means have underrated the value of true faith to the average man, the results of religion interested him only so far as they showed themselves as spiritual apprehension in the higher sphere, and in some approach to actual saintliness. Neither in his writings nor in his talk is there much to be found which is not addressed exclusively to those who can apprehend exalted religious ideas. The appeal is always to the few, never to the multitude; and this not because he consciously or intentionally ignored the "people," but because the lower spheres of education and intelligence were never present to his imagination as objects of interest.

It seems scarcely necessary to add that, if he was in such respects an "aristocrat," the term must not be taken in any social sense: no one could have been more free from any approach to snobbishness. The one exclusiveness which he showed was the desire to associate only with what seemed to him to be

best in character, intellect, and capacity for religious ideas; nor in such matters was he likely to accept any standard but that of his individual judgment.

It is in some such manner as this that his most important views in matters philosophical, religious, social and political, may be shown to be coherent, and may be traced to a common origin. If he appeared as one self-centred, a law to himself, this was only because he showed a constant fidelity to that which he believed to be a Divine principle revealed to him from within, and confirmed from without by "infinite corroboration."

CHAPTER II

THE CHURCH

"Rich . . . .
Its fruit, beneath whose rough, concealing rind,
They that will break it find
Heart-succouring savour of each several meat."

OF Patmore's attitude towards and position in his own Church it is naturally somewhat difficult for me, as one outside it, to judge. Though he always spoke on such subjects with absolute candour and apparently without restraint, it is still possible that there may have been, on certain matters, a greater degree of reserve than would have been shown in his intercourse with his fellow-Churchmen,—possible too (though this is scarcely in accordance with his character, seeing that it was not usual for him to strain his opinions or modify the expression of them with a view to conciliation), that he may have been unconsciously led to present his views in the form most likely to prove attractive to one in my position. Such possibilities of reticence or accommodation may be discounted so far as is necessary. I can only deal with this section of my subject according to the light afforded to me by personal converse, disclaiming most sincerely any desire to make controversial capital out of anything which is here set down. And it is a satisfaction to me to think that there is very little that it will be in my power to record, which the careful reader of his published works will not find directly or indirectly confirmed therein.

I may say, in the first place, that no single word of Patmore's ever came to my ears, however widely his manner of talk differed from that which is usual among his co-religionists, which gave me the slightest impression of his feeling any dissatisfaction with or of failing in full loyalty to the Church which he had joined. On the contrary, he was always anxious to find for his most original and most startling apprehensions the definite confirmation of authority; nor did anything appear to gratify him so much as the discovery that some truth, at which he had intuitively arrived in the course of his introspective meditations, was a cardinal doctrine of the more mystic orthodox writers. It was clearly his view that religious conceptions came from within, and that the main function of a dogmatic creed was to encourage, guide, and keep within bounds the ideas which arose in a soul "naturally Christian."

To one advanced in spiritual ideas and instinctively orthodox, such authority was a charter of perfect freedom, and manifested itself as encouragement or confirmation rather than as limitation or repression. As the true poet with rhyme and metre, so he with dogma, "found in it not bonds but wings." He often said to me, "I could never be happy in any Communion but my own. There is no other which would allow me to think and say so exactly what I choose."

It is, however, worth observing in how extended a sense he employed the word "Catholic;" so widely indeed, that for him it came to embrace all that was essentially good and true either in religion or in morals. I remember his telling me that when he first became a "Catholic" he was in doubt how far it would be right for him to associate with "non-Catholics," and that he was told that he need have no hesitation, for in the first place he might do good

to others by intercourse, and in the second place he had no right to assume that his friends, though professing other creeds or none at all, might not be in their own manner and on their own ground essentially better "Catholics" than himself. Once, too, when the dogma was mentioned, "No salvation out of the Catholic Church," he said that he accepted this, but only in the sense intended; that to limit grace to the external church was to be guilty of the rankest heresy, and that many known here as heretics, or possibly as infidels, were truly entitled to rank in the *real* Catholic Church above some of its most orthodox professing members. The same width of view was held by him with regard to philosophical theologians. Swedenborg, by whom he had been deeply influenced in early years, and whose writings had greatly encouraged his tendency towards mysticism, Butler, Hooker, Keble, and others, were accepted by him as of only less weight than the Catholic Fathers. Nor did he limit his study and approval to Christian or to quasi-Christian writers. He was for ever finding in Pagan mythologies hints and adumbrations of Divine truth. Mr. Gosse records a characteristic conversation, in which Patmore stated his doubts whether the Venus of Milo or the Sistine Madonna should be accorded the place of honour in his house, and remarked that the former is at least as "Catholic" as the latter; and, though in this instance one may suspect some touch of a humour which revelled in paradox, he scarcely goes further here than he does in a paragraph in "Rod, Root and Flower," wherein he states, with absolute seriousness, that "the Pagan who had been initiated into the unspeakable names of Bacchus and Persephone knew more of living Christian doctrine than any 'Christian' who refuses to call Mary the 'Mother of God.'" For Patmore, as I have said, Pagan and more especially Greek

mythology abounded in hints of the Incarnation and of other essentially Christian doctrines, which, fully to interpret, would, he said, quoting the words of a friend (Mr. E. H. Pember), require "the spiritual insight of a prophet and the purity of a saint."

But it was not only of religious truth or spiritual insight that the term "Catholic" was habitually used. If he were told of any great act, whether of heroism or of suffering nobly borne, the encomium passed was sure to be, "That is truly Catholic"—a word which was constantly on his lips, and which was often rendered by the context an exact synonym of "good" or "true." I remember telling him that Dean Church's "History of the Oxford Movement" had made it clear that Keble's, rather than Newman's, had been the primary influence; and he answered, "I am glad to hear that, as I have always thought that Keble had a more Catholic mind than Newman." (Though his admiration for the latter was ardent and affectionate, he always detected in him a certain "Protestant" taint.) Possibly, the strongest example of this comprehensiveness of view, this unwillingness to put any bounds to the scope of Divine influence, was shown in his opinion of the Salvation Army. In this case, all his natural instincts, his aristocratic tendencies, his hatred of Puritanism, of vulgarity, of teetotalism, must have been in direct opposition to the tolerant conclusion at which he arrived, namely, that it would be rash to conclude that the movement might not be of Divine instigation. If it were argued against any such sect that it entirely rejected the sacraments both in theory and in practice, Patmore would reply, in the words of St. Augustine, that "Love is above the Sacraments."

It is fair to observe that these charitable views of other creeds and communions were in no degree

connected with any desire for external *rapprochement* or reunion of Churches. In efforts towards such ends he took not the smallest interest either positive or negative.

It was impossible for me, hearing the expression of such comprehensive views, not to ask him what special and exclusive advantages he considered to appertain to membership of his Church. To such a question he would answer that no other seemed to him to teach or produce so complete a surrender to the Divine Will, nor, for that very reason, to give equal aid to spiritual development. It was however only as it might satisfy genuine aspirations or might lead to such results that he attached any value to external assent. His views were diametrically opposed to eagerness for such conversions as were not the consequence of actual spiritual need and likely to prove the occasion of spiritual growth. Speaking of the proselytizers of his own communion, who seemed to seek and care for external assent for its own sake, he remarked, "What's the good of it? If they get them over they will probably only have made them ten thousand times worse than they were before." He thought that those who were living good and Christian lives in other Communions should be let alone; that it argued a most culpable rashness to disturb a position which, as affirmative of essentials, was compatible with true religion. He even publicly deprecated disturbance of existing institutions such as the Anglican Established Church, as for instance in the following letter to "The St. James's Gazette," in which he makes an appeal to the Nonconformists to give up their efforts towards disestablishment because, if successful, they will inevitably lead to wholesale conversions to Rome.

"DOWN WITH THE ENGLISH CHURCH, UP WITH THE ROMAN CHURCH."

"*To the* EDITOR *of the* ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"SIR,—The supreme struggle for and against the existence of the Established Church is about to commence; and no one who has observed Mr. Gladstone's peculiar modes of procedure can doubt that he has been long preparing to take the side of Disestablishment. It is some years, for example, since Mr. Gladstone published an article in a popular magazine, in which he appeared, on the whole, to defend the Establishment. Thousands, as he knew, would read the article, but millions read the title, advertised as it was all over the kingdom; and this title was, 'Is the Church of England Worth Preserving? By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.'

"Now there is one certain result of Disestablishment which has not yet been put before the electors with the emphasis which its importance demands. I mean the immense and almost immediate preponderance which it would give to the Roman Catholic Church in England. Were the national sanction withdrawn from the Protestant Episcopal Church in England, that Church would at once become, in the presence of the Church which has been established for nearly two thousand years, nothing more than the principal of the numerous Dissenting bodies in the country; and the craving for external sanction would send thousands of all classes, but especially the most 'respectable,' into the Roman fold. This is a consideration which will appear the more weighty the more it is pondered; and it is one especially for the Dissenters, and for such as would otherwise be more or less indifferent, to reflect upon. Are they willing to give the Roman Catholic Church an enormous immediate extension, and an argument by which they will make thousands of converts in every succeeding year?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A DISSENTER.

"*October 16th*, 1885."

In fact the Roman Catholic Church was valued by him mainly, if not solely, as the best school for saints. The aristocratic and exclusive bent of his mind was

no less manifest in religion than in politics. To join the Church without assimilating its higher spiritual teaching was only to swallow the husk without digesting the kernel. Indeed, on the ground that the corruption of the best is the worst, the professed Catholic without inward grace was in the worst position of all. To the great majority their creed was "no better than a degrading superstition"; and again, he quoted from a sermon by a Roman Catholic prelate with a general assent qualified by some amusement at the crudity of the expression and the impolicy of the utterance, "The heathen are those who have grace without the sacraments, Catholics those who have the sacraments without grace." However, notwithstanding that he saw so little advantage in conversion to his Church except where the change seemed likely to lead to the spiritual results he valued, I am sure that he would have welcomed with the utmost joy the accession to it of any one of his intimates whom he considered endowed with a "Catholic mind," and would have considered him to be substantially gaining by the change. He was however far too wise to exercise any pressure or to attempt to influence his friends otherwise than by presenting his creed in its most human, most sympathetic, and most attractive aspect.

Patmore's writings on religious subjects have been held by many to conduce towards the unity of Christendom and to constitute an *eirenicon* between rival Churches. This is true as regards their effect, though I doubt if he was conscious of any such intention. It is to his habitual attitude in spiritual matters rather than to any purpose of conciliation that such a result should be attributed. Without ignoring the risks which attend all generalisations or the exceptions to which they are necessarily subject, I may explain my meaning as follows.

There may be said to be three *strata* or stages of religious thought. The first is represented by those whose creed is so simple as to afford little or no ground for contention; the second by such as, in their search for greater precision, enlarge the domain of dogma, but fail to pass beyond its mere technical aspect; the third consists of those who rise from the technical to the spiritual, and, without repudiating or disparaging dogma, use it mainly as a guide and support to thought which transcends mere definition.

While few are content to remain within the first category, and even these are in constant danger of being influenced or annexed by the second, many fail to pass beyond this intermediate stage in which religious animosity mainly thrives.

Patmore has consistently identified himself with this final stage of thought: so much so that his writings on religion may be found generally acceptable by the more spiritually-minded members of all Christian Churches. For this reason he may prove to have done more to promote mutual understanding and sympathy than many who have consciously laboured towards this end.[1]

Very rarely in my presence were any matters that are in dispute between the branches of the Christian Church brought under discussion. On the few occasions when such questions arose, it appeared to be quite impossible to bring Patmore's mind down to the technical point at issue. He was so exclusively occupied with great and far-reaching principles as completely to rise above controversial detail. It

[1] Another Roman Catholic writer of the present day who may be compared to Patmore for a spirituality which rises above the controversial sphere, and who in other respects shows great similarity of religious thought, is Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J., the author of "Nova et Vetera" and "Hard Sayings."

was, so to speak, impossible to bring him to the ground, so habitually did he soar in the higher regions of thought. As an example, I remember that on one occasion he was questioned as to his Church's definition of Transubstantiation, the usual argument being employed, that the philosophical theory on which it was based was no longer tenable. His reply was that the whole object of his Church had been so to define the dogma as to predicate real and actual contact; and this concept he illustrated as follows (the metaphor of sex was never far away): "A man may woo a woman, praise her, do her service in a thousand ways, and yet never really touch her heart; whereas a single grasp of the hand may do for him all that he has otherwise failed to accomplish;" and in a similar manner would he habitually override all considerations of mere matter-of-fact reasoning by reference to some great spiritual truth. This aloofness of his made definite argument with him on technical points as impossible as it was clearly unprofitable. If sympathy could be established in the higher regions of thought it was as unnecessary as it was futile to obtrude the lower. He was to be understood only in his own sphere.

So too it was evident that the ceremonial of his Church attracted him only so far as it implied for him recondite transcendental truths. At the time of his change of creed he was unusually ignorant of ceremony, and, in the earlier years of his conversion, it did not appear to be specially congenial to him. He seemed too to adopt with some degree of shy reluctance such personal action as it involved. Even in later days, if I visited with him some Roman Catholic church, I seemed to detect in the manner of his genuflexions a moral as well as a physical effort. On the other hand he loved to expatiate on the inner meaning of the Church's ritual, finding in it

intentions which could have been patent to but few of his co-religionists, if indeed to any but himself.

His method of interpreting Scripture was of a piece with all his other religious ideas. To the literal and obvious meaning of large portions of the Sacred Writings he attached comparatively little importance. There was, as he believed, in every passage, however ordinary and trivial it might appear to the average mind, some secondary and mystic meaning. "He must be a very great fool (so he wrote) who thinks that he can understand the simplest chapter in the Bible." To some extent this inner sense could be apprehended by the spiritually-minded, who would be further greatly assisted by the use of a sort of key to the occult meaning, which was to be found in Catholic writings and manuals. Thus "the names of the four points of the compass, and water, fire, cloud, thunder, etc., have fixed significances without the knowledge of which thousands of passages of Scripture, even those not involving any enigmatic meaning, cannot be understood." This system of interpretation would be applied by him to many dark sentences with such astonishing ability as almost to convince the most recalcitrant that he had finally resolved the enigma; and it is needless to say that he found in a multitude of passages thus interpreted corroboration of those apprehensions on which his own religious philosophy was principally based.

Some other opinions of his on the position of his own Church seem worthy of record. He maintained that Catholic emancipation had been a mistake; meaning, no doubt, that the Roman Catholic Church in England had been more select and better for having to pay a temporal penalty for its spiritual privileges; but, now that all such penalties had been removed, he held that "Catholics" owed the State

a loyal patriotism, and he complained much of the tendency which he detected in members of his Communion to study the interests of the Church to the exclusion of those of the Nation; as in the following letter:

"TO ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

"*To the* EDITOR *of the* ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"SIR,—I am not 'a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards,' neither am I first an Englishman and then a Catholic. I am a Catholic and an Englishman: a position which seems to me to be very simple and tenable, though I regret to say that it does not appear to be intelligible to some of my co-religionists. I cannot see that there is any reasonable ground for conflict between the patriotism and religion of a Catholic who has the happiness of having been born in a country where he can profess and practise his faith with the fewest restrictions and annoyances, and out of which are fast disappearing the slight inconveniences which, until lately, arose from the social separation of the members of the Catholic Church from those of other religious beliefs. A quarter of a century since, not one Englishman in fifty had probably ever come within speaking distance of a Catholic. We were mysteries; and in our regard it was 'omne ignotum pro *malefico*.' Even our supposed virtues were held to be strange and somehow malefic. But now that there are comparatively few families in England that do not count a Catholic among their members, it has come to be generally understood that we are not in any way very different from other Christians.

"It is a great misfortune of the Catholic Church in England that most of its priests are Irish; but there is one lesson at least that we might learn from them, if we would attend to their practice as well as their teaching: they are nearly all patriots, even to what I and most educated Catholics would consider an excess. They are Irish first and Catholics afterwards. Has not their patriotism gone so far as to hint to the Pope himself that they would throw over him and his religion for the sake of 'justice to Ireland,' should the two be found in conflict? An eminent and ardent Irish Catholic has assured me that the love of

national independence and the hatred of any, even apparent, bond of union with England are so strong in his country that the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, should it ever occur, would be immediately followed by that of Ireland to Protestantism.

"We English Catholics might with advantage imitate the patriotism of the Irish priests without carrying it quite so far as this. We should, I think, remember that the full political rights which have been accorded to us cannot honourably be used for other purposes than the political advantage of the whole country; and that, in using them otherwise, we should justify those who still maintain that Catholic emancipation was a mistake. No sect, class, or party has a moral right to a voice in national affairs if that voice is habitually raised in its own interests only, however high they may be—much less if that voice is so raised as purposely to embarrass and disorder the common weal for its particular ends.

"But, apart from the question of honour and political principle, nothing can endanger our own particular ends and interests so much as such political selfishness; and this our Irish friends should also take to heart. If once the question were to become religious which is now only political, the feeling of this country would make short work of an Irish imbroglio; and it depends very much upon the conduct of the English Catholics whether and how much they would suffer at the same time.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"An English Catholic.

"*March* 4, 1868."

He was bitterly hostile to any abuse of priestly authority, especially if it were exercised in favour of disloyalty, as is shown by the following letter of his to a newspaper:

"Bishop Bagshawe's excommunication of the members of the Primrose League in his diocese is a rare piece of good luck for that association. It will plant bouquets of primroses next Primrose Day in the costumes of thousands of Catholic ladies who would never otherwise have worn them. The Catholics of our day, though as sound in their religion as ever Catholics were, are no longer the passive

subjects of petty parochial or diocesan tyranny. We have only one Pope, and do not think much of excommunications which the commonly well-educated among us know to be invalid. We all know that the orthodox doctrine of the Church is that no one is the worse for being deprived of the Blessed Sacrament, if the deprivation be not for any sin or fault on his part. The *desire*, in such a case, confers the whole benefit, as any theologian will tell you. That a Bishop who fondly cherishes the foulest Irish treason in his diocese should have put his ban upon an innocent and loyal association, simply, as far as we can see, because it *is* loyal, is raising a storm of indignation among us. The ladies of my family, for example, who are devoted Catholics, and do not trouble themselves generally about either national or ecclesiastical politics, insist upon being enrolled immediately in the Primrose League."

He fully admitted that the division of Christendom was in the main to be laid at the door of the rulers of his own Church, which Church, he considered, had profited not less than any other by the Reformation.

He had a clear dogmatic belief in hell and in eternal penance, as meaning perpetual banishment from the "beatific vision," holding, nevertheless, that hell might be, for many, a far happier abode than this earth. Nor did the official condemnation of such opinions modify Patmore's view; for "the condemnation did not necessarily mean more than that the utterance was considered inopportune or impolitic."

Christianity he held to be still in its infancy, its career on earth merely commencing; nor was it possible to set any limits to the changes which, by development, it might undergo in the future. "I believe," he said, "in Christianity as it will be ten thousand years hence."

The views concerning his Church which I have

recorded above are those which have fixed themselves in my memory as most important, most original, and most characteristic. It is impossible for me to judge to what extent they were personal to himself and how far they are acceptable to his co-religionists generally. That he was constantly desirous not to pass beyond the due limits of his creed, I am certain; and of the depth, clearness, certitude, and intensity of his religious apprehensions, no one who either knew or read him, still less one who did both, could have a moment's doubt. Things of the spirit were obviously far more real to him than aught perceptible to the senses. They were indeed for him the "sole realities." That his apprehensions were based generally—almost exclusively—on the fundamental idea of nuptial love must be admitted. Nor does it seem to me to be matter for regret that he should have limited himself to one acre in the infinite field of spiritual suggestion. As he so often said, "the power of cleaving is conditioned by the narrowness of the edge and by the weight behind it." It was, at all events, the predominance of this conception which bound together his whole life's work, rendering coherent and individualizing all which he thought, wrote, or uttered; and those who study Patmore without this key are little likely to understand him.

CHAPTER III

THE PRIESTHOOD

"And thick with nests of the hoarse bird
That talks, but understands not his own word."

I HAVE alluded elsewhere (vol. i., c. xxiii.) to Patmore's quarrel with the Pious Society of Missions, which arose in connection with the building of his church and the founding of masses in memory of his wife Mary. This incident might well have been allowed to drop into oblivion but for two reasons. In the first place it has been mentioned in print, and Patmore has been blamed for the "inflexible arrogance" which he displayed on the occasion; and secondly it served to develope and to bring into prominence one of those paradoxical positions which was so eminently characteristic of him. The main facts relating to this misunderstanding were these. In the course of his original negotiations with the Society he had undoubtedly obtained a promise that under no circumstances should a mortgage be raised upon the church. In whatever form and by whomsoever the promise was given, Patmore relied upon it as of the essence of the arrangement. When the church was ready for its opening he discovered that a considerable sum had actually been borrowed upon the security of the fabric, and that his object in founding it was therefore compromised. The risk, though possibly slight (it was almost inconceivable that so important an instrument of Roman Catholicism should be alienated from its intended use), was a tangible one. If the Society failed to maintain the church and to discharge the debt, the mortagee was entitled to

take possession, and to convert it to any use that might be profitable; so that the costly monument to his late wife might be changed into assembly rooms or a music-hall, when the masses founded for his "intention" would necessarily cease to be celebrated in the building he had prepared for them. That a risk of this nature, incurred through what he always maintained to be an absolute breach of faith, should have made him exceedingly angry was no more than natural. Nor was it his way to moderate his anger or to be guarded in the expression of it. On the other hand, he was in some respects less implacable than might have been expected. When the fact of the mortgage was first made known to him, he had already made arrangements for receiving at his house a number of distinguished members of his Church who were to take part in the ceremony; but nevertheless he determined to absent himself, and actually went up to London the day before. One of the leading members of the Pious Society went after him, and with much difficulty persuaded him to return. On the occasion of the opening he showed no sign of resentment, nor betrayed any want of geniality to his guests. Nevertheless the incident undoubtedly destroyed his pleasure in the accomplishment of his scheme, went far towards detaching him from the neighbourhood, and served to remove any remaining reticence in that free criticism of priests to which he had before been somewhat prone. It seems to me that the only blame that can attach to him in the matter is this. He undoubtedly showed a want of prudence in accepting a mere verbal assurance on so essential a point, and his characteristically sanguine view probably led him to under-estimate the financial burden which the Society would be called on to bear.

In justice to the priests of the Mission I may,

ST. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

From a water-colour by B. Patmore from the Mansion garden.

partly by actual knowledge, partly by conjecture, plead as follows. The Pious Society of Missions does not appear to have, in the preliminary negotiations, treated with him in any definitely corporate capacity. The arrangement seems to have been discussed and formulated by individuals who may not have been duly commissioned to pledge the Society. The temptation to accept so considerable a gift without duly counting the cost must have been strong, and the negotiator may have been too ready to give, as Patmore was too ready to accept, assurances which were defective both in foresight and in validity. The Society was by no means rich, and the strain upon it, in executing its portion of the undertaking, had proved severe. At the last moment it had practically no alternative but to raise money on mortgage; and possibly there was little evidence of the previous understanding, or it may have been considered that a promise made without formal authority was not binding upon the community. However this may be, there could be no doubt that the incident is but one more proof of the need to observe the strictest routine in all business transactions; for, the higher the object in view, the greater will be the scandal caused by any misunderstanding.

So far as I have been able to investigate this somewhat complex matter (and circumstances necessarily gave me exceptional opportunities of knowledge) this is the essential truth; and the share of blame may be apportioned by the reader, who will, I think, scarcely incline to find in the incident any proof of misconduct on Patmore's part. As to the truth and justice of the constant depreciation of the moral character of the priesthood in which these unfortunate circumstances led him subsequently to indulge, I can offer no opinion; and my only object in dealing with the subject at all is to tell the

actual truth, and to pourtray, by a most conspicuous example, that paradoxical tendency which was so characteristic of him.

The relation between morality and functional efficiency in the priesthood must be a question as old as priesthood itself. Few who believe in sacramental doctrine are likely to maintain that ethical defect in the priest can generally be held to invalidate the priestly powers. Such a supposition would be obviously unfair to the recipient, who cannot be presumed to have the needful precautionary knowledge. On the other hand, most people, guided by ordinary common-sense, must anticipate that the special agents of grace will usually present a higher standard of conduct than those whose functions are merely secular; and they will probably incline to prefer the ministrations of those whose lives are as truly above reproach as their orders. Patmore however always appeared to me not only to exalt the priesthood in the one category in exact proportion to his depreciation of it in the other, but to take an actual pleasure in the at all events apparent incongruity. The Church was the Church not the less but the more for the lapses of its functionaries; and that it lived and prevailed in spite of—one might almost conceive him saying, by means of—the moral imperfection of the priesthood, seemed to him to be a special proof of its divine vocation. I remember once, when the conversation turned on such topics, telling him Boccaccio's story of the conversion of the Jew by the Christian, and that his appreciation of it, as tallying with one of his fundamental ideas, was enthusiastic and keen. Lest, however, I should have induced an exaggerated opinion of his reflections upon the priesthood, it is no more than fair to record some compensatory considerations. In the first place his depreciation was confined almost exclusively to the

secular clergy, and he had the highest opinion of the large-mindedness, spirituality, and intellectual endowments of the regular orders with which he was most conversant, while he was on terms of the closest friendship and respect with many of the seculars with whom he was thrown—notably with Father O'Connell, the priest in Lymington, with whom his relations were always intimate and cordial. Moreover his most severe attacks upon the priests were as often as not prompted by a rather mischievous humour which led him to delight in shocking those who adopted the benighted view that priests should be generally regarded as immaculate. Such ideas were to him derogatory to the due appreciation of their sacramental powers, which, as we have seen, were in his view, quite uncompromised by moral defect. And further allowance has also to be made for the habit of over-statement with a humorous intention, elsewhere alluded to, which could only be detected by those who knew him well, not always perhaps even by them. As an amusing example of this vein I may record a conversation which took place at my house, I think the very last time that he was staying with me. A friend, a member of his own Communion, who, as he thought, held the "immaculate" view in unaccountable though blissful ignorance, called on him. After a few preliminaries the visitor remarked :

V. Weren't you surprised, Mr. Patmore, to hear of ——— Church being burnt ? I can't imagine how it could have happened.

P. I know very well how it happened.

V. Oh, I do so wish you'd tell me how.

P. The priests burnt it.

V. Why, what on earth should they have done that for ?

P. To get the insurance money.

After this a dead pause, then :

V. Weren't you sorry to hear that Father ——— was dead ?

P. No, I was very glad.

The visitor, a much younger man, naturally took refuge in silence.

This was one of several occasions on which, in similar company, Patmore gave the reins to an abuse which was partly inspired by mischievous humour, partly by the more serious purpose of indicating that he must indeed be a weak-kneed "Catholic" who could not endure to hear the truth—whose faith in the efficacy of the priesthood was not confirmed rather than weakened by a knowledge of its tendency to ethical defect.

In a similar vein he, accepting loyally the doctrine of Papal infallibility, though by no means in the sense of its most Ultramontane exponents, felt it quite unnecessary to attach any special importance to the casual utterances of the Supreme Pontiff, which, as he once said to me, were "merely personal opinions of an amiable old gentleman, by which I am in no degree bound."

Of Cardinal Manning he had formed a very unfavourable opinion both as to intellect and character, and this he used to express in no measured terms.[1] He considered him to be "as ignorant as a child in matters of philosophy, although his attitude on such

[1] After the Cardinal's death, he writes to Woolner, "Poor Cardinal! It is wonderful how he imposed on mankind by the third century look of him and his infinite muddle-headedness, which passed for mystery. I knew him well, and am convinced that he was the very minutest soul that ever buzzed in so high a place. He was a good man according to his *capacity*; but he hated all whom he suspected of being able to take his measure; and latterly I was not at all in his good books."

questions was always arrogantly dogmatic." He detested his policy in ecclesiastical affairs, maintaining that he had, by his narrow and jealous opposition to Cardinal Newman's schemes and by his attitude generally, "put back Catholicism in England a hundred years." He believed him to be constantly on the watch for any development of strength and originality on the part of the clergy, with a view to suppressing it, and to employ for the purpose a whole army of spies who were to co-operate with him in this endeavour. He hated the teetotal and anti-tobacco crusade on which the Cardinal embarked, and was no less opposed to the socialistic tendencies which he developed in later life. Equally did he condemn the methods of proselytism which he believed Manning to pursue and encourage. These he held to be unscrupulous and little calculated to add "real Catholics" to the Church. If I mentioned to him any proselytizing argument which I had heard used by others, and which seemed to be exceptionally futile and absurd, he would usually remark, "Do you know, I have heard Manning employ that very argument." It was abundantly clear that, on all questions of philosophy, religion, and Church policy, the two were in as completely opposite camps as was possible within the limits of the same Church.

Nor was Patmore's opinion of Manning's character any more favourable. He utterly refused to give him credit for candour and integrity. One example of such defect, which I have heard him over and over again relate, and in the presence of all sorts of people, was as follows. Mary Patmore, his second wife, had been for many years before and after her marriage in constant correspondence with Manning. After her death, thinking that the Cardinal might like to possess some few of his letters to her

as a memorial, Patmore sent him (as he believed) the whole packet of them, asking him to select a few for himself, and return the rest; adding at the same time that he had not read them. The Cardinal replied that he kept them all, as they had been written in religious confidence, and were all, as it were, covered by the seal of confession. "Now," said Patmore, "I had said with perfect truth that I had not read them. But my wife had been used to read extracts to me in the evenings, and I knew therefore that the bulk of them were concerned with all sorts of secular matters, and that, in the main, they had nothing to do with religion directly or indirectly."[1]

In his characteristic attitude of a "good hater" he revelled in stories at Manning's expense, of which I recall the following. Some priest, who objected to the Cardinal's policy, had said, "The greatest calamity that ever befell the diocese of Westminster was Mrs. Manning's death," meaning that, had she lived, Manning's career in the Church would have been rendered impossible. This was reported to the Cardinal, who sent for the priest, and said, "I hear Father —— that you said you were sorry my wife died." "And weren't you?" was the answer.[2]

[1] That the general character of these letters was such as Patmore described does not rest on his mere statement. In sending what he believed to be the complete series, he omitted a packet which had been mislaid. This was discovered more than two years after his death. The letters are obviously fair samples, showing no sign of selection as to date or subject. They are the letters of an intimate friend who shares his correspondent's interests in many matters secular and religious. Very few justify retention on any ground, or give validity to Cardinal Manning's pretext. One or two letters written to Mary Patmore after her marriage give advice on purely mundane matters, which, as addressed to his wife, Patmore might justly have considered officious.

[2] The same story is told in a somewhat different form in Purcell's "Life of Manning," (p. 310, footnote):

"One of the base coins which passed into currency was this:

Patmore did not read Mr. Purcell's "Life of Manning," saying, when asked if he had done so, that he had no need to,—that he had known the subject of the memoir for thirty years, and that his opinion of him had never wavered.

It may be noted that in this, as in other instances, Patmore's opinions as given verbally were uncompromising and trenchant. In conversation he habitually expressed himself in words which exceeded rather than fell short of his actual sentiments. When he came to write, he usually made a conscientious effort to arrive at a more judicial view of his subject, and occasionally leant even too far towards the aspect of of the case which was opposed to his spontaneous sentiments. Nor would it be fair to ignore certain personal circumstances which may have conduced to the harsh judgment which he pronounced on the Cardinal. There is no doubt that he had resented the proselytistic raids which had been made on him and his first wife. He would have been exceptionally recalcitrant against such enterprises, and have regarded them as impertinence. There may too have been other circumstances of a personal kind which tended equally towards prejudice. But however much his expressions need discounting on such grounds as these, it is certain that he was strenuously opposed to Manning, not merely on questions which were to him of vital import, but also in temperament and character.

'Newman's conversion is the greatest calamity which has befallen the Catholic Church in our day.' In reply came the famous retort, attributed at the time to Canon Macmullen, 'No; the greatest calamity to the Church in our day was the death of a woman' (Mrs. Manning). On this retort reaching Manning's ear, he made a remark about it to Canon Macmullen, who, with his wonted readiness of repartee, replied, 'I pity the man who repeated it to your Grace.'"

CHAPTER IV

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

COVENTRY PATMORE was, about the year 1888, urged by his wife and a friend, Father Gerard Hopkins S.J., to write an account of his Conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. This he did in the form of the religious autobiography which follows. The only allusion to it in the correspondence occurs in a letter to him from Father Hopkins. I have already (vol. ii., p. 6, note) alluded to this account as a striking example of Patmore's exclusive reliance on intuition, and have shown (vol. i., p. 125) that this retrospect gives a different impression of his theological position during his first wife's life to that conveyed by the memoranda made immediately after her death. I may also point out how strongly this paper exemplifies the tendency of his which I have noted (vol. i., p. 246) to annex to "Catholicism" all that he approved either in religion or morals. I am unable to detect one single thought in the "Angel" or in the "Victories of Love" which should prove less acceptable to Christians generally than to Roman Catholics. Patmore indeed frequently asserted that his poems, including those written after his conversion, had met with far greater appreciation from others than from his co-religionists.

Such portions of this narrative as may strike the reader as egotistical are written with the obvious purpose of showing that it was through no defect of faculty or of knowledge that he became a "Catholic."

If, as my personal opinion stands, this autobiography only partially and imperfectly represents his religious character, enough will be found to amplify, or correct the impression it makes on the reader, in the extracts from his unpublished writings (given later) and in what I have already recorded of his conversation.

Until I was about eleven years old, I was what is now called an "Agnostic," that is, I neither knew nor cared whether there was a God or no.

My father professed to disbelieve in any spiritual existence. He had, however, great positive virtues, some if not all of which were in strange practical contradiction to his unbelief. He had a love of truth, which many sincerely religious persons whom I have known might well have envied. He set even minute verbal veracity quite above considerations of expediency, except the eternal expediency, in which he declared that he had no belief. His ideas of purity—which he guarded in his children to the best of his power—were singularly high, real, and unpuritanical, and intellectually quite unjustifiable except by the light of Catholic doctrines, of which he had probably never heard. But what struck me, even when I was in my boyhood, as being curiously contradictory, was that he was extremely reverent in regard of ideas which he held to be without any substantial reality. One of the gravest rebukes which I can remember to have received from him was for my disrespect, when I was about twelve years old, in taking from the bookshelves a thick old Bible in order to enable me to sit more conveniently at my dinner.

From the time I could speak until I was about five years old, my mother used to make me say the Lord's Prayer and a little hymn at her knees, before I went to bed, but, as she told me afterwards, my father, when he found that she was in the habit of doing this, forbade her thus to interfere with my future freedom of intellect, and for some five or six years afterwards I do not remember that I ever said any prayers, except on a certain occasion when, my nurse having provoked me greatly by some real or imaginary ill-usage, I knelt down and prayed with much fervour that she might hate me as I hated her; for I could imagine no more terrific punishment for her than that. I believe that

up to this time I had never been taken to church, except when I was baptized, which I presume was done at my mother's wish; or perhaps to comply with universal custom, for my father was no conceited fanatic, and never paraded his unbelief before the world.

I was about eleven or twelve years old when I happened to open some little devotional book, of which I forget the title, and, after reading a few sentences, it struck me, what an exceedingly fine thing it would be if there really were a God with whom I could be on terms of love and obedience. A sort of momentary experiment of faith filled me with a torrent of light and joy, which, though it soon subsided, did not leave me quite as I was before. Not to believe in the existence of God after I had seen him a thousand times more clearly than the sun at noonday, was impossible; but, the delight being over, it did not leave much sensible effect beyond an habitual discontent with the un-ideal condition of the world within and without me.

During the next four or five years, I do not remember that I read or thought about God or said any prayers, except at one time [when], being at school at St. Germains, I entertained a passion of a kind not uncommon in youths; a passion which neither hoped nor cared much for a return. On this occasion I remember praying more than once with torrents of tears that the young lady might be happy, especially in marriage, with whomsoever it might be.

For some two or three years before I was fifteen I had devoted all my spare time, with great assiduity, to science, especially chemistry, in which I made real advance. My father greatly encouraged me in such studies, of which he knew something himself, and he strained his not very abundant means to enable me to fit up a laboratory, with furnaces and other apparatus. I did not stop at repeating the experiments of others, but carried on original investigations, not altogether without results, among which was the discovery of a new chloride of Bromine.

I studied, more or less, the natural sciences all round, and by fifteen had attained an amount of knowledge considerably beyond what is expected of or ordinarily found in a young man, even in these days. I also attained a considerable proficiency in mathematics, my knowledge being in this department rather sound than extensive. I knew algebra so well that I had solved every problem given in

supplements to Hind and other treatises used at Cambridge, and in the published selections of problems from University examination papers there were no properly algebraic difficulties which I had not overcome. An intimate friend, who used to assist me in my studies and had passed as a high Wrangler, pronounced me, at this time, able to rank as a Senior Optime at the Mathematical Tripos. My father intended me to go to Cambridge; but was unable, by reason of his narrow means, to fulfil his intention.

I mention these studies because there are many persons who entertain the strange opinion that ignorance of natural science is a disqualification for forming a right judgment in the spiritual matters with which this short notice will be chiefly occupied.

While encouraging my liking for material science, my father also did all he could to develop my still greater ardour for poetry and the best sort of prose. His own taste was so severely good that, at fifteen, I cared little for any but the classics of English literature. At this age I had read almost all the standard poetry and much of the best secular prose in our language, and was in the habit of studying it critically; in proof of which assertions I may mention an "Essay on Macbeth," which was written by me when I was between fifteen and sixteen, and which was published, without a word of alteration, in the "Germ"—a periodical issued by the "Pre-Raphaelites"—some years afterwards. With this love of literature was combined a great love and some slight technical knowledge of art. At fourteen I gained the silver palette of the Society of Arts for a drawing I had made the year before; and my shortly subsequent interest in and knowledge of architecture may be inferred from many articles which I wrote some years afterwards in the "Edinburgh" and other reviews.

I repeat that I speak of these things chiefly in order that some of my readers, who might otherwise endeavour to account for my taking up in these times with religion, by setting me down as exceptionally ignorant and stupid, may see that I was no more ignorant and stupid than themselves.

When I was about fifteen my love for poetry began to get the better of my love for science, though, for some time, the two kinds of study went on together. The first lines I ever wrote, except some dozen or fourteen lines of blank verse which I attempted when I was quite a child, were "The

River." This little poem and another called "The Woodman's Daughter" were written when I was between fifteen and sixteen.[1] They pleased my father and some of his friends, Leigh Hunt and "Barry Cornwall" among others, so much, that my ambition to do great things in verse was highly excited, and, with an amusing ignorance of my insufficiency for the task, I began planning a tragedy, or rather to prepare for planning a tragedy. My first step was to ascertain, if I could, what was the essential character of the highest tragedy; and to this end I made a very elaborate study of Shakespeare, and discovered, as I believed, a method in many if not all of his plays, except the strictly historical, no hint of which was to be found in Schlegel, Coleridge, or any other critics I am acquainted with. I carried on this investigation with great diligence and made a prodigious quantity of notes for a work which I proposed to write upon it, and I wrote one specimen analysis (of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona") which afterwards appeared in a quarterly review, the "British" or "North British," I forget which.[2] The proposed work was never executed; for, after having spent much time and labour in preparing for it, I found that Ulrici had so far followed the same lines in his work, that mine, though it would have proved his views of Shakespeare's method with much greater fulness than he proves them, would have seemed to be no more than an elaboration of his ideas.

After much meditation on the idea of tragedy, I came gradually to the conclusion that this idea, in order to constitute a just foundation for the highest kind of poetry, ought to represent the solution rather than the mere conclusion, by death, of the evils and disasters of life. This set me upon inquiring whether there was any such solution; and this train of thought brought me again face to face with the idea of religion, which, except for the short time I have mentioned, had hitherto remained with me, a sub-conscious reality indeed, but one with which I had little intellectual concern, as offering nothing sufficiently tangible for the understanding to work upon.

When I say that religion never occupied my thoughts, I

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[1] The "Præ-Raphælite Journal" says, "from the age of sixteen to seventeen" (vol. i., p. 44).

[2] It was in the "North British" for November, 1849.

do not mean that the spiritual life and the idea of eternity did not ; but it was only as present actualities that this life and this idea occupied me with varying degrees of consciousness. That sin was an infinite evil, and love (which had as yet no definite and satisfying object) an infinite good, were facts to me, and seemed to have little or nothing to do with the future. Angels spoke from time to time to me, as they do to all, and I frequently saw, as others do in youth, the things of earth lighted up with light which was not of the earth ; and I was endowed with what, from my subsequent experience of men, I am obliged to conclude was an unusual faculty for implicitly believing my own eyes, without regard to the present defect of visible continuity between their reports and the facts of the natural and external life. The things I saw, in those rare moments when the properly human eye was open, remained with me as abiding landmarks, and were the jewels of my life.

It was given to me, among other of these real apprehensions, to discern sexual impurity and virginal purity, the one as the tangible blackness and horror of hell, and the other as the very bliss of heaven, and the flower and consummation of love between man and woman. How far such meditations and apprehensions affected or failed to affect my life, otherwise than as means of leading me ultimately to the Faith, I am not concerned, nor would it be fitting here to attempt to relate.

During my preparations for writing a tragedy, as it had occurred to me, in my childhood, to contemplate, with the results I have described, what it would be to believe in and obey a loving and presently governing God, so now, by steps which I need not and indeed could not at present trace, it came to me to consider how it would be if *Christianity* were true, and if there were, not only a loving and governing God, but one who was also Man, and so capable of according to me the most intimate communion with Himself. The idea no sooner flashed upon me as a possible reality than it became, what it has ever since remained—however much I have fallen short of obedience to the heavenly vision—the only reality worth seriously caring for ; a reality so clearly seen and possessed that the most irrefragable logic of disproof has always affected me as something trifling and irrelevant. As, before, the idea of a personal, loving, and governing God, so now that of God

incarnate in Jesus Christ, seemed to me, and still seems to me, to be its own evidence, only requiring to be looked at to be recognized, provided the mind has not, as mine had not, been poisoned by positive infidel teaching, or, what is worse, by teaching involving ideas of God which are contradicted by the orthodox instincts of humanity—by which I am far from meaning the feeble apprehensions and the vitiated emotions of the modern "humanitarian."

The sudden coming into me of faith in the Incarnation of God in Jesus Christ was accompanied with delight not less immense and far more abiding than the joy of that first glow of belief which had come upon me in my childhood. I instantly recognized the obligations under which I had now come to lead a perfect life, and, so long as I could see any immediate possibility or hope of doing so, my happiness remained at an unspeakable height. But, as I was wholly unprepared by previous teaching for this "conversion" of my intellect and feelings, and had no practical conception of the impossibility, which all religions recognize, of leading such a life in this world, I became, in a few weeks, fearfully discouraged by the discovery of my own inability to sustain my conduct, interior and exterior, at the elevation which seemed now to be absolutely demanded of me, on pain of separation from Christ. As long as I walked or fancied that I walked perfectly, the vision of God with and in me, was, as before, clearer a thousand times than the sun of noonday; but the minutest fault—lying in bed a moment longer than the time appointed for getting up, a careless word, or the slightest indulgence in any of the somewhat undisciplined habits formed in me by the season of youth having been mainly spent at home—would cause a cloud, or at least a mist, to come between me and my glorious vision, and fill me with the horrors and regrets proper to mortal sin. A season of great despair ensued, with a subsequent season of recovery and violent renewal of effort; and, for years and years afterwards, my life was an alternation of periods of hope and despondency; the hope and despondency becoming, however, each time more and more subdued, until my frame of mind at last arrived at somewhat of that equable state of mingled hope and fear with which I ought to and should have begun had I had the means of seasonable instruction and direction. But my religious life was an utter solitude; I never heard religion

as much as named by any of my family or my father's friends, or my own, and, though I read incessantly on the subject, my favourite works were the "Analogy," the "Ecclesiastical Polity," the "Divine Legation," and others of a kind not fitted nor intended to regulate devotion. The few devotional books that came in my way struck me as unreal and did not help me.

As none of my family or friends ever went to church, it was not till two or three years after this time that I began to think it might be a serious duty to do so; and when at last it dawned upon me, when I was about nineteen, that this would be right, it was with extreme shyness that I made what seemed to me so bold and extraordinary a profession of faith.

About this time I made a visit of several months to some relations in Edinburgh. They were very pious members of the then new born Free Kirk, and were the first religious persons I had ever had anything to do with. I was at first greatly delighted with this atmosphere, and the warmth with which I communicated my own aspirations much interested my new friends in me; but the inequality of my moods startled and somewhat shocked one of my aunts, who told me that my strange alternations of ardent effort and despondent indifference reminded her of Saul. As I was exceedingly ignorant (for all my reading) of what practical religion ought to be, I at first naturally went with whatever my aunts and their friends practised and believed. Anxious to advance me in the good way, they introduced me to a widow and her daughter who had a great reputation for sanctity in their circle, and I went to this lady's house evening after evening expressly to be talked to and instructed in sanctity. I was a good deal repelled by my first lessons, but I thought that my repugnance was my own fault. I tried to follow the advice of these ladies in every particular. One point of their teaching was that an "eminent Christian"—such as I aspired to be—ought to be able to make extemporaneous prayer aloud, for the benefit of his company. I was the shyest of youths, but the thing being a duty had to be attempted, and some of my readers may perhaps be able to imagine the agony with which, at the request of my new friends, I dropped on my knees in their presence, and remained there utterly incapable of venting a word, and at last rose silent, confused, and ashamed. This

meat was too strong for me. I did not repeat my visit. Perhaps the most noteworthy and enduring effect of this time at Edinburgh was the contagion of genuine horror which these pious persons felt and expressed with regard to the Catholic Religion. I remember repelling a moment's attractive thought that it might possibly be right, as a terrible temptation of the fiend, and prayed fervently that the abominable allurement might never for an instant be entertained by me again.

On returning home to my old studies and surroundings I found myself more and more repelled by the style of religion with which I had been brought in contact. And this, coupled with a clearer insight than ever of my present inability to realize in myself the life which our Lord seemed to require, may have been the main cause of the coming on of a short and terrible season of obscurity. In this state I was foolish and ignorant enough to think it a justifiable freedom and even a duty to examine what was to be said in the way of negation, and the first books that came to hand were Strauss's "Life of Jesus" and Blanco White's "Memoirs." Neither of these books, however, troubled me much, for I felt that I had *seen* what neither of these writers had seen. Strauss seemed to me, with what justice I cannot at this distance of time say, to be writing from a merely literary and sentimental point of view, and neither he nor Blanco White came near the region of my trouble, which, as I have said, mainly arose from the apparent inability of religion to change and exalt the individual life to an ideal perfection, or even at once to eradicate any serious faults of character and habit. In my heart, I never really doubted at all. I had *seen*, and my present anguish was simply that a dense cloud had come between me and my sun. One can scarcely be said to *doubt* of that, which, however obscured to the intellect, is still so beloved that its obscuration makes the universe dark and life intolerable.

This obscuration gradually passed off. All possibility of *intellectual* question was once and for ever removed by a renewed and closer study of the "Analogy," and the moderating lessons of experience were aided by much reading of Scripture, and, among other books, by Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection"—which I got almost by heart—the "Pilgrim's Progress," Leighton's "Sermons," Taylor's "Holy Living," and other books having a more practical

tendency than most of those with which I began my studies of religion.

But, though I never came under this cloud again, my life continued for a long time in the state of moral oscillation which, I suppose, was mainly due to the ignorant violence with which I attempted to put ill-understood doctrines into practical effect. I knew of no difference between "Commandments" and "Counsels of Perfection." The latter, the keeping of which is ordinarily the reward of long fidelity in a lower order, seemed to me, as I have said, as binding as the former, and, as I was bent on doing nothing by halves, I made the most extravagant and pitiable mistakes, praying, for example, and meditating sometimes for considerable periods together, at the rate of eight or ten hours a day, in order to fulfil the precept, "Pray always," and relapsing into periods of moral and physical exhaustion, during which I scarcely prayed at all.

Two events soon happened which were of immense advantage to my religious life. At twenty-three I obtained a place in the library of the British Museum, and the year afterwards I married. For nearly the whole of my youth I had been left free to do pretty nearly what I liked with my time; not from any neglect on the part of my father, but on account of his belief, mistaken I think, that I was educating myself in the most effectual way. I was getting *knowledge*, indeed, far more rapidly than I should have got it at school, but of educational discipline I obtained none; and it was well for me that the duties of marriage and of a public office came upon me early enough to remedy in some degree this loss. But the prime benefit of this great change in my mode of life was that it compelled me to bring the occupations of my spirit within reasonable limits, and to give reality by reducing it mainly to the exercise of simple, obvious and ordinary duties. I had to work six hours a day at the Museum, and, in order to bring up my income to the absolutely necessary figure, I was obliged to write two or three hours more in the evening for reviews. This saved my intellect, and my wife saved my heart from the alternating excesses which I have described, and thenceforward I made less haste but far more speed.

My reading also took a more salutary course. A simple sense of reality led me at first to the exclusive use of ancient Catholic books of devotion, and afterwards to abandon, as

almost useless, all moral and theological writings which were not Catholic. I except of course Butler's "Analogy," the one great work, as far as I know, of a Protestant divine which has been practically adopted into the teaching of the Catholic Church. But of this I was not then aware; and I was only led to cling to the "Analogy" by the same sense of reality which induced me to take up exclusively with other Catholic writings, long before the question of the possible obligation of accepting the Catholic religion seemed to me to be an open, or at least a pressing one. I cannot excuse the inconsistency of which I was guilty in thus drawing all my ideas of moral and religious truth from a source which I did not immediately recognize as being itself the truth. The sole palliating explanation of it which I can give is that the only sincere and effective religion I had come across in the world had been that of persons to whom the name of the Catholic religion was an abomination. My aunts had the sincerity, sweetness and devotion of Catholic saints—and such I hope they were—and while in Edinburgh I had come into personal contact with some of the chief of the ministers of the Free Kirk, which was just then in its first fervour. The devotion of these men was unmistakable; and my consciousness had no concrete evidence to counterpoise what I supposed to be the testimony of such characters.

Had I, at this time, been as free from the effect of negative impressions as I was at the time in which the ideas of God and of Jesus Christ successively presented themselves to me, I cannot doubt but that I should have accepted the claims of the Catholic Church to my belief as no less self-evident. For self-evident I can now see that they are, and *must be* to minds unpoisoned by lies, and hearts not committed to the adverse interests of sin. The very notion of a revealed religion which is not self-evident to the open intellect and unperverted will is contradictory. Christianity is not an "historical religion," but a revelation which is renewed in every receiver of it; and Jesus Christ "restoring peace by reconciling the highest things with the lowest," and "God manifest in the reality of our flesh," are not things done and over, but doing daily and hourly in the souls and bodies of those who shall be saved.

The best proof I can allege of the degrees in which, without knowing it, I had advanced towards the Catholic

religion before I began to discern or even to suspect the obligation of submitting myself wholly to the Infallible Teacher, is my poem called the "Angel in the House" with its sequel, the "Victories of Love," of which, when I became a Catholic, I found I had not one word to alter in order to bring it into harmony with Catholic truth and feeling, although the analysis of the truth and feeling belonging to the subject of marriage is in that poem extensive and searching. Indeed, it has been with a sense of wonder that I have since read many passages of that poem, passages in which, when I was writing them, I fancied I was making audacious flights into the regions of unknown truth, but in which I have since found that I have given exact expression to some of what may be called the more esoteric doctrines of the Catholic Faith.

This peculiarity of my writing brought me for the first time into contact with Catholics; and two eminent Catholics, one a layman and one a priest, sought my acquaintance, and undertook with vigour the work of bringing me into the Church. Their arguments were wholly beyond my power to answer; indeed, their position seemed to me to be so logically perfect that I was long repelled by its perfection. I felt, half unconsciously, that a living thing ought not to be so spick and span in its external evidence for itself, and that what I wanted for conviction was not sight of a faultless intellectual superficies, but the touch and pressure of a moral solid. It was probably my own fault, or rather the fault of my defective sympathies, that I did not perceive this touch and pressure in the singularly high and pure characters of my two new friends, but the fact is, and perhaps I ought to confess it with shame, that intercourse with a Catholic who should have been nearer to what was then my level, and who above all would not have been so anxious about my conversion, might have done much more towards bringing me into the Church than was effected by these two remarkable men. Their charitable endeavours were, however, not fruitless. I was awakened to a questioning of my position, and its thick cloud of ignorance concerning the doctrines and practice of the Church, under which nearly all, even educated Protestants, are content to abide was almost completely cleared from my reason, although my practical mind was so much oppressed by the blood-poisoning from which all are

sufferers who are born and bred in a Protestant country, that reason could not act with promptitude. This must sound very wrong in the ears of a generation which is much more given to deciding what others ought or ought not to do than to examining their own actions and motives; but if any one of my readers can honestly say that he ever actively adopted an abstract truth so long as his feelings, however obviously unreasonable, were in the main against it, let him cast a stone at me; or rather let him not accuse either me or himself, but rather acknowledge that we are not made to act simply on abstract truth in moral and spiritual things. Hooker says: "Such perfect friends are truth and love that neither lives where both are not;" and we are fortunately too conscious of the short-comings of human reason to dare to act in critical matters on truth until it is warmed and sanctioned by love.

The next circumstance of consequence which occurred in this history was my acquaintance with Sir John Simeon and Mr. Monsell, now Lord Emly, in whom I recognized sincere Catholic gentlemen who trod the same earth with myself. It seemed clear that I might hold the faith which they fervently held, without losing my personal identity; but the *mass* of this moral evidence was not great enough to overcome the repugnance which had accumulated, from various causes, on the other side, and the natural reluctance to fling myself into an unknown world, for unknown I knew it was and must remain to me as long as I remained an outsider.

The study of the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas at this time greatly increased my Catholic sympathies by shewing me, better than I knew before, that true poetry and true theological science have to do with one and the same ideal, and that, much as poetry and theology seem to differ, they differ only as the Peak of Teneriffe and the table-land of Central Asia do. Both are high and both of the same substance; but poetry is the more *piquante*. I also discovered at this time that the transcendently subtle, and to me attractive psychology of Swedenborg had apparently been drawn from the great Catholic doctrines with which he seems to have been well acquainted, and that, indeed, his whole system, his doctrines of "Correspondence," the "Grand Man," the symbolism of events and language in Scripture, the sacred nature and significance of marriage,

etc., etc., were to be found as clearly, though much less diffusely, enumerated in the writings of Catholic saints and doctors, and in the services of the Church.

I believe that, when I had reached the age of thirty-five, what mainly held me back was the steady repugnance of my wife to the faith which I was gradually approaching. Her natural judgment was so good and her goodness so perfect that her opposition was in itself a very weighty argument.

She had been terrified from her cradle with the hideous phantom which Puritanism conjures up when the Catholic religion is named. I clearly saw that no one so simply and humbly good and so sincerely loving God could be in danger of losing her soul through inability to discern what I almost surely believed to be the truth. I did not or perhaps would not see so clearly that I, not having the same plea of "invincible ignorance," arising from educational prejudice, could not count on the same safety; and my only excuse for going on for some years longer in my then state of mind is that my numerous family and my wife's failing health obliged me to devote all my time and energies to their support. My wife, during her long last illness, could not bear to have the subject spoken of without manifest increase of her malady; and her feeling to the last was so strong that, only a few days before she died, she said to me with tears, "When I am gone, they (the Catholics) will get you; and then I shall see you no more."

For many months after her death, I found myself apparently elevated into a higher spiritual region, and the recipient of moral powers which I had always sought, but never before abidingly obtained. As far as I could see, God had suddenly conferred upon me that quiet personal apprehension and love of Him and entire submission to His will, which I had so long prayed for in vain; and the argument against my change of religion which I had before drawn from my wife's state I now drew from my own: concluding that this faith could not be wrong which bore such good fruits. But I discovered, as the sense of her spiritual presence with me gradually faded, that I was mistaking the tree which was producing these fruits. It was not that of supernatural grace in me, but the natural love of the beauty of supernatural grace as I recalled it in her; and, at the end

of a year, I found myself greatly advanced indeed towards that inviolable fidelity to God which He requires, but still unmistakably short of its attainment.

About a year and a half after my wife's death I went to Rome, and, through the kindness of a friend, for whose many kindnesses to me I can never be grateful enough, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, I was admitted into the best Catholic society of the great centre of Catholic life. Here the concrete argument which had hitherto been more or less wanting to complete my abstract consent, was rapidly built up; and I gave most of my hours—of which for the first time for many years I had abundance at my disposal—to the most serious consideration of any remaining doubts; doubts which had a hundred times been disproved to the understanding, but which somehow rose again and again in my conscience.

And now that, for the first time, I set myself to get the question settled, I for the first time found in myself a strength of opposition which I had not felt before. In fact I was now *in* the battle between truth and error, instead of being merely, as it were, a spectator of it. I placed myself under the regular instruction of an eminent Jesuit, Father Cardella, and of another Catholic of great piety and learning—a layman—whose acquaintance I had made in Rome. All my intellectual objections, as before, were confuted, and my will was more and more powerfully attracted, but, together with the attraction, grew the alternating reluctance and repulsion. At one part of the same day I saw with almost perfect clearness that I ought to become a Catholic, and a few hours later this clearness would vanish and a sense of repugnance, so strong that it for the time suspended all other argument, would take its place.

This went on for many weeks during which I was influenced more and more favourably by attractive personalities. Every day was partly spent in the friendly company of such persons as Cardinal Reisach, Monseigneur, afterwards Cardinal, Howard, Father Cardella, Mr. and Mrs. de la Barre Bodenham, Lord and Lady Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Monteith, Lord and Lady Denbigh, and others, whose ways convinced me gradually that I should not be leaping into any strange gulf of uncongenial life if I became a Catholic; but no one helped me nearly so much to remove this fear as a lady whom I now met in this society, and who after-

wards became my wife. I had never before beheld so beautiful a personality; and this beauty seemed to be the pure effulgence of Catholic sanctity. After a short acquaintance, which progressed rapidly to intimate friendship, I asked her to be my wife. Her reply was that she was under a formal religious promise never to marry, having placed, by the hands of a priest, her written undertaking to that effect upon the altar and under the chalice containing the Blessed Sacrament. I thought this answer final, not having any idea how easily such undertakings are dispensed with in the Catholic Church, provided they are not monastic. I continued, but in much depression of spirits, my hitherto line of meditation, with the same alternation of periods of repulsion and attraction, and the same apparent hopelessness of reconciling reason and conscience, till one night, as I was sitting alone at my hotel, it struck me that nothing would ever bring about this reconciliation except the act of submission, and that this act certainly would do so. For the first time, I felt that I was able and that I ought to take this leap—not into the dark, indeed, but into light which obscured no less effectually the future; and, fearing that the clearness in which my path now for the first time lay before me, might become obscured, I set off to the house of the Jesuits and insisted on being admitted, though it was long after the hour at which the rule had closed the doors. Father Cardella refused to receive me as a Catholic there and then, but I made my general confession to him, and was received a day or two afterwards.

From that time—now twenty years ago—to this no shadow of religious doubt has ever crossed my understanding or my conscience, though it was not until the autumn of the year 1877 that my faith became the controlling power which for five and thirty years I had longed and prayed to find in it. In the spring of that year I set myself to reconsider the possible causes of my short-coming. It occurred to me that I might have too lightly availed myself of the dispensations from fasting obtained on account of my weak digestion. I accordingly kept the fast of that year fully, though, not being able to eat eggs or fish, I had to keep the fast upon vegetables, and, at Easter's approach, was, as the doctor told me, on the verge of a serious illness. Easter, however, brought neither the illness I feared, nor the fullness of health I hoped for. In what had I been

failing, that I had as yet failed of obtaining the whole promise of supernatural grace?

Before and ever since my reception into this Church my feelings had been, as it seemed to me, hopelessly out of harmony with the feelings and practice of the best Catholics with regard to the Blessed Virgin. I was in the habit, indeed, of addressing Her in prayer, and believed that I had often found such prayers to be successful beyond others; but I could not abide the Rosary, and was chilled and revolted at what seemed to me the excess of many forms of devotion to Her. Good I hoped might come of some practical contradiction of this repugnance, some confession in act and will of what my feelings thus refused to accept. I therefore resolved to do the very last thing in the world which my natural inclination would have suggested. I resolved to make an external profession of my acceptance of the Church's mind by a pilgrimage to Lourdes. This I undertook without any sensible devotion, and merely in the temper of a business man who does not leave any stone unturned when a great issue is at stake, though the prospect of attaining thereby what he seeks may seem exceedingly small. Accordingly, on the 14th of October, 1877, I knelt at the shrine by the River Gave, and rose without any emotion or enthusiasm or unusual sense of devotion, but with a tranquil sense that the prayers of thirty-five years had been granted. I paid two visits of thanksgiving to Lourdes in the two succeeding Octobers, for the gift which was then received, and which has never since been for a single hour withdrawn.

Epiphany, 1888.

CHAPTER V

APHORISMS AND EXTRACTS

IN accordance with my design of illustrating Patmore's ideas by his unpublished writings, I have put together here various passages which he left in manuscript. Of these the first section is described by him as "Unpublished Lines" and "Jottings for Poems"; the second section as "Thoughts for Poetry and Meditation"; the third as "Notes for Prose." In the two earlier sections are fragments of verse which seem to be complete in form, others roughly adjusted to metre: some pass from prose into verse, and a few are merely poetical thoughts expressed in prose. It is not easy to judge whether the metrical passages are given in a form which Patmore would have thought worthy of publication, and I must therefore warn my readers against judging of his poetic standard from extracts which are given here for quite another purpose.

The great majority of these shorter passages are so pregnant and characteristic that I am surprised that Patmore never published them. His last book, "Rod, Root and Flower", is mainly composed of such aphorisms as are here given, and as the value of the unpublished is at least equal to that of the published sentences, it is difficult to suppose that the former are mere leavings.

They may have been withheld for two reasons: Patmore never definitely abandoned the idea of writing more poetry, and probably reserved all which are distinctly material of verse for possible future

use. He might also, had he lived, have issued another series of prose fragments similar to "Rod, Root and Flower."

The longer extracts in prose which make up section iv. are taken from letters mostly private—some few published in newspapers—and from autobiographical memoranda. One extract from a review is printed last.

I.

O World
Rebuked by utter silence of its best.

The modern wise,
That, like the men of Sodom, cannot see
The gate before their eyes.

The Daisy Innocence,
That gazes unconfounded on the Sun.

What is a woman without tears?

Save by the Old Road none attain the new,
And from the Ancient Hills alone we catch the view.

From the small life that loves with tooth and nail
To the thorn'd brow that makes the heavens pale,
Pain in all love.

Blessed is he
Who explains me.

Compare the sudden change in the religious life at maturity to the sudden autumnal infusion of sweet juices into the sour and bitter fruit of summer.

Let the response of her delight
Be tender, timely, slight.

Ah, great, sweet Lord, make thou of little me
Only a soft reciprocal of thee.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

From sketch for Subject Group by J. S. Sargent, R.A., 1894.

When the soul owns herself sincerely to be nought
The whole of heaven flows in as freely as a thought.

Who speaks the things that Love him shows
Shall say things deeper than he knows.

Society lies crushed
Under the rubbish of its broken thrones.

Pride gives no food unless he can a feast:
The quality of grace is goodness in the least.

A song
Loud with the truth which cannot be expressed.

Glad Nature's upright purpose warps
To riot sad in his abused corpse.

List the forgotten spheres,
Till, like a lute-string that a trumpet hears,
Thy answering soul will magic airs resound.

(*Heaven.*)

Softness, sweetness, ineffable variety and mutability,
Perception of each other's inmost bliss,
And no desire or any thought for anything but this.

To lie within His heart without annoy,
    And only by believing,
    And only by receiving,
Sans question of desert or scruple coy,
    To give bliss to the Giver—
    O bright, full-flooded river
Of nameless and intelligible joy!

With vision of Thee do Thou my heart so feed
That every word I breathe shall be a deed.

Ah, Jesus, what delight;
And this the unjoyful, third watch of the night.

Faith is the light of the flame of love.

May I love Him with love and joy like them
So virginal, so wifely, so motherly, so marvellous!

Potency of Joy
To do, resist, or to destroy.

Men oft see God
But never know 'tis He till He has passed.

I am
As one that knows a tune but cannot sing.

"I will lay me altogether down in peace," (Ps. lv. 8.)
Till my posture is a Sacrament.

O souls for marriage with your Maker made,
Your aim is meanness, misery your joy.

Hours are long but years are short.

With Thee,
A Goddess made of amethystine light:
Without Thee, the most rank
And filthiest clot of carrion that ever stank.

Love that
Burns with desire of burning more and more.

God, in whose image we are made,
Let me not be afraid
To trace Thy likeness in what best we are.

All day for God to work or fight,
And be within His arms all night.

A million crowned Brides, and every queen
As diverse from the rest as red from green.

From me, thine altar, let no strange fire hiss.

Ah heavenly fame,
Aye to do good and be for aye unknown.

Souls of the lost in fiery corpses clad.

Until at last
The bush of knowledge blazes with God's love.

Thou hid'st Thyself from me
Who have lost all and even myself for Thee.

I will not go beyond my door
To hunt for poor.
I am the poorest person that I know
That I should meet, where'er I go.

The eye of innocence renew'd in age.

All I ask for the reward of love
Is but to love thee more.

Dear little Child with child of God.

Shine, shine, and fill thy Flower
With color, honey and perfume.

Wandering with Thee alone among
The mountains of eternity.

What little, laughing Goddess comes this way
Round as an O and simple as Good-day,
Bearing upon the full breast of a Mother
One Cupid whom she does with kisses smother,
And, I should say,
Within her breast another?

You have already Cupid's twain, I see.
. . . . Each is very He:
No mortal difference of identity.

Sin, by which Heaven obtained the exquisite edge of sorrow.

And others
Are blamed for faults they long since left behind.

From the light and pleasant land of self
To leap into the black gulf
Of His love and power.

A keen, sweet, and constant ardour.

The patient man, whate'er his hardships be,
Enjoys already sweet eternity.

Truth made good by life.

I have deserved hell, and my punishment is bliss.

Unelated, undejected, centred in its own humility.

When evil is consummated
And runs into its punishment.

The simple and the pure, into whose hearts
Truth falls, like dew into a fleece of wool.

Spiritual conjunction is effected by the mind of one presenting itself to the mind of the other, with all manner of goodwill towards him.

The honour of the world that waits to crown by name,
I hate thrice worse than shame.

(*One good better than another.*)
The flame that shoots above the fire.

The soul
Sucking its life from the deep breasts of love.

Just war and wedlock, which make right
Nature's twain joys, to kiss and fight.

The great and all too common Truth in speech,
Great, simple, singular, to teach.

Rocket-like his road is fire.

The clearness of whose presence is repose.

It doth come
Of being deaf that men are dumb.

Each favour novel from the store of unexhausted modesty.

Whence joy and sorrow, in divine embrace,
Look down, with pitying face,
Towards the poor, terrestrial peaks of bliss
Where pain and pleasure kiss.

This is the very quivering tip of the flame of love.

Thy neck is iron, and thy brow is brass;
But not the less shall this be brought to pass.

For I am worse and better than you know.

Better blood-letting War than the foul-blooded ease
That breeds such boils as these.

In the soft arms of happy certitude.

The simple
Take fairer measure of the goods of Earth
To mean, because they should mean, fairer worth.

A bee upon a briar-rose hung
And wild with pleasure suck'd and kiss'd;
A flesh-fly near, with snout in dung,
Sneer'd, "What a Transcendentalist!"

"O loving hint answering my longing guess,"
And whispering softly to my wildest wishes, "yes."

(*The people.*)
'Tis but a toss-up whether they cry
Hosanna, or Crucify!

Gladstone's eloquence, like lava, bright
In dark, and dark in light.

The only kindness Wise can show to Fool
Is, firm to hold him on the whipping-stool.

Truth-teaching is a trait he only knows by half
Who does not o'er his labour sing and laugh.

As of old the truth,
Now falsehood has become self-evident.

Of God's love, the many-coloured rays
Grow only visible in the incense of praise.

Love that weakens with its sweet the knee
That drops adoringly to thee.

Ah, Lord,
Thy vine still gives Thee vinegar to drink.

He found me in the desert, and then fell
In love with my exceeding loneliness.

A bee, beloved, is least of fowls with wings,
Yet is her fruit the sweetest of sweet things.

Who search for truth and do not start from God
For a long journey should be shod.

For the foul fume is matter of sweet flame.

Heaven, which is
The eternal agony of God's first kiss.

Not little children, but the man
That was as one of them, is he
Who Heaven's kingdom enter can
By right of his simplicity.

Science, the agile ape, may well
Up in his tree thus grin and grind his teeth
At us beneath,
The wearers of the bay and asphodel,
Laughing to be his butts
And gathering up for use his ill-aim'd cocoa-nuts.

How should they win,
Who care not for the prize?

The darkness that precedes increase of light.

To evolve the sounds of joy and ruth
Out of pure law and hated truth.

The kiss of silence and of light.

This brightest hope is but thick smoke
By the sweet light in which the least saint lives.

As parched Egypt longs for rising Nile,
So I for thee.

A dishonest man who believes is still a man,
But not believing is as rat or skunk.

II.

(*Of a poor and holy person.*)

THERE was nothing about him to envy but his life and manners.

As a little bone, questioned by the anatomist,
Remembers the whole beast, a million years deceased.

The eight beatitudes detested worse than death.

Thy love is an incessant trouble in my breast, like one of those little quiet wells where the upheaval of the sand never ceases.

Like milk from the kind, impatient breast, so willing to feed that, on the approach of the baby's mouth, it waits not to be pressed.

As a fountain seeks in air the hidden level of its far-off source.

Respiration and inspiration correspond to the life of faith.

I desire nothing now but to desire Thee more.

Redemption was but an incident of the Incarnation, which did more for those who did not require it than for those who did. It was *these* things—*i.e.*, the relations of it to the Just, especially to B.V.—which the angels desired to look into.

(*Thought.*)

Idiots that take the prologue for the piece,
And think that all is ended just when it begins.

I love Thy beauty Whom as yet I cannot see; and Thou lovest me, although as yet I do not exist.

Modern science goes towards the truth, as, when we walk towards the sinking sun, the world while we walk rolls the other way.

To be a Liberal now, when Toryism means nothing but an honourable but almost desperate endeavour to preserve our nearly extinguished national life, is to be either a knave or a fool or both.

If a man thinks he knows anything as he ought, let him know that he knows nothing.

The body of the Lord. The beauty of this vesture is only seen on the wearer.

Give me to desire all which thou desirest to give.

The unimaginable freedom, felicity, honour and spirituality of heaven require unimaginable bonds, anguish, shame and materiality, as their counterpoise and the conditions of their reality. In the crucified seraph, St. Francis saw the only recorded vision of the state of the Blessed in Christ.

Mother is more than and includes Bride.

The Holy Spouse of Christ, can she become the poor strumpet of the State?

Good people and religious are the first to say, "He hath a devil" of any one whose way is widely different from and maybe greatly higher than their own.

The B. V. is co-redemptrix with Christ. His visit converts the soul to acknowledge the truth and to obey it in intention, destroying the old Adam. Her visit converts the body, giving gentle disposition and affection, destroying the old Eve.

Chastity is so splendid a virtue that in praising it we do not oppose it to vice—whose name is unknown to it—but only to lesser degrees of itself; *i.e.*, an ordinarily pure marriage.

God has declared to us His mystic rapture in His Marriage with Humanity in twice saying, "Hic est Filius meus dilectus in quo bene complacui." He expressly and repeatedly calls this marriage, and pronounces the marriage of Man and Woman to be its symbol. *This is the burning heart of the Universe.*

The love of Son for Mother and Mother for Son is more than the love of Bride and Bridegroom, and includes it.

B. V. God made thy womb the place of His delight, and said (ah, happy me!) that every *other* who did His will was even as thou His Mother.

"A woman heavy with child denotes the state in which the formation of good from truth is proceding." "He who does my will (*i.e.*, *forms* good by truth) is my Mother," etc.

The Word made flesh . . . "*I* love *you*" made flesh of my flesh.

"Open your mouth wide," etc. Subject for great Ode on impossibility of making desires too extravagantly great or too minutely sweet.

"The Virgin's womb." The narrowness of that dwelling, the darkness, the mode of nourishment: He could not hear, nor see, nor taste, nor move; He lay at all times fixed and bound;

> And by that rapture of captivity,
> He made us free,
> His blissful prisoners likewise to be.

"The good of infancy is the habitation of the Lord with man," *i.e.*, He is an *infant* in those who are His. "He who believes is my Mother."

There is a thing on which I dare not ponder, lest with Cain and Judas I despair.

Is this great Sodom, saved by its half-score of just whom it detests?

None can be eternally united who have not died for each other.

Making no vows, but obeying each new behest with a spirit of new love.

Eden. God in creation called all things one by one "very good," except Man and Woman, whose perfection was suspended till Gabriel said, "Hail, Mary, full of Grace!" And God said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

"The primitive human form is not in the form of the body, but in a most perfect form known to the Lord alone, which conspires and tends to that. . . . The human form is put on by all angels and men, but the Lord alone is man."

How sweet a rainbow of hope arises when the cloud of compunction sheds its showers in the sunshine of grace.

"Every *affection* comprises things innumerable, for it involves within itself the whole life of a man from his very infancy."

Truth, the air in which Love flies and sings.

Trees which have double blossoms bear no fruit.

The night-brawler, remembering how he once met God in a daisied field, may feel

"Some saving sorrow of offended love."

Nothingness is capacity, and night the opportunity of light.

He wipes away her tears of repentance so gently that she sheds ten times more.

Our state still changing 'twixt too much love and none.

The more we live in communion the more individual shall God's kiss be.

Thus shalt thou grow:
By little and by little, and most rapidly.

The dull and heavy hate of fools.

Thou'st turned my substance all to honeycomb,
Each atomy a cell of discrete sweet.

Like the charred pole,
Round which was built the festive fire extinct.

When Jesus came
The world was all at peace in utter wickedness.

Bound fast
In marriage strange whose honeymoon comes last.

He ruddy with her love,
She splendid with his light.

The liberties of Heaven administered
By petty parish tyrants.

The song that *is* the thing it says.

In the eternal peace and tempest of delight.

Ah, turn away thine eyes, for they have made me flee,
And shut them, would'st thou see.

III.

It is not fit that men who hear these songs should not know that I am no better than themselves. May I so do my works that men seeing them may praise my Father, and leave me from them

Exempt,
In the safe shadow of the world's contempt.

The *same* press applied to the wheel of life causes it to go ever faster and faster. Dread greatly if to-day you love only as much as you did yesterday; for your fall has already begun.

Mem. Some works (like St. Catherine's treatise on purgatory) though not by any ordained teacher, have been accepted by the Church as almost canonical. This should be a final answer to my doubts as to my mission. (S. Ignatius' "Exercises" also.)

The soul becomes nuptially united with God and impregnated by Him the instant she perfectly submits and says, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to Thy word."

Peter made those humble protestations of love and reparation for his three denials (Sea of Tiberias) and Our Lord did not say, "You have formerly denied me thrice, and are not worthy to feed my sheep," but, "Feed my sheep;" for he loved much, having been pardoned much: for love is the Prophet's secret; and those who have best fed God's sheep are those who have learned much love through much pardon.

The hot desert and the putrid marsh—of modern thought and feeling.

The Son gave Himself for Man: the Father gave his Beloved for him.

The frontiers between sense and spirit are the Devil's hunting-grounds.

Love not only levels but subjects.

Man can never purify himself in the least degree except by arriving at the purity of Christ, which is impossible to the highest Angel.

May I know by love and speak by silence.

That which is unique in the soul is its true self, which is only expressed in life or art when the false self has been surrendered wholly. In saints this surrender is continual: in poets, etc., it is only in inspired moments.

Good and truth only differ as fire and flame.

None can move this world unless he stands upon another.

We must confess our sins in order to obtain pardon; but we must *see* our sins in order to confess. How few of those who think that they have confessed and been pardoned have ever seen their sins!

May all my words be like Thine, which have no outward comeliness or subtilty, but "which enlighten understandings and inflame hearts, and excite to compunction and give manifold consolations."

Rivers that give to Ocean but its own.

Dear Lord, for forty years I tried to raise in the wilderness a house for Thy abode. I painfully gathered bricks, and worked a bit of cornice here, and there a capital; but as I put it together all would suddenly fall, and still I gathered up material, though the more I gathered the greater seemed the chaos; but one day, why none could tell, except perhaps that I felt more despair than ever I had done before, I heard a winnowing of unseen wings, and lo, the bricks and stones all took their place,

And a gay palace fine
Beyond my deepest dreamt design.
May He who built it all
Take care it does not fall.

Saints like soldiers, who, to acquire booty wish for war (persecution, temptation, etc.).

(*Divine Love.*)

As when one dreams of what is at the moment a reality.

The pride of the soul that has God for her spouse should be greater than that of Lucifer.

Let me love Thee so that the honour, riches and pleasures of the world may seem unworthy even of hatred,—may be not even incumbrances.

The cloud that is light to Israel is blackness to Egypt.

I will keep my little house clean for thee: my bed shall be bright, and the sheets shall smell of lavender. Others come to their spouses loaded with acceptable wealth. Blessed are they. But I bring no dowry but a pleasant voice. And I am content if thou art.

As the Word of God is God's image, so the word of man is *his* image, and "a man is known by his speech."

By this you may know vision; that it is not what you expected, or even what you could have imagined, and that it is never repeated.

No love shall live for ever in the Beloved which is not heartily willing to die for ever for him.

Pardon is not over and done with once for all, but incessant contrition and incessant pardon are the peculiar dainties of those in heaven who have forfeited the dainties of first innocence.

My call is that I have seen the truth and can speak the living words which are born of having seen it.

When God stretches forth His rod over the Egypt of the heart, what we thought was dust we find is lice.

I thank Thee for refusing so long my prayer, for when Thou delayest a gift it is always to give it more abundantly. (Draught of fishes.)

Let me set about this despised work with long animous charity and a joyful sense of the purity and privacy of my sole reward, Thy love.

Swedenborg, the Anti-Christ, whose doctrine would deceive the very elect, but for special grace of God? *i.e.*, deceive them by giving the whole doctrine of the Church and denying the *life* of the Church, *i.e.*, its authority.

The internal and external are perfectly distinct from each other; but where they are together the internal is in the external as in its adequate form, which form can only act from it as an effect from its cause. *The external lives from the internal, but it is only by the external that the internal can act* as a cause in this lower sphere, and produce effects there. "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. For the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man. . . . But yet neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the

man in the Lord. *For as the woman is of the man, so also is the man by the woman*: but all things of God." . . . The Son (Word) is the external of the Father, man the external of the Son, woman the external of man.

He is irrational, however well he may be able to reason, who does not clearly see that good is good, and truth truth.

Self-doubting hope, sufficient for sure peace.

The life of love includes all the requisite wisdom of that love. "The wise are above books."

"I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now." Not because they are so unlike your mortal experiences, but because they are so like.

Man against Hell, without the help of God, is as a rabbit against the Russian empire.

My net, at last, is full of fishes, but I cannot draw it to land without Thy help.

Long I mistook seeing the end for being in the way.

"Nothing is so easy to men of goodwill as goodwill itself, and this is all that God requires." Every act of goodwill permanently and sensibly increases goodwill. Trifling acts of goodwill are often more efficacious in this way than great ones. A flower given in kindness and at the right time profits more, both to giver and receiver, than some vast material benefit in which the goodwill is hidden by the magnitude of the act. Some little, sensible, individual touch from the hand of our Lord may convert the heart more than the contemplation of His death for us.

Unless the Lord had come into the world and united the human with the divine, the perceptive faculty of good and truth would have been utterly lost to man. It is to the existence of the few that constitute the *living* Church that is owing the existence of any perceptive faculty now.

How could I treat Thee as a Wife should her Husband: how kiss and laugh with Thee: how bear Thee in my bosom

if I saw the least ray of Thy sanctity, which would burn me up? In Thy unapproachable Saints I must view Thy Sanctity, where I can safely look on it, as on the Sun in water.

The soul cannot attain to enjoy God in this life, but she can attain to know that God is enjoying her; and this is the greatest joy of a true wife.

I have an alabaster box, sweet speech full of the praise of God, left to me from the riches I have left. I come, like that other sinner, to break it over Thee, and what this woman hath done shall be told in all the world, not to her honour, but to His, who by much pardon breeds exceeding love.

Holy indignation is a proof that we should do the same thing ourselves, and easy tears are a certain sign of a hard heart.

Do not violate the integrity of the unknown bliss by forms and apprehensions.

Finding in the Temple. The life of the soul on Earth is the alternate losing and finding of Jesus. It goes but two days' journey in its ordinary business and misses God. Has to return upon its path. Finds Him in the Temple, its own *body*.

O, Holy Mother, who wast not afraid to undertake to utter the Word, but simply answered to Gabriel's invitation, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord;" so I, invited by God to speak such a word as has not been uttered since thou inspiredst the Florentine, will not refuse the vocation of Him, who has in this regarded the humility of my soul, His handmaid, who trusts to Him the whole execution of that which He has put upon her.

Nothing remains with man unless it is insinuated with some delight.

He who renounces goods, house, wife, etc., shall have a hundredfold in this life with life eventually; and he who, having obtained this hundredfold renounces this also, shall shine for ever as a sun among stars.

Moses, though excluded by his one sin from the Promised Land, was afterwards one of those on the Mount of Transfiguration.

Let dust keep down.

The enthusiasm for goodness which shews that it is not the habit of the mind.

Let peace be peace, war war.

We fly from the barbarian invasion, devastating our own country as we go, and cry, lo, they prophesied falsely who said the barbarians would destroy our land.

The God long wandering in search of some maiden whose chastity was so great that her body would offer no opposition to permeation by his.

The union perpetually increased by recurrent agonies of sacrifice on the maiden's part. Her fathomless virginity.

Enough's a surfeit to the soul.

My love not only dares the most searching light of philosophy, but requires it.

The utter forgetfulness of each generation as to the other's good.

And when I woke, it was as if a bird should wake and find a flood had risen in the night, and there was no world but water.

We are indeed already risen from the dead, but we are still bound with our grave-clothes.

Sins in the regenerate are only the breaking forth of leaves in the trunk that is felled.

Their death is Easter who make life their Lent.

The strong efforts of man are nothing but the crazy convulsions of extreme weakness.

Life's warp of Heaven and woof of Hell.

Give to my immortality nothing but immortal affections.

Liars though ye be, ye cannot make a thing not to be by saying that it is.

The mirth of the world is really the grin of despair.

The fine sheets of thin cloud before a storm shining with untransient lightning. Compare to corporeal joy of love in a *body* "full of grace."

Happy the Man who is his Mistress's first love: happy the woman who is her Lover's second.

Modern Philosophers, that wisely keep to sandy shallows, like shrimps, for fear of bigger fish.

The mutations of things spiritual and celestial. Life without such changes would be uniform, consequently *nothing;* nor would goodness and truth be known or distinguished, much less perceived.

Man hates truth, and Our Lord conquered not through but in spite of being this Truth, in spite of Prophecies, Miracles, or Prodigies, which only made men hate and disbelieve Him more.

Secret saints, unstain'd with human honour.

Not only is song the bloom of Science, but the seed is always in the flower.

When Our Lord died, all Creation, which held its life from Him, necessarily felt the pangs of death also.

If you wish to be commonly good, the easiest, indeed the only way, is to be heroically so.

If the Son is the Bride of the Father and the Husband of the Church, it follows that the male soul may be the Bride of Christ and the Husband of the female.

In the Lord there was a union of the human essence with the Divine, but in the case of man with the Lord there is not union but conjunction.

The Lord has union with Jehovah ; but man has not union with the Lord, but conjunction. . . . This reciprocal union is what the Lord means when He attributes to the Father what belongs to Himself.

The image of this reciprocal union is probably in the ideal, unfulfilled marriage of man and woman.

An idea of God formed from the human, whatsoever quality it be, providing only it flows from the good of innocence, is accepted.

(*Communion of Saints.*)

. . . One life with a million mouths sucking the single honey of His love.

God usually answers our prayers so [much more] according to the measure of His own magnificence than of our asking, that we do not know His boons to be those for which we besought Him.

The proper study of mankind is woman.

All life and joy is motion. That of time and vulgar souls is linear, and so not without change of place ; and good to them is known only in the coming and the going. With souls of grace it is not so. They go about a centre, which planetary motion is their joy. They have also a self-revolving motion, which is their peace. Their own regularity enables them to perceive the order of the universe. Their ears with inmost delectation catch the sound of the revolving spheres. They live in fruition of the eternal novelty.

The union a source of incessant active chastity.

(*The four steps.*)

Faith in God the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, the B. V.

May I so speak that the wise of this world, though they may understand nothing, may still say, " The speaker of such words can scarcely be quite a fool."

God advancing slily step by step till at last He lays hand upon His little bird.

> For happy 'tis to live from care exempt
> In the safe shadow of the world's contempt.

Blessed are they that have to bear (and can bear) the persecution of its praise.

He preserves interior silence best who talks most on indifferent things.

Light words are weighty sins.

Thou wilt not tarry if I wait for Thee.

The Devil pierces our thoughts with the needle of truth in order that he may draw after it the long thread of lies.

From stocks or stones *eliciting delight.*

The single apple which has by accident been left in the leafless orchard.

And Nature is another name for sin.

Virginity. He who bears the flag is most the soldier, though he does not fight. And he who nobly upholds the honour for which man is procreated helps as much as any the conservation of the race.

If there's anything that God hates utterly, it is a clever woman.[1]

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[1] I do not like to suppress this crude though characteristic aphorism, but cannot print it without comment. It seems, in its obvious sense, quite irreconcilable with the fact that Patmore, throughout his life, associated by choice with women of intellectual ability. His first wife was undoubtedly gifted, the second far above the average in intelligence and attainments: his eldest daughter had, in my opinion, a distinct touch of genius, and he valued highly the accomplishments of other ladies of his family, of whom, being still alive, I will say no more. Readers of his essays too must be aware of the very high position which he was ready to accord to female writers, both living and dead. The

IV.

Say your prayers for me. There is only one thing worth praying for, and that is that one may be inspired to love God more. Love to Him includes everything that can be desired—and that I am sure you know better than I do.

I will remember you on Good Friday, as I always do. Do you find it easy and pleasant to say the Rosary every day? I have got to be so fond of it that I mostly say it thrice, and generally with sensible advantage. So far from taking the thoughts and affections off God, this way of prayer seems the most natural, and as Nicolas says, the most delicate way of approaching Him.

What a wonderful hidden world the Catholic Religion is, and how utterly incomprehensible till one is well *in* it. How well it would be if we Catholics could feel towards Protestants as our Lord did when he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Don't you think that outsiders would be much more easily attracted if, instead of slurring over the characteristic points of Catholicism as most proselytizers do, they were to present those points in their real strangeness and splendour?

I never saw Dr. Newman but once, when I had a *tête-à tête* conversation with him for about an hour. I was struck chiefly by his shyness and his extreme care to be exactly truthful in expression. Weeks after this conversation I re-

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solution of the paradox is to be found in the Patmorian use of the word "clever," which, like some other words, he employed in a special sense, without condescending to explain it. He means by it a sort of "sharpness," a desire to shine, which he would consider unfeminine, an obtrusive self-consciousness of ability, or an ambition to be the rival or imitator of man. I may note here that he was at one time opposed to the higher education of women, but that before he died he recanted his former opinion. He had, he said, made the acquaintance of some who had passed through Newnham or Girton, I forget which, and had found that they had lost nothing in womanliness, while their serious education seemed to have been altogether advantageous.

ceived a letter[1] from him written expressly to qualify, in some slight degree, some expression he had used about Mr. Gladstone. He never seems to me to have quite worked off his Protestantism. St. Evremond, I think, says that the Protestant and Catholic Spirits are distinguished thus: the Protestant is always thinking of not displeasing God, the Catholic is always thinking of pleasing Him, fear being the ruling motive in one, love in the other. Keble's Parish Sermons seem to me to be much more Catholic than Newman's.

I am just now reading the Life of a peasant girl, Marie Lataste, who died only a few years ago. Her life was all grace and miracle, and her writings full of living sanctity and vigorous perceptions of things hidden to the wise. There are no such books in English, but many in French. From a Christian point of view, we English are a very poor lot compared with the French.

Lord Bacon's "Philosophy," as a philosophy, is as base as his life was. It is not indeed, philosophy, "love of Wisdom," at all, but mere far-sighted material utilitarianism. Fancy his setting down Plato and Aquinas as mere players upon words!

I envy you the task you had of helping that poor fellow to go happily out of the world. The "poor" as a class are

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[1] "The Oratory, Brompton,
"June 8, 1868

"My Dear Sir,

"Pardon me for giving you the trouble of reading another letter from me. It has struck me that, in the one which you have just answered, I so worded what I said as to seem to call Mr. Gladstone an experimentalist or empiric in politics. I had no thought of him in what I said. I have far too much respect for him to like the appearance of having so spoken of him. I was thinking of the two great *parties*, Whigs and Conservatives since 1859, bidding against each other for popularity and binding themselves with pledges which they would evade if they could.

"As you say in in your letter, I grieve at the forbidding aspect which Catholics are at this time assuming in England.

"Very truly yours,
"John H. Newman."

rolling so in luxuries that it is the rarest thing in the world to find an opportunity of helping them to anything better than to get a little more drunk than usual. The real poor, that is the greater part of the lower middle class, hide their poverty and will not take help from strangers. It is a good thing for well-to-do people that Our Lord's exhortations to help the poor apply rather to interior poverty than exterior; and especially to our own poverty. They are the truly charitable who clothe and feed the poor beginnings of grace in themselves, and save them from starving. *These* are the "poor" and "needy," the "orphans" and "widows" evidently which David always had in his mind in his Psalms.

I send you a book, which will occupy your thoughts and perhaps your heart, for at least a day or two. It is very long since I have read any book so well worth reading as this sketch of the "Life and Philosophy" of Schopenhauer. He seems to me one of quite the greatest minds of modern times. He thinks himself almost an atheist, and yet his philosophy is almost purely Catholic. The book will give you much insight into Indian philosophy. You will see that the doctrine of annihilation of Buddha is exactly the same as the self-annihilation of Christianity—an abnegation of self, not of *life*, as is vulgarly supposed. You will sympathise with Schopenhauer's scorn of his fellow-countrymen, whom I am glad to see, he regards as the stupidest of created beings. I love him also for telling Wagner (the musical impostor) that he did not know what music meant.

Goethe's loves, as you feel, are all immoral; for all love is immoral which contemplates or admits of the possibility of change; and one always sees that he is loving "provisionally." I hate, too, Goethe's views of self-"culture." He would have got more real self-culture by one great act of self-sacrifice than by all his dissections of live women.

I have been reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" with great pleasure and admiration. Nine-tenths of what people of all "denominations" shriek at him for, is simply *true*. His sneers are almost always at *priests*, not *religion*. His sketch of the progress of Christianity in the first three

Centuries, is the only piece of ecclesiastical History I have ever found interesting, or, indeed intelligible.

My Lent and Easter will have been very much helped by your present of the Missal, which I am ashamed to say, I had been very little in the practice of using, trusting rather to my own way of praying at Mass. I had gone through all the forty days with it, and have been astonished at the light which is thrown upon the Bible by the way the Church applies it. The collocation of prophecies, etc., for to-day is especially wonderful.

"The thought that makes the monk and nun" glows darkly through them, as the heat glows through the shut doors of a smelting furnace.

What a *surprise* it will be to meet. At least that is always my feeling after a long separation. Doubtless one of the purposes of death is to supply this exquisite feeling in the highest perfection, when those who have loved each other come together again. And as every feeling will be always new and fresh in Heaven, those who attain to it may hope to live for ever with this acute delight of recognition in their hearts.[1]

Your dream was very curious. Be sure there is much more in dreams than people think. They constitute a real world running alongside of our other world. That one part of a dream should explain and solve another, is absolute proof that dreams are not mere associations at random of ideas drawn from our waking hours.

The exceedingly few persons who are habitually occupied with the realities of life, and not with the shadows, must have noticed that dreams are sometimes among the most real of life-affecting realities. They reveal the capacity of the soul for felicity and misery as no experiences of waking life ever do. Goethe says of such dreams:

"I know they are eternal, for they *are*."

God will not have it that, at the Day of Judgment, any

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[1] Cf. "A Farewell," "With tears of recognition never dry."

A Farewell

With all my will, but much against my heart,
And even through fain of still averted feet
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

Coventry Patmore

A Farewell

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There is any hope, it is so far away:
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Who now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the tearless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

Coventry Patmore

one shall be able to plead that he was not warned by intelligible threats, or encouraged by sensible promises.

You are greatly favoured. Such a dream is a true word of God, and none of his words return empty. Each one really alters the whole current of life, whether we observe it or no. We pray for years, apparently in vain, that our hearts may be raised and purified, and a moment of such vision, sleeping or waking, sets us at once upon the Rock that is higher than we. Curiously enough your letter was put into my hand at the very minute I was going into the Chapel to offer the first Mass I have ever offered for the Souls in Purgatory. Don't you think that this was more than a mere coincidence? In this connection let me say a word about indulgences. Until lately I was always suspicious of and repelled by the Church's practice in this matter; but I now see clearly that the humility and faith that can wash in that Jordan, and feel assured that a short prayer or sighing the name of Jesus in dying, will pay the debt which must otherwise be paid by a long Purgatory, are themselves in the most perfect condition for being received direct into Heaven. When the soul can say sincerely and simply, "Be it done to me according to Thy Word," not thinking of its own demerits, but only of the power, love, and liberality of God. He thinks nothing too great for it. He makes it forthwith a Goddess and the Mother of God.

The scientists scoff at the assertion of positive experience of realities which cannot be communicated. Yet every happy lover knows that the most simple and discernible of all realities is the least of all things communicable or "explicate." "God," says Goethe, "reveals Himself in ultimates, and neither He nor they can be 'explained' or communicated, being self-evident."

"Late comes the help of God: but in the end not weak."
The later the help comes the more powerfully and joyfully it comes, if it has been patiently prayed for. God promises to grant *all* our prayers, but does not promise to do so at *once*. Go on praying, dear Child, and put everything in His hands. Pray to love Him so that you may, at least for a moment, be able from your heart to offer up

everything to Him. And in that moment He will give you everything back again, all made real, precious and lasting.

What you say about the Hampstead Pilgrimage and the primary value of happy memories is truth of endless consequence, and also of even greater significance is what you say about the negative and transient nature of pain and sorrow and the eternal character of joy. To be able to discover this shews you have the privileged blessing of a grateful mind ; in other words, of a heart that loves God. To such a heart even pain and languor and contradiction are present blessings ; for the sense that a loving and beloved God is sending the evil to remove from us some greater evil, and to prepare us for perfect joy, is more delightful to the grateful mind than the evil is distressing. I think with you, it is well, I could not take or buy the little house where Emily died. (See vol. i., p. 134.)

I wish every one saw as well as you do that it is only through marriage-love that we can understand the love of Christ. The statement that it is so stares everybody in the face in the words of St. Paul which you quote, and in scores of similar passages ; yet the world—especially the ecclesiastical world—goes on talking, writing, and preaching as if there were some essential contrariety between the two. The truth about "purity," which I will some day put into song, is this : the love of marriage, so far from being impure, is the very purity of purities ; and the idea of impurity is so often connected in idea with it because, being so pure, the least thing sullies it. It is too pure for mortality, which always stains it more or less by its contact, and this stain, which is made conspicuous by the brilliant purity of marriage-love, is attributed by foolish people, and those who do not know that love, to the love itself! This was the inspiring idea at the heart of my long poem (the "Angel").

Did I ever give you a copy of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell"? If not, I will. I never tire of reading him, he is unfathomably profound and yet simple. I came on a passage since I saw you which I don't know how to admire enough for its surpassing insight into truth and for its con-

sistence with and development of Catholic truth. He says that the Devil is not a separate individual in hell, but that he is the collective personality of hell, for he says that it is only people of affirmative, *i.e.*, believing minds, who acquire *individuality*, and these go to Heaven; but bad people are *negative* minds, and their personality acts in hell as *one*, because they have acquired no individuality on earth. This you see gets rid of all the philosophical *difficulties* of a personal *Devil*, without getting rid of *him*. He says a number of other nice things. Among others, that a certain little lady at —— (though he does not point her out directly, but only by inference) will go straight to Heaven, because she has kept her child's heart of innocence into the years of womanhood and thinks no good of herself.

I send you the book of Swedenborg which I promised you. You will think it all very odd at first, but, after you have got used to the queerness, you will find that it abounds with perception of the truth to a degree unparalleled perhaps in uninspired writing. Ninety-nine hundredths of what Swedenborg writes about is in perfect harmony with the Catholic Faith, or rather it *is* the Catholic Faith—and yet in some of his books he attacks, like Don Quixote, a certain windmill, what he takes for Catholicity—of which he seems to be profoundly ignorant, except in so far as he found it in the Bible. Swedenborg has the secret of presenting the truth which he perceives, to the *perception*, rather than the *understanding* of his readers. Christian doctrine becomes, in his writings, actual vision, which you may profane by disobedience, but never again be in obscurity about.

You will be struck by the prodigious reiteration of truth in almost the same words—but somehow it never wearies, but, like the Rosary, keeps the mind in a *state* of gaining instruction in the few governing truths which can never be known enough.

It is wonderful what propagandist ardour animates atheists. They are much more eager to convert us to a belief in Nothing than we are to convert them to a belief in God. Pascal somewhere distinguishes the relative economical positions of believer and unbeliever thus: If the believer is wrong, he loses nothing; if he is right, he gains Eternity: if

the unbeliever is right he gains nothing; if wrong he loses Eternity.

Your letter just received gives me very great pleasure as you knew it would. There is no one who can write letters breathing such a sunny air of kindness as yours. It seems to be a prolongation of your happy little visit, which was all sunshine. . . . .

It has struck me often lately that A'Kempis, whom you are daily reading now, cannot be read with safety without remembering that he wrote his book expressly for the use of monks. There is much that is quite unfit for and untrue of people who live in the ordinary relations of life. I don't think I like the book quite so much as I did. There is a hot-house, egotistical air about much of its piety. Other persons are ordinarily the appointed means of learning the love of God, and to stifle human affections must be very often to render the love of God impossible.

I have bought a fine edition of St. Thomas's "Summa,"[1] which has been a favourite book of mine all my life. It contains the *orthodox* view of every possible subject—and as the orthodox view nearly always turns out to be the right one, however contrary to one's first impressions, the book is a very valuable one indeed. I cannot wonder enough at the impudence and ignorance of modern scientific writers when they talk of the "Schoolmen." No one, however violently prejudiced against Catholicism could *read* the "Summa," and not feel that he was in the presence of one of the greatest philosophic minds that ever existed.

If only I could get the wind of my old inspiration under my wings again, I see the way more and more clearly to writing a poem which would come nearer to real greatness than any thing I have done. I have often talked with you about its idea—that of clearing some of the ways of God to man in the only mode possible, namely, explaining in passionate terms the passionate *humanity* which is at the core of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. What a field of joyful knowledge lies hidden from people—and

[1] See Appendix VI. and vol. i., p. 79.

especially from the most ignorant of all people, modern Catholics—in this direction! How vile and often abominable are the ideas which Catholics themselves now entertain of doctrines which, as they are found in the doctors of the Church, are all light, beauty, and joy. *Apropos* of this, my friend Father —— has just printed a pamphlet in answer to an attack by Mr. F. S—— (of the Pall Mall) on the Catholic Church for "damning" unbaptized infants. It contains the doctrine of the Church about hell just as I have often explained it to you, but as I have never seen it explained by any modern writer. F^r. —— states that the "Pœna damni," which Protestants think is so horrible that we should attribute to all unbaptized persons, may be far more happy than many a Protestant's idea of Heaven itself: that it only means *necessarily* an exclusion from supernatural bliss, and that it is not inconsistent with the possibility and probability of an enjoyment of *natural* delight in a degree quite inconceivable in this disorderly world. F^r. —— also suggests that "tristitia" or "melancholy"—a state of mind which many great poets and musicians exalt as full of secret sweetness—is the "hell" of those who, not having fallen into mean and malignant sins, are not to be visited with mean and malignant pains.

"Yea, if I go down into hell, Thou art there also," says David. That is, the Heavenly Love is there also, and can in some degree be apprehended as Love, or it would be false to say that it was "there."

When I asked F^r. —— why he and others did not preach the *love* of God more, he answered that if he dwelt too much on that, and so destroyed the hard thoughts which his congregations have of God, they would all be living in mortal sin before the end of the week. That might indeed be the *first* effect, but the power of the idea would grow upon and gradually change them, in a way that no preaching of God's wrath could ever do. A person who has rightly apprehended the love of God—as so few have—may fail in many and great things through frailty, and may very well be condemned at last to everlasting "Tristitia," but he or she can never be mean or malignant or become subject to the vulgar tortures which a true instinct (which milksops would call vindictiveness) foresees and *craves* for such persons.

It is Sunday, and you see I have written you a Sunday

letter! It is rather absurd my talking to you—who are so much better than I am—on such matters. But it is the way of man to preach and of woman to set the example.

To love another as oneself is only the half-way house to Heaven, though it seems as far as it was prudent to bid man go. The "greater love than this" of which our Lord speaks, though He does not command it, is to give oneself for one's friends. And when one does this, or is ready to do this, prayer even for "us" seems too selfish—and it is unnecessary, for we then possess all that God Himself can give us. The easy renunciation of self for the Beloved being the very breath of Heaven.

One great secret of patience is—to forgive ourselves. This is much harder to do than to forgive others; but we can never get on well until we have learned to back God's absolution with our own, and to be grateful that this day or week has shewn fewer falls into impatience, etc., than the last.

Did it ever strike you that the words of the "Magnificat," "And His mercy is from generation unto generation, unto them that fear Him," coming in the context they do, *i.e.*, immediately after "He that is mighty hath done great things unto me," etc., can *only* mean that the very same "great things" are done to all that fear Him that were done to the Blessed Virgin?

This is the meaning of the Blessed Sacrament and of the whole of Christianity, and is the life of the world. To discern this, is alone to "discern the Lord's Body," and for the soul to be changed into an inconceivably lovely little goddess, worthy to be "Sponsa Dei."

Goodbye, till the end of my monastic life! I have no idea how I shall like it. I only go in "obedience" and so do not expect to like it, and shall not be disappointed if I do not get much good out of it, beyond the good we always get by doing what one's told "like a good child." I am too much accustomed, I fear, to my own wild way of reading and thinking to be otherwise than hampered and distressed by a severe set form. Suppose one had been accustomed to make love in the mode and speech which feeling

suggested at the moment, and then found oneself suddenly under compulsion to pay one's attentions by the rules of a dancing-master? That is how I fancy it will seem to me. If it does, so much better for the "obedience."

Very likely you may have to pray for years before you get any *perceptible* gain in humility or anything else; but the gain is always secretly going on, and you will find, as God promises in the Psalms, that your apparently all-powerful enemies shall be "suddenly" slain. There is nothing more pleasing in God's sight than for one to fight on for ever, in spite of incessant apparent defeat. "Wait upon God until He have mercy upon you."

You are a fearful little woman to have for a friend. You will have your friends to be nothing if not heroic. Poor ——! to be under danger of your contempt, because, though everything else you can desire, he is not a Dominican or a Jesuit. It is awful to think that you are perhaps praying thrice a day that I may become a Trappist.

One day is as like another as pea is to pea. I think, however, that I see my new work more clearly than I did, and that I shall soon be able to warble the first notes of the "New song," up to which I can see clearly now, that I have been unconsciously led all my life. It is to be called "Sponsa Dei," meaning primarily the Blessed Virgin, and secondarily every faithful soul, and the company of all faithful souls.

It is as rare—in England at least—to find any member of the great monastic orders who is not a gentleman as it is to find a secular priest who is. The truest gentlemen I have ever known have been Jesuits, Franciscans or Benedictines.

Long before I became a Catholic, I hated Sermons and loved the Blessed Sacrament, as I do now, and I used on Sundays to wait outside the Church door, till the congregation had departed and then went to receive Communion.

The following characteristic utterance is taken from a published letter in which Patmore advocates the startling proposition that the Pope should be

accepted as the standing arbitrator in all disputes between the nations of Europe.

The irreversible dogmas of the Catholic Church are very few, and of these only a number that can be counted on the fingers of one hand are opposed to those of the mass of other Christians; and these, as they are better understood, are found to be very much less unlike common opinion, and far less powerful for practical mischief, than used to be supposed. For example, one of the only two great dogmas which have been decreed since the Council of Trent—namely, the Immaculate Conception—is beginning to be understood among Protestants as being nothing more nor less than the belief which at least every two non-Catholics out of three hold concerning every infant that is born into the world. Again, the hostility of all other religions to the Catholic Church, which was naturally aroused by the notion that every one not belonging to that Church was believed by it to be lost, is becoming very much allayed by the discovery that by the Catholic Church, in this sense, is meant that invisible body to which the true Catholic of the visible Church holds that every Christian belongs who believes and does his duty according to the best light that is in him. A wide acquaintance with Roman Catholics cannot but result in the discovery that, in exact proportion to their opportunities of knowing what is the true mind of their Church on this matter, they are liberal concerning it, and that, as a well-known Jesuit recently said in a sermon at Farm-street, "There are no theologians so strict as nursery-maids." Another great obstacle to the sympathetic working together of Catholics and Protestants is being daily removed by their free intercourse, whereby the latter are coming more and more to learn that the former are not much better than themselves. It cannot but soften the most religious tradesman's heart to find that his brother-tradesman, who holds the Catholic faith, will, as a rule, cheat as readily as he will himself; and such differences of opinion as the holding by one party that lying is a venial sin and detracting a mortal one, and, by the other, that the guilt of these actions is exactly the reverse, cease to be injurious to amicable relations when it is observed that Catholics and Protestants as a rule are equally given both to lying and detracting.

For some seventeen centuries the mysteries of Eleusis were the heart of the world's civilization, as those of Christianity have been for a like period since. To the knowledge of those mysteries, as to those of Christianity in its earlier times, only the pure were admitted; the outside world being allowed, however, to share the sacred light transmuted through the clouds of myths and sacraments. The lesser mysteries were veiled in parables—that is to say, in stories having one meaning within another; the greater in enigmas in which the external lends no aid to the internal, being altogether devoid of rational meaning, and being useful, not to hint by analogy, but to corroborate by the secret communion of intelligences already wise.

Eros and Psyche.

That this exquisite poetical novelette is in the main a parable is obvious; but none of the tasks imposed by Venus upon her poor little rival and victim were more seemingly hopeless than is that of explaining this parable fully, though the light of its obscure significance flashes from almost every sentence. It seems to us very doubtful whether Apuleius himself had always a perfectly clear intelligence of what he was about.

He seems to have taken the fable as it stood in its older and simpler forms and to have decked and obscured it with ideas of his own. Notwithstanding this and other deductions from its literary merits that might be alleged, this story must be reckoned among the best of books by those who adopt the lively but sound saying that "a good book is a book which does one good." It is impossible for any but a very dull person to remain a merely passive recipient of the ideas and images of this tale. It excites the reader to a sort of active co-operation with the writer.

We seem constantly to be on the point of discerning some happy secret of the soul, and are constantly but only partially disappointed. "I know not how it is," writes St. Bernard, "but the more the realities of heaven are clothed with obscurity the more they delight and attract; and nothing so much heightens longing as such tender refusal."

FRAGMENTARY WRITINGS

CHAPTER VI

EXTRACTS ON POETRY AND ART

THE following extracts are taken from similar sources to the foregoing. The fragments of poetry were no doubt intended for incorporation in future poems, and it is again needful to warn the reader that they do not necessarily represent Patmore's final standard of perfection. The prose extracts are selected with a view to illustrating his general ideas about poetry and art, and to supplement his published essays on the same subjects. Section II. is from letters, Section III. from occasional writings for the press.

I.

Daisies.—Of flowers none
So lowly and so like the sun.

Primroses.—That touch'd mine eyes like kisses cool.

Sad as a ship far off at fall of day,
Alone upon the wide sea-way.

The countless chase of feet.

The baby leaves of aged elms in Spring.

The winds are playing with their friends the clouds.

The iron muscle or electric nerve.

A cloud-bank pale
With phantom portent of unhappy peace.

Under the lily-leaf lie the red tench.

The vent of feeling and the veil.

On store of memories.—Sad as a basket of old keys.

Crackles the hidden heat, and faster comes the smoke.

Dumbly the breakers flash'd: slow clomb great sighs.

The dead men got the battle: they
Who look'd on got the praise.

Her breath was like a bean-field,
Her body white as milk,
Straight as a stalk of lavender,
Soft as a robe of silk.

Puss, in her fervour of content,
Lay crackling like a fire.

Shafts of gauzy light.

And the fair sweep of soft, reposeful glades.

My only Dear,
The end is now intelligibly near.

A sweet and sunny intellect.

The herd of deer stood still,
Fronting me with their horns,
A little wood of wintry oaks.

A noxious flying thing
Winnowing the dusk.

The sunny field of shadowy stooks
Untied by ambush-fearing rooks.

Her feet
With chains are sweet;
And, in her hands,
The apple, pleasure, and the poppy, sleep.

Calm my breast,
O sea, with thy beloved unrest.

The feverous languor ere the thunder-fit.

As seen from smoky street, the thymy head
Of some high hill alone with the sweet sun.

And o'er that gravity so bright
A smile passed, like a shooting light
That wends upon its unknown ways
Amidst a thousand steadfast rays.

Lonely and silent were the light and heat
Of noonday, in the little town's one street.

Sweeter than Venus, Dian not so chaste.

II.

I have been reading Shelley again, after never having looked at him for thirty years. My young impression of him is quite unchanged. Most of his poems—even his most celebrated, as "Prometheus Bound"—is all unsubstantial splendour, like the transformation scene of a pantomime or the silvered globes hung up in gin-palaces. He is least unreal when he is wicked, or representing wicked people, as in the Cenci.

Browning has nearly every poetic faculty—except that of writing poetry—in an eminent degree. But as a pie must have a crust, and a good pie must have a good crust, so a good poem must have, not merely worthy contents, but a beautiful exterior. Indeed, the external in poetry is of *more* consequence than the internal.

I have lately read again Morris's Poem, "Love is enough," which you gave me. It is a most lofty and delicate atmosphere of mystic tenderness and joy. I don't know that a poem can have higher praise. But it is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can be expected to understand."

I lay in bed until dinner time to-day, and since then have been going through Coleridge's Poems again, with a view to keeping up my ideal of style. I wonder whether you know his poems as well as you ought to do.

There is a good deal which is not much worth reading; but when he is himself, that is, in about one-sixth of what he has written, he is quite beyond any modern poet in the power of expressing himself consummately and with apparent ease. Yet he, more than any one else, always gives me the impression that poetical expression is far from having received its last development. Language, I am sure, has latent musical powers beyond anything we at present imagine; and, if I were twenty years younger I would set about endeavouring to prove this.

Perhaps I may yet do a little in that way.

I am reading the Excursion with *astonishment.* I used to read it with delight twenty years ago, but with none of the conviction, which I now have, that it is the very greatest poem in our language, if not in any, not excepting that of the "Divine Comedy."[1]

It is a common mistake of modern artists—poets, painters, musicians, and others—to think that they are intense when they are only tense. Great intensity is always calm, often gay and playful in its exterior.

I have read the dream of Gerontius and did not care for it much as poetry, though it seemed a striking piece of imaginative psychology—if you know what that means. I do not think Newman a poet. His verse wants the perfection of language which his prose has. The longer I live the more I am convinced that no one—since the

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[1] This was Patmore's confirmed opinion which he often stated to me. If I called attention to the great inequalities of the poem, he admitted the criticism, while he maintained that the less successful portions were undervalued because they were necessarily contrasted with the more inspired. Otherwise—compared with any other standard—these lower passages were often high; just as in a mountain range, the mountain tops tower above the valleys, which are nevertheless at an immense height above the sea-level or the plain.

Hebrew Prophets—has ever written religious poetry, except Dante.[1]

Last night I went by myself to hear Bach's "Passion Music" at the Albert Hall. As I like all Bach's secular music, as far as I know it, I thought it was a good chance of trying if I could get over my inveterate indifference to "sacred music," in common with all other "sacred" art. But my feeling that all religious art is a mistake was further confirmed. Indeed, a moment's reflection shows it to be so *necessarily* a mistake that one ought not to require experimental corroboration. Can the most expressive of all arts—poetry—attain to express the sweetness, sadness, or grace of life in any common human passion of love, pity, etc.? Nay, can it express the pathos of affection even in the voice and gestures of an animal? Carlo's, for instance, the other day, when I went to Heron's Ghyll and passed his kennel without unfastening his chain. What insanity then to write poetry and music about the Crucifixion! The Albert Hall was filled to the roof with people, all fancying or trying to fancy that they were interested, or that they were lifted into a "Good Friday" sphere of feeling simply because they were brought into a vacuous and semi-idiotic state of mind by a series of sounds which had no vital relation to anything. If a number of jigs or airs, such as "Jim Crow" and "All round my Hat," had been played *all in minims* it would have had the same effect. It would have been "religious" because it was "slow." In art, as in life, it is the most fatal of mistakes to think that we can get above ourselves. What we want is to become our true selves; and art can help us immensely by casting *light* upon the ground upon which we stand, and dissolving by its warmth the cold mist of indifference and unconscious falsehood in which we are all more or less inclosed.

You will be amused, after what you told me in your last, to hear that my verses in the "Pall Mall"[2] are to appear in

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[1] Compare the following from "Prophets who cannot Sing":

> "At least, from David unto Dante, none.
> And none since him."

[2] See vol. i., p. 246.

a translation in that model of "ultramontane" orthodoxy, the "Univers" (M. Veuillot's journal).

I went to see the exhibition of Blake's drawings at the Burlington Club, and they quite confirmed me in my old view of Blake as artist and poet. It was nearly all utter rubbish, with here and there not so much a gleam as a trick of genius. He does not seem to me to have been mad, but only to have assumed a sort of voluntary madness of freedom from convention, in order to make himself original. He is therefore in a measure original, as any tolerably clever and perceptive mind would become if it chose to pay so ruinous a price for originality.

He reminds me a good deal of that "pet lamb" we had at Heron's Ghyll, who imperceptibly grew into a strong pet ram, and was still called the "pet lamb," until suddenly it dawned on us it was not a lamb at all, but a very ill-behaved ram assuming the airs and privileges of his infancy. So, you remember, we sent him to the butcher.

III.

Thoughts and feelings may be too high as well as too low to "move harmonious numbers." The inner life of the saint, which is well called the "hidden life," has no adequate expression. The most delicate and glowing poetic imagery in the hands of the most inspired and accomplished poet scarcely suffices to shadow forth the affections of ordinary humanity; and it seems to us that we get the best insight into the life which claims to be far higher than that, from the, for the most part, hard and stuttering prose of saintly writers. These seem to be serious arguments against expressly religious poetry generally—not against "hymns," which, as we all know, scarcely ever attempt to be poetry, but which have their necessary use in public devotion. But there is a very real sense in which poetry may, and ought to be, "religious": it should, and most of the best poetry in the world does, represent the fruits of religion in beautifully ordered life, and nature as seen by the eye which is interiorly illuminated by spirit.

> "By grace divine,
> Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine,"

sings the special poet of nature, Wordsworth; but there are few serious poets who have been more careful than Wordsworth has been, when he has been most himself, to keep "religion" at arm's length. The greatest religious poets have, in all ages, expressed themselves in purposely obscured and often playful myths and parables, of which the merely external sense has sufficient beauty to charm and satisfy the common reader, and to lure him away from their true significance, which is for other ears.

The distinction between the so-called Classic and Romantic schools, which was spoken of with impatience by Goëthe when it was generally held as a fundamental doctrine of criticism, has now become so antiquated and so justly discredited that it is surprising to find it figuring in a treatise of . . . learning and good sense. . . . Every work of art which has unity of idea and completeness of finish is "classical."

There is no generic difference between a tragedy by Sophocles and one by Shakespeare, except that the unity of the one is simpler and more obvious than that of the other. The "Classic" and "Romantic" in so far as they can be opposed, are the proper names of two equally false schools; one governed by mainly conventional rules, or by artistic rules misunderstood in their application; the other defying, more or less, the essential and fundamental rules of all art.

Literature proper implies a certain amount of art and consciousness. It is scarcely enough that its modes of expression should be simply good: they should have a certain additional reflected goodness, such as is given to the manners of a graceful woman by a graceful knowledge of herself.

The "character" of the sonnet is that it is generally fitted for everything and peculiarly fitted for nothing, its difference from the stanza consisting in the fact that the latter has, or should have, a rhythmical construction adapted to the particular purpose for which it is used. The arrangement of rhymes in the model sonnet is such as to distribute the emphasis as equally as possible throughout the whole piece, with an almost imperceptible increase

therein towards the end. By its brevity and careful avoidance of rhythmical emphasis, the sonnet is supposed to become the fittest vehicle for the expression of a single grave thought; and there can be no doubt that it is negatively well calculated for this object, since wit and feeling, the epigrammatic and the lyrical, are absolutely incapable of moving in the weighty shackles of this metre. But, on reviewing the sonnet literature of our language, it seems much to be doubted whether this form has not been the means of extinguishing more good poetry than it has ever been the means of expressing. We are well within the bounds in affirming that the difficulties and disqualifications of the pure sonnet form have been found to be so great that there are not twenty thoroughly good specimens of it in our tongue. Its bonds are found so insupportable that even Wordsworth, the greatest of our sonnet-writers, often breaks through them before he gets to the fourteenth line; and, in Mr. Sharp's selection of two hundred and sixty five, there appear no fewer than seventeen different modes in which the rhymes of the last six lines are arranged; all of which Mr. Sharp considers "entirely permissible," though we cannot find any better reason for the permission than one similar to that which gives a semi-legality to the act of a man who steals a loaf when he is starving.

At all times . . . the greater English poets have seen nature in a far nobler way—namely, that which discovers and reveals an imaginative unity of human expression in the multitude of external objects. The synthetic eye, which is the highest and rarest faculty of the artist, is almost one and the same thing with what is called poetic imagination, and is the source of all artistic beauty.

The heather is not much, and the rock is not much; but the heather and the rock, discerned in their living expressional relationship by the poetic eye, are very much indeed —a beauty which is living with the life of man, and therefore inexhaustible. The greater the number of objects that are taken in at once by the poet's or artist's eye, the greater the beauty; but true poets and artists know that this power of visual synthesis can only be exercised, in the present state of our faculties, in a very limited way: hence there is generally, in the landscapes and descriptions of real genius,

a great simplicity in and apparent jealousy of their subjects, strikingly in contrast with the works of those who fancy that they are describing when they are only cataloguing. This power of seeing things in their living relationships, which constitutes genius, is rather a virtue than a talent; and the general intuition that it is so is perhaps the reason why so many departures from the common code are condoned in men of great genius—much being pardoned to those who have much loved. The condition of their vision is an interior simplicity and an immediate and absolute faith—the rarest of all kinds of faith—in what they see, which comes of the survival of a childlike mental innocence and affection. The mass of mankind, after their infancy, see little or nothing of the reality and beauty of things, because they believe only in what their understanding teaches them to expect to see, or to think they ought to see, and, when seen, to comprehend; whereas reality and beauty are always unforeseeable, surprising, and more or less unaccountable. Simply to believe the witness of their own eyes is what few men ever dream of unless such witness happens to have the testimony of common consent. There is perhaps more of the innocent vision of ripe genius in English poetry than in all other poetry, ancient and modern put together; and this confers upon English poetry a rhythmical excellence which is not only scarcely ever found in the poetry of any other modern people, but which no other modern people seem to have faculties to comprehend. This music is moved by the particular mood of feeling which is awakened by each particular perception of things in their living relations to each other.

CHAPTER VII

EXTRACTS ON GENERAL SUBJECTS

THE following extracts from private letters of Patmore's refer to more general subjects:

The Winter here is as severe as ever. The 18th of April, and scarcely a bud, far less a leaf, upon the trees. The hawthorn is as black as in December! Yesterday however we had one beautiful and curious reminder of Spring. I was shewing Mr. and Mrs. Paley the garden, and was just saying that we sometimes heard nightingales in it, when all at once *five* or *six* nightingales set up a chorus in the Ilexes and Bays! I called the children out that they might hear; but when they came all was silent; and we have heard nothing more of the songsters. I suppose that they had just rested here, and sung their first song and then gone inland.

All that you write about the hatefulness of vanity in women is true. I misled you by my exaggerated way of stating things. All I meant was, that a woman should take pleasure in the beauty that gives pleasure to the man she loves. It is "Her pleasure in her power to please," which you do not find amiss I hope in the "Angel." So you see this is not the "one thing on which we shall always disagree."

I quite agree with you that young ladies at the "divine age" are almost always disagreeable. Their emptiness and conceit are only less abominable than these characteristics are in young men. I am often amused in my walks, when my eyes happen to direct themselves towards those of some very young lady, but my thoughts are far from her, to observe the smirk or curl of the lips with which my imaginary tribute to her charms is received.

I am so glad to hear that you find plenty to do. Only don't overdo it as "it is your nature to." You are rather like an automaton mouse. The little creature, once screwed up and set down, whizzes away, runs straight off the table, or against the skirting board, without the slightest consciousness of having a neck or a nose to break. I won't have your neck or your nose put out of joint merely because you are screwed up and have a blind enjoyment in rushing forward till you are stopped by some disaster, or by your machinery's exhaustion.

Emily when she was three years old, cried to someone who was dancing her on his knee, "Oh! don't: you'll shake all the sawdust out!" Please say to yourself sometimes, "Oh, don't: the spring is nearly run down; and who is to wind it up again?"

I returned the call of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe yesterday, but he was out. I shall be glad to know him, for he proved himself a statesman of real vigour in the time of the Crimean War.

I had a long talk with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe yesterday. He takes just as gloomy a view of England's prospects as I do. Thank you for Ruskin's letter. It is short but not sweet. The day after to-morrow is Valentine's day. I wonder whether I shall begin to sing then. Also I wonder how many Valentines you will get. If each of your admirers sends you one, the Postman will hardly get up that steep hill.

The bank-holidays, as you say, are a prodigious nuisance. The whole population of England seems now to be chronically drunk every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Feast-day or Fast. It is very lucky. Nothing but universal drunkenness among the labouring classes can keep them from making use, *i.e.*, abuse, of their new political power. It will be an unhappy day for England when the mechanic takes to becoming a sober, respectable man.

All my life, my reading, with the exception of novels for recreation, has been limited almost wholly to the few great books from which the world derives all its knowledge. I

like to consume the spirit of these great books diluted with my own thoughts, not with those of other people.

I am not hoping for any great pleasure in going abroad, but am merely flying from as much of the wretchedness of this houseless time as I can. It is wonderful how little I have come to care for scenery, architecture and such like. I get no pleasure now from anything but persons; but from these I get a livelier pleasure than ever. If one *did* care for pictures, exhibitions, and scenery, there would be little reason for going abroad.

London possesses—scattered over its immense spaces—as much magnificent architecture, chiefly modern, as would make three of the finest capitals of Europe. There is no gallery in the world equal to the National Gallery, and the English and Scotch mountains and lakes seem to me finer than the Alps.

There is a beautiful Danish schooner come on shore on the rocks behind the new groin, and, as there is no hope of getting her off, they have abandoned her to become a wreck. It is something quite heart-breaking to look at the beautiful ship, at present almost uninjured, left there to become the prey of the first rough sea. It is like Andromeda waiting to be devoured by the dragon, only there is no Perseus at hand to save.

I dined with Mrs. Bishop to meet Mrs. Craven, the famous authoress of the "Récit d'une Sœur" yesterday. She is a highly finished Frenchwoman, and we did not manage to hit upon any common interests: so conversation flagged, and Mrs. Bishop told me, after Mrs. Craven (who was not well) had gone to bed, that she complained I had not talked to her. But as I was not familiar with the princes, ambassadors, etc., or the ecclesiastical politics, with whom and with which she seemed mainly taken up, how could it be helped? I am a dreadful ignoramus, except in the one or two things I know better than other people.

We all went yesterday to luncheon at ——. There was a large party of people there, who had been got together for

private theatricals two or three nights ago. We were asked, but declined.

Mrs. ——— is a pleasant unaffected woman ; but the impression of waste wealth there is dismal. However great the wealth, there ought to be an appearance and a reality of economy—economy on a great scale when there are great means—to give any beauty to the results. I think I could easily spend £74,000 a year, and yet preserve a grand ascetic severity, which would seem to make the best of wealth and yet to despise it.

If you want to see how the world is going on you must live out of it. I have always foreseen the course of political events with more certainty than any of my friends, except Frederick Greenwood, who is the only man I have known, with *un*common sense — except, perhaps, H. Halford Vaughan.

Near thirty years ago, when Gladstone was looked upon as a staunch conservative, I told Aubrey de Vere that he would prove the Danton of an English revolution.

The largest single day's work I ever did consisted of three columns of matter for the "Daily News" (it was in the first year of its appearance) an article eight pages long for a Scotch periodical called "Lowe's Magazine," and eighty lines of very fair verse. I could not write so much now in a month. But *then* I had the faculty of writing *about* things—a power which I have long since lost.

I had not noticed the image you speak of in Goethe, but Shakespeare uses it, I think, in his sonnets, and it was a favourite idea with the poets of Elizabeth's time. I never saw myself in anybody's eyes. The image lies, I suppose, on the surface. When I look into a person's eyes, mine are focussed four or five inches beyond—that is, into about the centre of the brain.

Of course, I say what I mean when I say you are so odd. I never knew anything half so queer and sweetly perplexing. If a tiger married a dormouse, their offspring might be something of the sort, but not nearly so fierce o so gentle or so incalculable in what it would do.

I and Father F. are good friends now! I have given so much for Masses lately that I suppose he looks upon me as a reformed character. He seems a great deal more amiable now I have seen him a little nearer. It is not always distance lends enchantment to the view.

I returned, after my pleasant afternoon at Hastings, to the horrid Chaos of this place (London, Mount St.). There are never less than three organs playing before the windows: every book, pen and pocket handkerchief, has been packed up and sent away no one knows whither. My very bank-book and manuscript notes for poetry are either at Epsom or at Hastings and absolutely inaccessible. I have been constantly unwell ever since I have been back, and am beginning to feel quite shattered in nerves. It is very many years since I have been so thoroughly and almost hopelessly uncomfortable. What is to be done during the next three or four months, I know not. All I can do to keep myself from impatience is to consider only the day and hour before me and to do and suffer what is given to that day or hour, with a dismal effort to conceive that such wretchedness may be for my benefit some billion of years hence. How I envy you the pure air of L., so different from the exhausted atmosphere of Central London in autumn, and also your comparative quietness. The incessant varying roar of carts, carriages and organs, to me, who have never lived in London, is indescribably maddening. My individual life seems merged in this vast coil, and I feel an insane sense of responsibility for it all. I am absolutely at this moment perspiring with the agony of it. It is however quite too bad to be endured. I shall make *some* change almost immediately, for I certainly should not survive three months of this. Even my club—where I could have got a little peace—is being painted and repaired, so that I can't go there to write.

I spent Saturday, as you know, at Frant. The Vaughans were there. Mr. Vaughan is by *very much* the best thinker I have ever talked with. He thinks from reality to reality; and one is sure to find in him an understanding listener—to right thought. He is, among all the men I have met, what you are among the women; the only one who is sure-minded. He and you have the rare right human instincts

which precede, or rather essentially are, all knowledge. "I write not," says St. John, "these things unto you because ye know them not, but because ye know them."

I had a very pleasant visit to Heron's Ghyll, where I wandered for hours alone, over all the walks which were so dear. I never felt so much about the place before. Tears came into my eyes at the sight of rooms and places I shall never forget, but which I shall probably never inhabit again. The old dog was wild with delight at seeing me, and he went with me in all my walks. The only place in the world in which I feel as if I could strike any root again is that particular old house and garden at Hastings which chance has so curiously offered to me, after so many years of unforeseeing liking for it.

We are having a prodigious storm here. It has lasted three days and nights and it is still at its height. Although the tides are at their lowest, the sea has been right across the streets, and piled heaps of shingle against the houses, and done a good deal of damage to the sea-walls. In the height of the storm yesterday, a gentleman sent a splendid Newfoundland dog into the sea after a stick. The poor creature could not get to shore again, and was drowned, in the presence of a great crowd, the gentleman offering £5 to any one who would go, and get drowned too in trying to get out the dog.

I think I never remember such lovely "Valentine's Day" weather. The birds are as happy and as noisy as a school of little children let loose. The garden, which no one cares for at this season, is more touchingly lovely than at any other season. The damp, fresh-turned mould swells with life. Solitary patches of crocuses, in the brown borders, blaze joyfully in the sun; and fifty other lovely little lives begin to show—the lovelier because they require to be looked for.

What a tremendous pull women have over men in dress! You are six or seven different kinds of birds every year—so that there is no getting tired of you. But how you can be constant to a black velveteen coat and brown wide-awake, year after year, is more virtue than I can imagine.

As Mr. Moore wished to see Bodiam before he leaves here, we went yesterday by train. I was really astonished. I suppose it must be by far the finest castle in England, after Windsor, and from a distance of some miles it looks larger and much finer than Windsor. It is square—consists of ten large battlemented and machicolated towers about 70 ft. high, connected with walls nearly of the same height, all of which walls and towers look quite perfect from outside. It is surrounded by a moat or lake of immense breadth, full of pike and water-lilies, and is approached by a road through the lake having two bridges fortified. The interior is ruined, but full of architectural beauty. 500 men would easily have been lodged comfortably in it, besides horses and ladies. Kenilworth is nothing to it. Is it not wonderful that there should be such a place within fifty miles of London and scarcely anyone ever heard of it?

I think brown and "gold like a tiger" would be best, because that would remind me more of a tigress. I shall see you before Easter, and then you can have the rings and acorns from the old purse—which is however not nearly worn out: it is indeed still quite handsome. Are you enjoying this lovely weather, and are you practising "holy obedience" (to me) by walking once at least in the garden a day? I fear not: you are the greatest little rebel, without exception, I ever knew; but such, when they *do* become good and obedient, always make the greatest saints. I expect daily to hear of some fearful change in you—for I like you too much as you are, not to be afraid of any change. Fancy my feelings, if some day I should get a letter in your handwriting dated from Stone and signed Sister Jehoram Melchizedeck, or something equally prodigious.

Last night we went to Mr. Prince's [1] to see the new comet through the great telescope. It was very beautiful: it looked like a theatrical fairy, clad in a long white veil illuminated with blue fire—an image which you will understand better when you remember that in the telescope everything is inverted, and the robe of fire, instead of flying

[1] See vol. i., p. 236.

up from the head of the comet, flows decorously down over her invisible feet.

Mr. Prince also shewed us several clusters and double stars, and Saturn.

You must certainly go when you return and see some of those fine things.

Mr. de Vere, as he walked back from the Observatory, in the morning, was in a very elated frame of mind about the bigness of the starry heavens : but I maintained my view that they were only created "to make dirt cheap," as was Coleridge's theory also ; but de Vere would not see it.

We are now on the very verge of a single-handed war with Russia, which promises to be the greatest and most perilous struggle we have ever had with any power. This will put poetry out of all people's thoughts for a long time, and I shall have to look forward for my readers to the Yankees of a century hence. An order has just been sent to Woolwich Arsenal for forty millions of ball-cartridges to be ready by February. If we kill only one Russian to forty bullets, we shall make a good bag.

I have asked Dr. Ashenden what has been the matter with me for the last three weeks, and he says that it has been a slight attack of gout! Does not that make me venerable in your eyes? I shall soon feel too proud! I have written a book that does not sell, and have had the gout. I scarcely hoped ever to have been so respectable a person. However, my gout is going off, and I have some fears my book may do so too.

Henry tells me that a youth—educating for a priest at Ushaw—being asked what Easter was, replied (with perfect simplicity and no thought of a joke) that it was the time when "Easterly winds blew."

I have no plans for the future. My world seems breaking up, and no other is forming about me. I wonder if I shall ever get settled again in a happy *home*-like home! I must soon get into some line of *work* to save myself from dying of vacuity. But work itself seems so vain and empty —work that, in my youth, seemed so glorious and joyful. There seems no assurance of good from any sort of effort.

How happy and only happy are those who must labour for their bread in the wholesome fields.

Did you see the Conjunction of Mars and Saturn on the 23rd? It was very curious to see two great planets mixed in each other's rays. The stars are now on their trial. If nothing terrible happens during the next few days, nobody will ever believe in them any more.

We are having a series of considerable storms. Yesterday at the height of the storm—a great ship—at least 2,000 tons—passed within about two miles of the shore firing minute-guns, clearly heard from this house, though not on the shore, for the noise of the waves. I called the attention of the Coast-guard who had not heard the guns. The sailors agreed she was in great danger, but no one seemed moved to do anything. I looked about 5 minutes afterwards and she was nowhere to be seen.

M—— is gone to Scotland to settle about the ship. I fancy he is pretty sure to get it, and I hope that the fulfilment of his wish will do him good. But young men are queer creatures, and are more apt to think of what further they imagine might be done for them, than to be grateful for what they have got. A very good discipline for fathers!

I hope your kind trouble about M—— will be successful; but we must not expect immediate results from our efforts. If we do justly and kindly to people who are in the wrong, it often affects their feelings and actions a long time afterwards, and when we have come to despair of doing them any good. My chief reason for wanting to make some great saving in our way of living, during the next two or three years, is that I may be able to make M—some offer of help on such a scale as shall convince him of his mistake as to my feelings towards him. I have an idea that all parties would like a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, for a time at least, and that if I could find a large old cottage near a mission, we might do with one servant and save at least £500 a year.

LETTERS OF COVENTRY PATMORE

CHAPTER VIII

FAMILY LETTERS

THE following letter was written by Patmore to his first wife on his way back from a visit to the Tennysons at Coniston. Some letters written during the same visit have been given in vol. i. pp. 195-7. As this throws no special light on his opinion of Tennyson, it was not included with the others.

Ambleside,
Aug., '50.

. . . . Yesterday Tennyson and I went up the mountain, called "Coniston Old Man." It is 2,700 ft. high. The ascent was five hours' hard work from the foot, but the sight from the top was worth ten times the labour. Stormy skies rolled below us, and through splits and gulphs in them we saw all the most conspicuous mountains in Westmoreland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, with great tracts of sea and many lakes.

Being obliged to take a great deal of spirits to keep up our strength, we both became rather glorious, and descended the mountain "charioted by Bacchus and his pards" at any rate six times faster than we had ascended.

I longed for [you] to be with us as we were refreshing ourselves by a cataract that fell from a tarn, some hundreds of feet above our heads and roared down a couple of thousand feet below us to the lake. . . . .

COVENTRY.

The following letters to Patmore's eldest daughter were mostly written shortly after his first wife's death. They are valuable as they describe his life at a period concerning which few other records remain, and indicate his relations to his children.

Coniston, Lancashire,
September 28th, 1862.

My Dear Little Girl,

I was much pleased at receiving your nice letter, and to hear of your pleasant return to Finchley with "all the dogs."

I will, some day, try to bring you to the beautiful country where I am staying. The edge of a great lake—nearly twenty miles round—makes one side of the garden of the house where I am staying, and just opposite my window stands a mountain which would require a ladder just *half-a-mile* high to get to the top of it, supposing it did not slant at all, but stood quite upright.

I am staying with a very kind and beautiful lady, who used to be one of the Queen's maids of honour—who are always chosen from among the finest and most beautiful and noble ladies in England. Your Mama was just like one of these great and gentle ladies, and I hope you will be like one of them some day. This lady often talks to me about you, and particarly advised me to get you to learn to *sew* and *hem*,—as *useful* learning ought always to come before learning things that only give pleasure, like music. I told her that you had promised to learn, and that I had perfect confidence in your keeping your promise.

Kiss Bertha, Gertrude and Henry for me.

Your affectionate Father,
Coventry Patmore.

Hastings,
June 11th, 1863.

My Dear Little Girl,

I should like you to write me a nice long letter every day till you see me again; for, though I may return any day, it may possibly be several days, as I shall not come back till I feel a little better in health.

I am staying at the very same hotel and in the very same rooms where I and your dear mother were, the first days we were married. You may fancy that it makes me feel very happy and also very sad.

Go every morning to my room at eight o'clock until you find me there. I like to think of you and dear little

Bertha at some particular hour, when I know what you are doing and where you are sitting.

I shall bring you all some little sea-side remembrance.

Good-bye, dear little girl,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street, Bedford Square,
November 19th, 1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I saw the little ones yesterday, and gave Henry your letter. He seemed greatly delighted and ran about with it in his hand, without appearing to care to know what was in it. They are all very well and happy.

Tennyson[1] spent the afternoon and evening with me on Tuesday. He works very hard, and does a great deal of fighting besides. The two black eyes he came home with last time are nearly well however.

I dined at Brent Lodge yesterday. Mrs. Jackson and Julia and Mary asked all about you, and seemed very much pleased to hear you were so happy.

Write to Tennyson soon. Not a *short* letter; but one three or four sheets long; for there is nothing he likes more than having letters; and, like all people who care for their friends, when he gets letters from them, he looks first to see how long they are, and cares more for the love shown in taking the trouble to write fully, than for all else that the letter may contain.

If you find that you want anything—such as more handkerchiefs, socks or clothes—tell me, and I will send them.

In your next letter, give me a full and exact account of how you have spent the day before—beginning at getting up, and ending with going to bed.

Give my very kind remembrances to Julia and Miss Murray.[2]

Your loving Father,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
Nov. 26 [1863].

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I send you two shillings in stamps for paper and envelopes.

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[1] Tennyson Patmore.

[2] Miss Marshall's governess.

I am very glad to hear that you are getting on so nicely with your new friends. Be sure that you never forget anything that Mrs. Marshall or Miss Murray tell you to do, or not to do. You ask what my motto is. "Faint, yet pursuing" (from the Book of Judges). You will not think it a very pretty one, but you will like it better when you are older.

You will be glad to hear that I am very comfortable in my new place. It is so much more like home than the the other was, and feels so much more as if dear Mama was in it, though I cannot see her.

I have had to call the policemen many times to the organ boys, who prevent me from reading and writing and thinking. One was very rude and would not go away, and I could not find a policeman; so I had to go out to him and pour some water over him, and that made him go away. The street will soon be quite quiet.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street,
December 7 [1863].

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I am delighted to hear that you are getting on so well and happily. Nothing, now, can make me so happy as the knowledge that my little ones are happy. Your new companions must be a great addition to your pleasure. I only hope you do not get so *very* happy as you did at Dorchester. We ought never to get so boisterously happy ourselves as to forget the respect we owe to older people. And *noisy* happiness *is* disrespectful to them. But I trust you have remembered all I said about this too well to need any more advice.

Tell me, in your next letter, whether you say your prayers and read quite as willingly and long and deliberately as you did at home. . . .

Tennyson will spend his holidays with me at Percy Street. They begin on the 22nd of this month.

You should begin to write to Milnes soon, as the letter ought to be a very long one—at least ten times as long as those you write to me—and will therefore take you several days. It ought to be written on foreign ruled paper, which

you can get in Leeds, and should be in very small writing, so that all you have to say may go into two large sheets.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street,
December 10th.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I am beginning to want very much to see you again. I shall think it a great treat to kiss your dear little face when Mrs. Marshall brings you to London in January. My evenings are rather dull. I generally take a long walk, after Museum time, in the dark, to some place in the country where I have been with Mama. But that does not take up the whole evening, and I often want somebody to talk to, for part of the time. You must make haste and grow up, and then we will patch up another "home."

I have just heard from Tenny's Master at school. He will be promoted again this Xmas, and will probably be "Deputy-Grecian" at Midsummer. The little ones at Finchley have slight colds, but they seem very happy notwithstanding. Your "Children's Garland"[1] is going to be printed again; that is, for the third time in less than two years. That shews the people like it very much.

Give my very kind regards to Mrs. Marshall and all your friends.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street, Bloomsbury,
1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I have just time before post to say that your box of beautiful presents is come safely, and to ask you to tell Julia that the medallion is a great treasure. I think it an admirable likeness, and it would not have been possible to desire a more acceptable Christmas gift.

The children are not coming to town. I and Tenny are going to spend the afternoon with them at Finchley, and

[1] Emily's favourite poems formed the "Children's Garland." (See vol. i., p. 200.)

afterwards to dine at Mr. Worsley's[1] at Hendon. Miss Claridge and Mrs. Jackson thought this plan the best. You can fancy Bertha's face, when the things are given to her. She will look as if she were quietly melting into honey with delight.

Tenny is quite overpowered with his Shakespeare: he never had anything so fine before. He cannot say much about it. He grins first at it and then at me, and then again at the book. I hope he will have recovered himself, before post-time, enough to write a line to you,

Your fond Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Christmas Eve.

British Museum,
December 26, 1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

Xmas Day went off excellently yesterday, notwithstanding your forebodings that Bertha would be disappointed. You may be quite sure that I am as tender about Bertha's feelings as you are.

The presents were received with rapture. Bertha put on her beautiful dress, before we had the Xmas Tree, and Henry embraced his book for two whole hours in a quiet ecstasy.

I have posted your letter to Milnes. Poor fellow, I fear he has had a sad Xmas, among his swearing, grog-drinking shipmates. *Next* Xmas, however, he will probably spend with us, and we will make it *so* happy to him, will we not?

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street,
December, 1863, near Midnight.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I am seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in, sitting up by myself, or, at least, with no visible companion. So I will write to you to tell you how much I wish and pray that the coming year may be, in all ways, happy to you. I am rejoiced to think that you know and feel too

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[1] Probably Philip Worsley, known for his translation of the Odyssey and part of the Iliad into Spenserian stanzas.

thoroughly that the only way to be happy is to be good and true for it to be necessary to say anything about that —except to remind you that the way to be continually *more* happy is to be continually *more* entirely good, and that the only way to be really good is to love Christ, and to have the power of *His* goodness (whose name is "The Lord our Righteousness") in yourself.

I hope that you thank God, at this season, for all the good He has done you. He took away dear Mama, a year and a half ago, because she had grown too good for it to be of any use for her to live longer in this world. That was a terrible misfortune for you; but think how many things God has done towards making up for that evil. What good friends He has given you; what a quiet, kind home He has given you with those good Miss Claridges; and much more good besides.

Give Julia[1] my love and tell her I see *no* fault in the medallion. I have ordered a pretty frame of oak and gold for it, to be hung up underneath the medallion of Mama by Mr. Woolner.

My cough is a little worse again, so I am keeping indoors at night. Tenny is enjoying his holidays immensely. He has a tutor and works four hours a day.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Percy Street,
January 11th, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I have been laid up for several days with a bad cold and have not been able to write to you. I am a little better now, but still quite unwell. I have often wished, during these four days, that I had you for a nurse. Tenny does pretty well, but he has his lessons and holiday amusements to attend to: besides boys are not born for nurses, as girls are.

Tenny goes back to school on the 20th. I shall feel very lonely when he is gone. I am longing to kiss your dear little face again, and I think I must have you to live with

[1] Miss Marshall.

me altogether for two or three weeks, before you go back to Finchley, in order to make up for all the time I have not seen you. . . .

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Monday,
British Museum, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I was much pleased to see that you remembered what I said about writing fully. . . . I slept at Finchley on Saturday night. The little ones are very well and happy. Yesterday, I was nearly all day at Brent Lodge. Mrs. Jackson and Mary and Julia all asked about you, and I gave Mrs. Jackson your letter to read, as I liked her to see that you had written me a nice long one. Tenny had another half-holiday on Saturday. It is much more comfortable for him now that I live in London. He used not to know what to do with his half-holidays. Now he comes "home" and has tea and a walk afterwards with me.

Did you think, yesterday, at 2 o'clock, that that was the time you always went to Brent Lodge? Or were you so full of your new friends that you forgot your old? I hope you never go into romping and screaming spirits, as you did at Dorchester. When you are on a visit to friends, they will not seem to notice a good deal which they may really dislike very much. So you must not think that they like or approve noisy ways because they smile and are kind and say nothing.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
January 18, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I send you twelve stamps. My cold and cough are much better, so that I am able to go to work again at the Museum. I spent Saturday and Sunday nights at Dr. Jackson's, and the change did me a great deal of good. Mr. Aubrey de Vere is gone to Rome, and I am not sure that I shall not go too, in a little while, but not before you return. Mrs. Jackson says that, if I go, she will take care of you all for me.

The little poem about which you enquire is not in my new two volumes. I did not think it quite good enough. "Bright though the Valley" is a nice little piece for you to learn. You might also learn a piece from the "Angel," called "The Joyful Wisdom." Bertha has given you an accurate report of their health. They are all as round and fat as dumplings, and look as bright as a May morning. Bertha did not go to Mrs. Simon's, because there was no one to take her, as I was ill, and could not leave my rooms. Tenny goes back to school on Wednesday. He has been hard at work all the holidays learning to write poetry in Latin.

I have not yet seen the new cat at Finchley.

We shall soon be hearing from Milly.[1] I have written to him again to-day, so that he may get a letter by every mail while he is at Bombay.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Percy Street,
Jan. 29.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I find a letter which I thought I had answered, but have not. Mrs. Marshall, you tell me, doubts whether "Punch" is good reading for you. I am quite of Mrs. Marshall's opinion, and I am sure that your mama would have been so too. I cannot tell how you can be "very, very, very sure that mama used to let you," when, to the best of my recollection, I would never have a copy of "Punch" in our house. . . .

I am longing very much to see you. Everyone admires Julia's medallion, and thinks it an admirable likeness. Mr. Holman Hunt thinks it much more than a good likeness. You must tell Julia this.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street,
February 1st, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I have treated your snowdrops with the greatest care, and I hope they will recover from the effects of the fearful

[1] Milnes Patmore, the eldest son.

stamping which they have received in the post. Their lower limbs are dreadfully bruised, and the paper is covered with their green blood; they are at present in a fainting condition, and I do not know whether they are not too far gone even for the powers of sal-volatile.

Spring must be forwarder in Yorkshire than here. I suppose the warm smoke of Leeds protects the earth from the frost, which, in our clear London air, bids the flowers sleep for a month or two longer. I always wonder how the snowdrops know what time it is to get up; for *they* do not mind the frost. All they insist upon is that it shall be the end of January or the beginning of February. They are by much the most cunning little flowers I know.

I believe that I am *certainly* going to Italy about the middle of the month. Mr. Panizzi tells me that there is no doubt that leave will be given to me by the Trustees of the Museum. I should so much like to have taken my little pet, but it would cost *so* much money.

Bertha is to go back to Finchley to keep her birthday. I am going to give her a paint-box. I am delighted to hear that Mrs. Marshall agrees with me in detesting "Punch." I dare say an odd number of "Fun" with a parody upon the "Angel" in it, did once get into our house, and that it was given to you and Bertha to cut up—as a proper punishment for having "cut up" me.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

14, Percy Street,
Monday,
1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

As the time approaches, I long more and more to see you. At what time on Saturday will it be?

It is all settled about my going to Italy. I have got four months' "leave," and shall probably set off on Tuesday or Wednesday week. Tell Mrs. Marshall.

I expect to be very dull and miserable for the first two or three weeks, until I get to Rome; but when I am there I shall be all right, for nobody can be dull or miserable where Mr. de Vere is. Don't you remember how he looked

EMILY HONORIA PATMORE.

From medallion by Miss Julia Marshall, 1863.

like sunshine whenever he came to see us at Hampstead or Highgate Rise?

I will look up a copy of the "Servant's Behaviour Book," and will send it to Mrs. Marshall to-morrow.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

P.S. Mr. Hunt is not the only person of artistic culture to whom I have shown Julia's medallion. Every one praises it, as well for the likeness as for the "style." I wonder whether you will ever be able to please your friends by making such music or such medallions as Julia can for her friends?

Rome,
March 4th, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

On reaching Rome I am delighted to find your letter, so nicely and neatly written, with just the things in it that I want to know.

I have seen a great many beautiful and strange things since I left you,—too many to tell you of in a letter. I will tell you all about them when I come home. My travelling has been very fatiguing, so that I do not feel much better yet; but now I am settled in Rome I shall soon get rid of my cough, I think.

I am living very comfortably in a very great hotel where about a hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen sit down to one table to dinner every day. Rome is the least interesting town I have yet seen. To-day I saw the Pope and all the Cardinals in Saint Peter's quite well. He is a very nice, kind-looking old gentleman, and so are most of the Cardinals. I do not know exactly when I shall come home. It is not likely to be more than four months, and may be only three. I must come back, you know, when all my money is spent, and living is extremely dear here. They expect tenpence if they say "Bon jour" to you, and ask three or four shillings if they carry your carpet bag up-stairs for you! I cannot get any dinner under four shillings; but in London I can dine for one or two quite well.

Your loving Father,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Buxted Hall,
September 14th, 1866.

My Dear Little Girl,

I am very much pleased with your letter, which is longer and better written, and which expresses your feelings with more credit to yourself than your letters usually do.

I shall certainly be in town in a few days and then I will come and see you, and bring you some apples and nuts out of the orchard. The squirrels are always scampering about the filbert trees, but there are plenty for them and us. Langley told me yesterday "they wanted shooting." But I told him they wanted no such thing, and that they were to live, even though they ate all the nuts.

Your affectionate Father,
C. Patmore.

Buxted,
February 4th, 1867.

My Dear Little Girl,

It is not settled about your coming home, but I shall be very glad to have you here again, though I shall very much regret the loss of your advantages at the convent. You will have to study with me, you know, and you must try to help Mama a great deal, in a quiet way, with Bertha and Henry. Your own mother, at your age had the management of her father's, and afterwards of her uncle's house, and did it as well as if she had been twice the age. But then she had a way of *forgetting* (rather than *denying*) herself, which made it easy to everybody to be guided by her. This is an accomplishment, dear, which you have to learn, and the way to learn it is to practice thinking of others' wishes and needs, and making them your own.

The place is getting quite beautiful. You will hardly know it.

Your loving Father,
C. Patmore.

Buxted,
March 21, 1867.

My Dear Little Girl,

It is of no use trying not to be "affected." The way not to be so is not to think of yourself. All persons, almost, are "affected" at some time of their lives, but sen-

sible persons soon get over it, whereas foolish persons remain so a long time or for ever. As I have hopes that you are, or will be, of the former sort, I am not much troubled to hear of your present difficulty. You are quite mistaken in thinking you are born to be a trouble to everybody. You were never any trouble to me, but only a pleasure; and you will not be a trouble to yourself as soon as you get out of your present little bad habit of thinking about yourself. If you *could* "understand yourself" I should be very much surprised, as it is very much more than much older and wiser people than you have ever been able to do. Pray don't think of "beginning to form your character." Other people, circumstances, and the grace of God will do that for you. All you have to think of is simply to obey God and follow the directions of those whom He has put over you. Your great want is a serious interest in some one pursuit. I hope that this will come of itself some day. Till then you are likely to be a trouble to yourself, though you will never be one to Your loving Father,

C. P.

Buxted,
September 12, 1867.

My Dear Little Girl,

Lamby is still alive. He dwells, literally, in clover, and is getting exceeding fat, and so boisterous and strong, that I am quite unable to hold him.

There is no news. Nothing ever happens here, except those beautiful events, the changes of season and weather, and the growth and harvesting of crops. You will see a good deal of improvement by Xmas. By that time the quarry will be filled in and all the place green up to the wall.

The pheasants, which were little chicks when you were here, are full grown and look very handsome, walking about the lawns. The peacocks fight with them; but they are brave birds, and do not give way to their big rivals.

Henry and Bertha each caught a fish in the pond yesterday. Mama and I had *one* of them for supper and it was quite enough.

Henry was much frightened when he saw it flopping about, round his feet. Your loving Father,

C. P.

Old Lands,[1]
November 8, 1867.

My Dear Little Girl,

You will be both glad and sorry to hear that poor Lamby is at last gone to the place where all good lambs go. His life was never happy, for he never cared for company of his own kind, and was always hankering after human society—a sad example of how bad a thing it is for people to mix with those above their own rank.

The place is much prettier than when you left it. The lawns and gardens are beginning to look beautiful, so many new and beautiful trees have been planted.

Your loving Father,
C. Patmore.

Heron's Ghyll,
nr. Uckfield.
Oct. 6, 1869.

My Dear Little Girl,

I am very glad to find from your letters to Mama and me that you are likely to be very happy at the Convent. You will find it very new and very pleasant to have so many girls who will really be companions for you. We miss you very much here. Half the household seems to have gone away with you.

The goblet was omitted by mistake. I will send you one.

You will certainly see some one from here once every six weeks.

I am sure I need not say much to you about the necessity of working hard to make up for lost time in certain things. You must not allow the fact of your working with a class to make you contented with any less perfect work than you can do in the time. Education is not so much the acquisition of knowledge as that of habits of mind—application among the rest. And of course half-an-hour a day of hard work does more in this way than six hours a day of slovenly and dreamy work.

Your loving Father,
C. Patmore.

By-the-bye, "Cato" is *Addison's*, not "Anderson's."

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[1] "Old Lands" and "Buxted" are earlier names of the place which Patmore called later "Heron's Ghyll."

March 14, 1870.

My Dear Little Girl,

A few lines for the privileged St. Patrick's Day. I refuse to take your warning that you will never be the least nice in any way, or do anything well but things that are of no use. I fully expect you to be able to dance a quadrille, and to play one on the piano *well*, when you come home. And those are two very "useful" things. I am looking forward, indeed, with great and anxious hope to Midsummer. I am getting very tired of walking all alone in my new-made Paradise—for your mama is rarely well enough or at leisure enough to walk with me.

I am going to take Henry to Ushaw at Easter, so that we shall be still nearer to absolute solitude.

"Spring comes slowly up this way." Violets are a month earlier at Hastings than here. We are still imbedded in ice and snow, with the thermometer I know not how many degrees under nothing. Frozen off toes and noses strew the gravel paths, and the dormice sleep so that you can hear them snore through a nine-inch wall.

I have given your message to Miss Robson.

Your loving Father,

C. Patmore.

The next letter was written to his second wife, who was at Canterbury. The work on the Rosary has been mentioned in vol. i., p. 216. The expression "Ugh! it's alive," was often used by Patmore: for example, he applies it to his own work in the Preface to "Rod, Root and Flower."

Wednesday,
[1878 or 1879].

Dear Mary,

We are getting on very well. Bertha sits with me a good deal, and we have long talks on her favourite subject. I hope our confabulations may be profitable.

I have been thinking a good deal of how you fag for the children. You really must not. They will thank you more if you make them work for you. There have been no letters, and there is no news of any sort. Take a great many drives, and make the time as pleasant to yourself as you can. I have read your Rosary, and am quite delighted with it, but

it is too good for modern Catholics. They would only cry out "It's alive! ugh!" I loved you very much as I read it.

Yours,
C. P.

About the time of his first pilgrimage to Lourdes, Patmore made his first "retreat" at Manresa, Roehampton. He had looked forward to it with some dread (see pp. 88-89), but was, in the event, satisfied with the results, and subsequently made retreats at Manresa, Pontypool, Pantasaph and Stonyhurst. While at Pontypool in October 1882, he became a tertiary of the Franciscan Order. Francis Thompson, alluded to in the Pantasaph letters, is the poet, between whom and Patmore there was great sympathy.

The following letters are to the present Mrs. Patmore.

[Manresa.]

It has been the hardest ten days' work I ever went through. It has pretty well knocked me up, and would kill you straight off. You have to get up at 5.30., pass two hours and fifteen minutes on your knees before you get a taste of breakfast, and between breakfast and bedtime eight hours more on your knees, in all ten hours and a quarter.

This experiment proving successful, from that time he made an annual practice, as long as his health permitted, of returning to Manresa, or going to one of the Franciscan Monasteries for eight or ten days.

Saturday.

. . . . . F^r^. H. has been here. I get on with him less well than with any other Jesuit I have known. He has no touch of imagination, which seems to me to be as essential to the religious as to the poetical character; and is not only defective himself in this way, but he snubs in quite a superfluous way, the remotest hint of such a character in others.——says it comes of being a Scotchman.

You remember his speech when we were lamenting our

poor groom's loss of his wife. "O, he'll soon get another!" He did not get another, but apparently went utterly to the dogs through his misery. I dare say Fr. H. is all the better interiorly for this external hardness and seeming want of perfection; for it must be more difficult to travel steadily to Heaven without ever catching a glimpse of it, than when a touch of "The vision and faculty divine" occasionally spurs the spirit! . . . . .

C. P.

Father Bannin was quite right in his prophecy. I shall return home a Franciscan of the Third Order, and I hope that you will become one also. Father Evangelist says you may wear your diamonds. . . . . I went early yesterday morning with the Bishop of Newport to Hereford, stayed three hours with the Bodenhams,[1] and returned about seven o'clock in the evening. The Bodenhams were very kind and cordial, and pressed me much to stay there some days. But life in a grand country house does not suit me, and I told them I was bound to my monks and my cell. . . .

If I were a Cardinal I could not be treated with more attention or kindness than I am here.

Oct. 12.

St. Albans Monastery,
Pontypool,
Tuesday.

I am here at last. Father Evangelist met me at Newport and took me about the town till midday. I am just returned from a stroll about Pontypool and the hills round it. The country is on a large scale—long, swelling hills three times as high as Fairlight down, and well-wooded. But the whole land swarms with mine-shafts and smoke and steam-chimneys, and iron is everywhere. On the lonely tops of the hills one finds broken iron hoops and pots, and the roofs of the cottages are repaired with iron plates. Nature does not take kindly to iron—not absorbing or beautifying it in its decay, as it does most things. The town of Pontypool is not lively. It is about as large as Lewes, but looks very poor and squalid. There is only one handsome shop in the place—a combination of toy-shop,

[1] He had become acquainted with the Bodenhams in Rome in 1864 (see p. 54), and had afterwards seen a good deal of them.

artist's repository and undertaker's. The central decoration in the window is a handsome coffin, and around it are tastefully arranged large wax-dolls, paint-boxes, and games of *Solitaire*. Pontypool is altogether a good place to come to in order to meditate on the vanities of life and one's last end.

The Monastery is at the upper end of the town, on a little rise, which makes us delightfully secure, Father Evangelist tells me, from the typhoid and scarlet fevers which are chronic a few feet below.

I am in extremely good spirits—quite Mark Taply-ish.

The Fathers are all sweet good people, and I have a *real* cell to live in—seven feet by nine. Yours,

C. P.

I am going to Hereford to-morrow with the Bishop to call on the Bodenhams.

Wednesday Evening.

DEAREST,

I have just got your second letter, it is very welcome, for I *do* miss you, and your writing is a little solace. I confess I feel rather dull here as yet. Pontypool and its surroundings and the look of the people are all very depressing, and I have coffee for breakfast and consequently feel heavy in the head. The day also has been somewhat fatiguing. A long high mass, and a noisy dinner after it. And there is yet an hour more of Benediction, etc., in a crowded church, with supper and talk afterwards, which will probably bring my dullness in the head to the aching point. Yet I believe the change will do me good. The Bishop goes away to-morrow, and then I am to have some excursions in the country—to Raglan Castle and other places; and I am to have his *room* instead of my *cell*—which does not hold quite air enough for the lungs' prosperity.

Since writing above, my head has cleared up, notwithstanding Sermon, etc.

It would do you good to see all the Monks here. There are fifteen or sixteen, and it is quite a treat to look at all their good, innocent faces—better than the best sermons. Fancy fifteen or sixteen grave, sweet "Bismarcks," full of humility and unconscious dignity! It makes up for Pontypool, iron works and all. Love to children.

Your loving husband,

C. P.

I shall be as much pleased as you can be when Saturday evening comes. You need not be afraid of your "Monk" . . . returning full of severity and sourness. . . . . The Church proposes, he [the Superior] says, *three* ends, [in marriage] children, security from temptation, and the *cultivation of mutual love;* and this last alone brings that greatest of natural delights within the limits of even the highest Christian perfection.

Pantasaph,
1894.

Francis Thompson and all the Fathers spent two hours last night in my room and we had excellent talk. Father Anselm, the Superior, and a profound contemplative, said he had never read anything so fine as the 'Precursor.' He and I had a long talk alone about nuptial love, and he went all lengths with me in the honour of the marriage embrace. The Fathers help me to get through my cigarettes, of which I should like to have another consignment as soon as possible.

Pantasaph, Monday.

I spend part of my day with Francis Thompson, who is a delightful companion, full of the best talk. The monks feed me up as if I were a pig being fattened for the fair and give me as much of their company as I like to have.

Stonyhurst, Tuesday.

The place surpasses all expectations, for size, magnificence, situation, and everything. They treat me with great distinction. There are about fifty visitors, but only four—the Bishop of Clifton, Sir John Lawson, Mr. Howard (of Glossop, I think), and myself are the Rector's guests and have our meals in the community room, etc. I seem to be quite well known here by everyone (for my poems, and not for my dog !).

I mean to have a real holiday next year, that is, I mean to have you with me. I don't get any feeling of rest unless you are in the house. I believe, however, I shall find that the rest will have done me good, after I have been back for a day or two.

Twenty kisses to Piffie and love to your father and mother,

Your fond husband,
C. P.

The following letters are full of "excellent fooling" at the expense of "dry-fly" fishing. It is not necessary to expound at length this method of angling, but for the benefit of the uninitiated, a few notes in explanation of Patmore's allusions may be desirable.

Those who fish the chalk-streams, such as the Test or Itchen, do not look for more than very moderate catches. When the wind is down-stream, as it was during the week which Patmore spent with me at Houghton, fishing is all but hopeless.

Any catch made under such circumstances is something of an event, and would be reported to those on the river.

No one could even approximately estimate the number of "sizeable" trout in the Houghton water. If Patmore's estimate of thirty-three fish were multiplied by a thousand, the result would be much nearer the mark.

Trout are curiously local in their habits, and select positions to which food, in the form of flies, is carried by the stream. The larger fish secure the best places, and allow no encroachment on their domain. If one which has occupied a favoured position is caught, another is sure before long to take his place.

Anglers not unfrequently give special names to fish which are seen day after day in the same position.

The "Boot" is a little village inn which would only aspire to provide the simplest food.

Horse-bridge station is on a line which connects the Salisbury branch of the South Western Railway with the Bournemouth and Southampton Branch. One change only is required, either at East Leigh or at Andover, for the journey to London.

Patmore borrowed my rod one day, no doubt with a view to one of these letters. Of course he caught

nothing, thereby putting himself on a level with all other anglers during that impracticable week.

Houghton, Stockbridge,
Thursday Morning.

. . . . . I have got up early, not being sleepy, and write before breakfast. Weather exquisite—pretty old village, but endless marsh on all sides, with a hundred rapid and broad streams, all called the Test, running about it, making the air very damp and I should say aguey. I don't think it will be a success. I begin to feel distinctly melancholy . . . and no means of drowning one's cares (when the supply is consumed) are to be bought within twelve miles.

Friday, May 23rd, 1890

Your yesterday's letter come, Dear. I'm very glad you feel so well: I am doing splendidly; the weather is exquisite and the river the loveliest thing in water I ever saw. I can look at it all day. I am walking seven hours or so a day, and feel no fatigue—eat immensely, and am already of a beautiful brownish-red complexion. Tell Piffie about the fishing: it is quite unlike anything I have seen. There are eight miles of river, rented by fifteen gentlemen, each paying £25 a year, that is £375. No one is allowed to catch any fish unless it weighs a pound and a half or over. In the eight miles of river there are thirty-three fish of the lawful weight, that is, from 1½ lb. to 8½ lb. They are all known by name, and are always to be found in the same place, unless one is caught, and then the rest all move up a step, so that their names are still known. Everybody for ten miles round knows when a fish is caught, and, if it weighs more than 3½ lbs., it is telegraphed to all the London Papers, and to Portsmouth, where there is a salute fired, one gun for every half-pound. Seven gentlemen have been fishing there two days, but Mr. Champneys alone has come off with any glory. To-day, after four hours' fishing, he hooked "Sir William Harcourt," a fish of 1½ lbs., but looking bigger than he is. We got him nearly to land, but, by some paltry trick, he managed to get off the hook, just as we were putting the landing-net under him. All the gentlemen of the Club are to have a champagne dinner to-night at the "Boot Inn," to

celebrate this event. Piffie would perhaps like to hear the names of the thirty-three fish which it is lawful to catch—if you can. They are, Vernon Harcourt, Tom Browne, Cobden (6½ lbs), Strafford, Pym, Tom Paine, Bright (5 lbs), Palmerston, Holbein, Hobbes (8 lbs.), Cromwell (8½ lbs.), Voltaire, Bob Sawyer, Boz, Burke, Lever, Tom Thumb (7 lbs.), Victor Hugo, Macready, Lever, W. Pitt, Kean, Boanerges, (7½ lbs.) Jack Straw, Thurtell, Hookey Walker (so-called because he has walked off with so many hooks), General Gordon (6½ lbs.), Bismarck (8 lbs.), Talleyrand, Watt Tyler, Pecksniff, Gladstone, Dr. Manning, Shaftesbury, Labouchere, and Sir William Temple. All these fish let you stand close by and stare at them without the least concern. I watched Dr. Manning and Tom Paine at play together ever so long this morning. Sir William Temple is the only one of these fish who has never risen to an artificial fly. Indeed, he is so prudent, that he will scarcely take a real fly; so that he is not so big as he ought to be for his age. A good fisherman knows all these fish by sight: the only two they can scarcely distinguish are Shaftesbury and Gladstone. These are both large fish, but they are habitually what the fishermen call "unclean" and "lousy"; so they don't try to catch them. They also leave Bismarck alone, for they know it's of no use trying. He only winks at the flies, and, once or twice, when he has been hooked, he has given a jump, and snap goes the line or the rod.

We think of going to Winchester or Salisbury for a couple of days, in order to get away from the numerous visitors and deputations who will be waiting upon us to congratulate us on having hooked Sir William Harcourt. I come in for a share of the glory, for everyone knows I had the landing-net ready to land him, had he not behaved so shabbily. I am sorry I did not bring my dress clothes, for I am to dine with the club, in recognition of my share in the event of the week, and everybody else will be in white ties and swallow-tails. The dinner is to cost 25*s.* a head, including wine;—which I do not think is extravagant, considering the occasion.

Give my love to the girls and tell them I am sure they will excuse my not writing a separate letter to them, under these exciting circumstances.

As always your Lover
C. P.

I open my letter to say that at a meeting of the Committee of the Club, to-morrow, Sir William Clay is to propose and Captain Head to second the following motions:

"That, in consideration of his eminence as a Poet and of his intended services in landing Sir William Harcourt, this Committee do decide that the next fish which shall attain to the legal weight of one and a half pounds shall be called 'Patmore.'"

Saturday morning.

I am getting on very well now, dear. My first despondency was owing, I think, to Wednesday's fatigue. The weather has been uniformly splendid, and the air is quite dry and bracing. I eat twice as much as at home, and am out by the lovely river nearly all day. To-day we are going to Romsey, as the wind is too high for fishing. I did some fly-fishing myself yesterday, and caught as many trout as the best fisherman here, and he is reported to be the best hand in England.

Your loving
C. P.

Sunday.

I am rejoiced to hear that you are so much better. How good it will be if I find you miraculously well when I come back. I am getting health so fast in this delicious country that I don't think I shall leave till the end of the week. C. goes on Tuesday.

We went to Romsey yesterday. I suppose you know the nice old town and its fine Norman abbey well.

Tell Piff I liked his picture card immensely. I and Mr. Champneys and a gentleman who has caught the only fish yet caught since we have been here, laughed over it greatly.

Yesterday the news about the fish was telegraphed to Portsmouth, and, though it is fifty miles off, we heard the 110 ton guns saluting in honour of the event quite clearly. It was like distant thunder.

The asparagus was most welcome.

The heat is tremendous.

Your loving.
C. P.

Wednesday

DEAR ——

It is a very cold east wind to-day and I would gladly be at home, as I do not feel energy enough to spend any time out of doors, as I did before C. left; but I suppose I ought to persevere till Friday.

In order to get to Winchester or Salisbury from here by train, you have to go nearly round the southern end of England. You have to change at Andover, thence you go to Crewe, thence you get somehow to St. Ives in Cornwall, where you have to wait three hours; then to Havant, a station which, I think, you may remember; and from there you get, after only two more changes, to Salisbury or Winchester.

Thank Piffie for his kisses. I send some in return.

Yours,
C. P.

(Very cold with the East wind.)

[Houghton,]
Wednesday.

MY DEAR BERTHA,

Mr. C. is gone and I find myself rather dull. I spent about eight hours a day out of doors while he was here, but now I feel as reluctant as ever to leave the fireside—for I have a fire, the weather having turned quite cold, though the sun is bright—as it has been every day and all day since I left home. . . . .

I am glad that Piffie patronizes you. The may here is in the most magnificent flower I ever saw, and in the evening the river damp makes the odour of it fill the air in every direction. The water-flowers on the river are a glorious show. Some of them I have never seen before. The river and the flats are full of wild fowl—dab-chicks, ducks, plovers, etc., all wonderfully tame, the river being so carefully preserved. . . . .

Your loving Father,
C. P.

The following letters are to his second daughter.

BISMARCK.

From water-colour by B. Patmore, 1883.

Coniston,
Thursday [1875 or 1879.]

MY DEAR BERTHA,

Mr. Ruskin seemed quite satisfied with your copy, and praised it very much. He says *seriously* that I must bring you here some time; and I hope I shall be able. The country is most lovely, and you would enjoy yourself immensely.

Ruskin is always—until the afternoon—engaged in drawing just such mosses and things as you like doing. He has lots of the most lovely pictures by W. Hunt. Mr. Severn and his wife—Ruskin's cousins—are here, and are very nice people. . . . .

Your loving father,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings,
Sunday, July 9, 1882.

MY DEAR BERTHA,

I am rejoiced to hear that you are both enjoying yourselves so much. It must be a very new and pleasant sort of life to you. I wish you could have more of it than you can. Emily[1] is so much weaker that I do not think you ought to prolong your visit for more than a fortnight. You had better arrange to start for home to-morrow week or Tuesday week at latest.

"Bismarck" is now under the hands of two doctors, and is taking three kinds of medicine. His pills are most imposing ●. The sight of them is quite humiliating to humanity, which is only capable of ●. I hope you are having good weather. Do you intend to go up "the hill," as the innkeeper at "Fort William" called "Ben Nevis," when he proposed that I should make the ascent at about four o'clock one late autumn afternoon? I believe you can go to the very summit easily on ponies. How much toddy do you get through? You need not be afraid of it. The Scotch air enables the weakest stomach to take any amount of it.

Give my kind regards to your host and hostess.

Your loving Father,
C. PATMORE.

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[1] The eldest daughter, who died shortly after this was written.

Hastings,
Friday.

My Dear Bertha,

. . . . Tell Trudy[1] that the way R^d^. mother will try to catch her for Bayswater will be by pretending to repel her, and by throwing cold water on her sanctimonious aspirations, or at least by seeming quite indifferent, whereas she really desires her more than a cat does a mouse. . . .

The Monastery,
Pantasaph,
Holywell, Flints.
April 24, '94.

My Dear Piffie,

I am very glad that you have found the stick. Did you find a dead cat anywhere near? I am living here on the top of a little mountain, surrounded with mountains about twice as high, and in view of Snowdon and other distant mountains four times as high; but, like a true monk who thinks nothing so fine as everything about his own monastery, Father Joseph seriously maintains that *his* little mountain is twice as high as any we can see, except Snowdon, which, as you know, is the highest in Wales.

Please have the stick varnished, and keep it till I come. If you still go of an evening to get your toddy at the "Angel," you had better carry the stick with you, in case you should come across any persons of advanced political opinions.

Your loving father,
C. Patmore.

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[1] Patmore's third daughter, Gertrude, was staying at a convent at Bayswater.

CHAPTER IX

LETTERS TO MR. AND MRS. H. S. SUTTON

MR. H. S. SUTTON is mentioned in vol. i., p. 59. When Patmore first became acquainted with him he was studying medicine, but subsequently adopted literature as his career. He was for some time editor of "The Alliance Weekly News."

The work to which the earlier letters allude is Mr. Sutton's first book, called "The Evangel of Love." That to which Patmore's letter of March 30, 1896, refers, is "Five Essays for Students of the Divine Philosophy of Swedenborg." Besides these, Mr. Sutton published, in 1854, a work called "Quinquenergia, or Proposals for a new Practical Theology;" but shortly afterwards withdrew it from publication, as it no longer represented his views. He also published a volume of poems in 1886.

The strictures on Socrates and Plato which occur in these letters, do not seem to me to be justified, nor do I think that Patmore would have endorsed them in later life. Though he had evidently read enough of Plato to be strongly influenced by his ideas, he had scarcely enough scholarship to enter adequately into the ethical and social conditions with which the Greek philosophers had to deal. Also a more accurate and comprehensive knowledge of Plato's writings, especially of the "Laws" (such passages, for example, as I. § 636, and VIII. § 836) must have convinced him that Plato's moral teaching was occasionally as sound, even from a modern point of

view, as it was always in advance of his time. Nor are the charges of immorality brought against Socrates and Plato established. They certainly are not generally accepted by scholars.

12, Arundel Street, Strand. Feb 15, 1847.

My Dear Sutton,

Business is, just now, a great check to my letter-writing inclinations, as well as to yours. I have certain ends in view at present in order to attain which I must, for some time, work very hard and constantly, for money. I feel justified in proceeding with my little essay upon art, only because I think that it will not be quite unproductive in a pecuniary way.

I am a lover of "Ralph Emerson." I have read all his "Essays" at least three times over—and yet I have written and published a long and somewhat elaborate review of his works from which a careless reader would conclude that I was rather a hater of him. Loving him so much, I am quite enraged with him that he will not let me love him more. He is very inconsistent, which a *very* great man never is: I think he lacks the quality of reverence, that he has the power of rising into the "ocular air of heaven," but by leaps, and not by wings: I dislike much of his language, for I think that it shows a want of profound and practical sincerity: I don't think he understands true Christian humility or repentance: the peace of God which passeth all understanding is not, I fear, an abiding guest with him. I do not agree with him about the passage of poetry you quote.[1] I do not wish that anyone were nobler than Christ, who has loved and does love me: my other quarrels with Emerson are declared in my article upon him, which I will endeavour to hunt up, in order that I may send it to you. I do not think that Tennyson is great enough to have written "The Lady of Shalott" without having understood it himself. We shall see when Alfred sends me your analysis, which I returned to him some weeks ago. Give my love to him,

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[1] "Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?
I would he were nobler
Than to love me."

and to all that you may happen to know who are acquainted with and love me.

Write soon and confute my accusations against Emerson —if you can. To have one's opinions corrected and to have them corroborated is equally delightful, or if there is any difference the first is better than the last. Your friend,

COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

12, Arundel Street, Strand. Feb 26, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I am greatly pressed for time just now, having engaged to do considerably more work than I find I can get through—I will not delay any longer however to explain, as briefly as I can, the "serious charges" which I brought against Emerson, in my last, and which seem to have been, some of them, so obscurely expressed, that they have not conveyed my meaning to you.

As to Emerson's inconsistency, I do not think it is of the kind which, as you say, great men always and necessarily fall into. The inconsistencies of the Bible and of the greatest philosophers, for example, are not spiritual but only literal inconsistencies. But let me ask you which of these kinds is left uncommitted by Emerson, when in one page he says that perfect goodness, coming upon the earth, would be rejected and scouted by all, and *in the very next page* he argues that Christ could not have been perfectly good—*i.e.*, God—for had he been so the very look of him would have converted his executioners. His want of reverence with regard to God you do not deny,—and yet I think you might defend it upon the plea that in his brilliant pantheism there is in truth no real, *i.e.*, personal God. If you remember, he speaks in one of his essays of the attribution of personality to one's idea of God as a piece of enthusiasm and fine fanaticism. I don't want him "to proclaim his short-comings through a tin-trumpet," but I do require that he should not deny the *positive* character of sin. That religion seems to me to be only half a religion, which excludes the "devil and all his works." You say he does not feel his sins so much as you and I do because probably he has not so many to feel. But my dear Sutton, is not the smallest sin infinite, and should not the sense of

sin increase with sin's diminution? But then you affirm[1] that man's possible perfection has been attained by Emerson. Alas! you take a flight in which I dare not follow you. I must, as yet, be contented to think him a liar who says there is no sin in him; to fight on the battles that were fought by Paul, and to "rejoice with trembling."

By this time you will perhaps have set me down for one who has been pretty nearly spoilt by a "low-church education." Let me, however, assure you that none of my family besides myself are of any religion, and that I myself was of none five years ago. Let me assure you that I have not gathered what religion I have from Scotch Commentaries or Scotch preachers: I have drawn it mainly from the Bible, interpreted by that mental eye which I have acquired by long and laborious study of the writings of Coleridge. I will say something about Emerson's language and style another time. Meanwhile I shall be rejoiced to be convinced of any error you may detect in what I have said, or ever shall say. Yours affectionately,

COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

P.S.—Upon casting my eye over your letter, I see you ask me what I think of John Keats. I am now about to shock you again! Keats one day read his "Ode to Pan" in "Endymion" to Wordsworth, and asked him what he thought of it. "It is a very pretty piece of Paganism," replied the Christian Poet. Keats's poems collectively are, I should say, a very *splendid* piece of paganism. I have a volume of Keats's manuscript letters by me. They do not increase my attachment to him. But his power of expression is truly wonderful. To him

> "'Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stained the white radiance of Eternity.'

May it not do so to you and me.

March 7th, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I think it perfectly possible, that as you say, my sphere of belief is not the highest, nor will I affirm that it is the *best*—although I think best and highest are not

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[1] "Not affirm, nothing of the kind." Note by Mr. Sutton.

necessarily one, *as yet*. But I hold that my species of faith is the best *for me*. It is that which exercises the greatest and most permanent influence upon my actions. It is therefore my truth, though it may be your falsehood. For I conceive that absolute Truth is the element of God, and not, as yet at least, of man. I say that my species of faith is the best for me, from experience. I have tried your faith and found it insufficient for me. But, to come to purely speculative matters, I cannot agree with you in thinking that God is alone infinite. Plato says, you should not call God the Infinite, but rather the measure of the infinite; I can never believe but that the slightest sin, which is (*or it is not a sin*) a wilful disobedience to the will of God, is infinite in its wrong, and only pardonable by the infinite mercy of the Unspeakable Father. I have often thought in desponding moods that, if my soul is finally lost, it will be some consolation to remember how thoroughly and over and over again I have deserved it—so profoundly am I persuaded of the infinitude of sin. I do not, however, wish you to understand that I assert anything. You may be right absolutely, but I do not and *will not* believe that you are right—no, not if you can prove to me you are as certainly as any geometrical theory can be proved. "Man's belief is active and a matter of the will;" and the reason is that he may be able to believe what is best for him to believe, even in contradiction to the light of the bare intellect which I have followed too frequently ever to trust or follow it again.

I also care not what name *you* worship God under, so long as you do worship God. I trust that you know best what name and form is the most effectual with regard to yourself, and I shall not like you much the less for differing with me upon a few points. I will remember the many points on which we agree.

I assure you I understand very well what you mean when you say that Pantheism, etc., etc., etc., is all true religion with you, if it *be* religion. But I hope you allow some difference in *degree* of excellence between your religions. Do you think that Plato and Socrates would have fallen into sensualities, which one does not even utter, had they known Christ, the Son of God, crucified?

I write in the midst of pressing work, and must therefore conclude before I have said one-tenth of what I desire to

say. One thing however I will add. Never let us hope to agree upon the main questions which have now been slightly discussed by us, and then we shall, I think, get on very well. We never can agree, I believe, because it is in the very constitution of our souls that we disagree upon these points. I shall be delighted to study your book, but if it convinces me you know that

> "A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still;"

which, I hold, *is* not only a fact, but with regard to certain matters *ought* to be the fact.

Yours affectionately,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

P.S.—I shall look anxiously for your next letter, as I long to know to what extent these declarations have alienated me from your affections.

Library, British Museum,
March 11, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I fancy that we agree more profoundly than we yet appear to do. Let me see if we do not after all agree upon the subject of the office of the Will in belief. My conviction is that we can do nothing—not even remain passive—without the consent of the image (sometimes perverted) of God which is in us. I mean that mysterious Trinity—the Intellect, the Will, and Affections. The Will is, I think, incapable of producing belief without the concurrence of the other two—but they in their turn are equally so without the Will. This doctrine is most precious to me. About this time last year, my faith was fearfully shaken, because, upon one day honestly examining it, I found that it was not based upon pure intellectual conviction. Not knowing the true nature of belief, I thought I was wrong in believing any longer; so, to my infinite anguish, I suspended my belief till such time as I should see better reason for holding it. Several months of inexpressible misery were spent by me. I could arrive at nothing beyond the strongest *probability* in favour of Christianity. At length it seemed to me that Bishop Butler had taught that mere *probability* is the foundation of all our belief. Set in the right train of thought

by this recollection, I soon arrived at what to me is an inestimable truth, and my faith has never been in the slightest degree shaken since. Directly a doubt suggests itself, I say, "Is all probability in favour of Christianity?" My intellect answers in the affirmative. My heart loves that of whose existence my intellect allows the probability, and my will puts the seal to the blessed compact which produces faith. What is there that we should believe if we insisted upon absolute proof of the intellect?

Let me meet you half way about Keats. After your letter I took up his book for the first time for two or three years, and found much more spirituality—*i.e.*, Christianity—than I expected. While I think of it, let me affirm my belief that Christians feel this spirit of Pantheism much better than the ancient Pantheists did themselves. The mythology of the ancients is a congregation of beauties, but I believe that we moderns feel them much more than they were ever felt by any, save perhaps the inventors of the mythology themselves. I confess a great antipathy to the Greek character, and a greater still to the Romans The personal beauty of the former has prejudiced people in their favour. I am no believer in personal beauty, and find great pleasure in believing, with the traditions of the first three centuries, that Christ was a little, ugly, insignificant person. Write soon, for it gives me great pleasure, and does me much good to hear from you, and believe me,

Your friend,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

British Museum,
March 16, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I must answer your letter before the thoughts which it has called up in me have lost their freshness. I see that letters, however long, will not answer our purposes. We are the fools of language. I think that I am speaking my mind, when in fact I am doing no such thing. Words, even with the aid of the voice's emphasis, the body's gestures, and the face's expression, are poor weak things. What are they then without such aids? I think I must make a pilgrimage to Nottingham, in order that we may gather from each other's presence what we would but cannot say with our words. I doubt whether, without personal

intercourse, we shall ever be able to arrive at an expression of our agreement on some points concerning which our *words* differ. For instance, I am sure we really are at one upon the question of the source of faith and the proper mental construction of man; but how wide apart are our expressions touching it! I have also completely failed in making you understand the sort of pleasure I take in believing as I do concerning the personal appearance of Christ. I'll try again at this however; know then that my rejoicing is relative, not absolute. I am glad because the fact reconciles other facts to me, which were once the source of some disturbance to my mind. I should indeed be grieved if I thought that the lovely symbol were to be for ever separated from the symbolized loveliness. You ask me what I am doing? *Nothing*, although I am working very hard. And indeed if there were not reasons just now for my working in this manner I should still fear to do anything just yet. I must remain fallow for a season. It would be absurd for me to set up for instructor before I am better instructed myself; I must take the beam out of my own eye, that I may see to remove the mote from my brother's. My mind is also exceedingly disturbed at present. The mirror, though not cracked I hope, is much clouded.

I have seen your friend and disciple, and am much charmed with him. I envy his spontaneous and enthusiastic mind and heart, which might almost "do God's work and know it not."

I long to see your book. I have told Fryer to put my subscription down for six. If I can get more I will.

Write soon, and believe me
Your friend,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

British Museum,
March 21, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I write to thank you for your letter, and to beg that you will continue to notice my letters as speedily as you have hitherto done. Your last requires an answer. You ask me indeed for a brief critique on Carlyle, and I would willingly have given one, had not our friend Fryer read me a critique[1] upon him, in relation to Emerson, which is far

[1] By H. S. S.

more accurate and far-sighted than what I should have written about him. If I can get to Nottingham consistently with other plans which I must carry out, depend upon it I will. I think that you underrate the benefit I should derive from a visit to you, intellectually speaking. I should be able to tell by your eye and voice what you meant, much better than by the clearest letters. I am waiting anxiously to see your book. From what Alfred Fryer says of it, I expect that I shall be inclined to commence a sharp controversy with you, if you will consent to take part in it. I entertain some very firmly fixed opinions as to the perfectly well defined limits to which intellectual research should be confined—and, if I mistake not, you differ from me altogether on this important point. Don't fear my reading Coleridge too much. It is two or three years since I read anything of him, and it will probably be five years more before I return to the study of his works.

I don't agree with you as to the *transitory* good of talking. In fact, I question whether it would not be better for those who really can think, to abstain entirely from the time-wasting process of writing. Anybody may write: very few dare think. I am certain that my views of art, for instance, can never be lost, if I never put them upon paper. I have told them to two or three, and the seed is sown!

Fryer took his leave of me the day before yesterday, to my great regret. The sight of him has done me great good, I hope. Alas! I must, I fear, for ever remain one of Emerson's "Sayers." But how far more blessed are the doers! among whom I count Alfred Fryer and his sweet friend Miss Rice. Yours affectionately,

COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

March 25, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter makes me look with the greater eagerness for the appearance of your work. Fryer tells me he has the first half sheet in print, and that it abounds with out-of-the-way expressions. What a pity! Surely our great language is sufficient for any purpose. The infinitely subtle Coleridge found it so. I fear you underrate the evil effects that must result from an eccentric phraseology. Uncommon things must be said in common words, if you would have them to be received in less than a century.

Common things derive advantage and seeming novelty from strange expressions ; but if you really have any great new truth or truths to publish, depend upon it that an unaccustomed phraseology will seriously diminish the effect which you desire to produce.

My opinions about the limits of knowledge apply only to the present time. A time is coming, I hope, when we shall know as we are known ; but until that time comes, I will steadily look at the few truths which seem to be essential to right action, and all other knowledge I will possess as if I possessed it not. Or rather (alas !) I must say that I *desire* to will to do so !

If I live, I shall write some more poems—but not yet. My mind is in a transitory state, and any work of art which I could produce now would be like a figure made partly in iron and partly in clay. As for the relative value of talking and writing we have perhaps both of us been in the wrong, you undervaluing the former, I the latter. Christ, you know, never wrote ; nor did Socrates, and none of the greatest and world-influencing men who have ever lived. The first did all by his words and actions, the second all by his words ; for his actions, after all, make a very poor show. Many a malefactor has died as courageously as Socrates, and his life, we know, was of a very questionable character.

I entertain just now a great many *dislikes*. Carlyle is one. He worships only power and intellect—which are attributes of the devil as well as of God. But I feel I shall like him better, when I shall have time to think more about him.

I should very much like to see your book, sheet by sheet, as it is printed. Will it be convenient to let me have it so ?

Write soon, and believe me
Affectionately yours
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

March 31, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

What you say about language is quite true ; I never doubted it. The kind of novelty you advocate is not the kind I complain of. Of this latter kind there are fewer instances in the pages you have sent me than I expected to

find from what Fryer said to me about them. Still I should like very much to know how you justify to yourself the employment of such unheard-of expressions as "unuseful," "sensated," "Alexander Pope," etc., when "useless," "felt," and "Pope" would express the same things, if I mistake not.

I know you can stand criticism cheerfully: therefore I venture to inform you of my belief that nearly all those portions of your phraseology which are "out of the common" are not the natural and beautiful developments of your individual genius, but unconscious imitations of Emerson's affectations. Your own style is strong, simple, and yet English, which makes the Americanisms into which you sometimes fall sound all the more discordant. Of the substance of your book I will say nothing until I shall have read the whole of it. It would be quite useless for me to attempt to give you any idea of my theories upon art within the compass of a single, or even of half a dozen letters. We must wait till we meet. Meantime I shall be really grateful to you if you will communicate to me, at your earliest leisure, the grounds upon which you set aside all that the Bible says, or seems to say, upon future punishment. What you say about one's always being in a "transition state" is very true, and I can only excuse myself to you for not writing anything at present by assuring you that I entertain serious doubts as to the utility of art. The most profligate ages have always been the most artistical —Pericles, Augustus, Leo X., etc.; and, of all classes of men, that for which I have from experience the least respect is the class of artists—including poets, painters, musicians, and critics.

If you can prove to me that my fears of the lawfulness of Art are unfounded, you may perhaps do much towards the production of a new poem by the writer of "Sir Hubert." I admire and love you for your ideas upon Providence. They are, and long have been, mine also, but I am less in the habit of contemplating and acting upon them than you seem to be.

Pardon this hurried scrawl, to write which I have put off material business, and believe me always yours affectionately,

COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

12, Arundel Street, Strand.

Museum, April 5, '47.

My Dear Friend,

I see that you think the less of me for my minute criticisms. You think the subjects trifling, and it follows if you are right, that the critic is a trifler. But I have learnt by experience that an attention, or want of attention to style is no trifle. A few phrases like those I noticed in your book have drowned my book, as far as regards popularity; and popularity, after all, is a thing for which we ought to seek, although we ought not to sacrifice *much* to it. I will not say anything against your hero Emerson for the future, since you do not like it; but I would advise you to study the writings of Dr. Arnold, if you have not yet done so. Coleridge also I think would be of great use to you.

What you oppose to my doubt of the legitimacy of art is not without weight; but I feel far more confidence than you do in the deductions to be drawn from History. I long to begin my remarks upon the sheets you have sent me.

Let me now warn you, my dear friend, against judging of me by what I write to you just now. I am at present in my matter of fact phase of existence, or rather of endeavour and thought. Therefore you must receive all that I say with a certain degree of caution. I have passed through several phases. Three years ago I was in the Emersonian phase: one year ago I was in the Calvinistic Faith-versus-Work phase, and so on. I have not a many-sided mind: I can only do one thing at the time. I shall strive, under your tuition, to enter upon the Love phase; for Love, like Belief and everything else, seems to be a matter, not perhaps of the *will*, but certainly of *choice*.

Yours affectionately,

Coventry K. Patmore.

British Museum,
April 14, 1847.

My Dear Friend,

What I mean by my book being damned by a few eccentric and affected phrases is this; that, whereas my verses have now perhaps a couple of hundred readers to whom they may be of service, but for my foolish haste to publish before my taste was matured—or rather, I should not say foolish for I was conscious of the defective character

of the book from the first; but I had been brought up without any means of getting my living, and published in the hope—which has been more than fulfilled—that what I had indicated of capacity might obtain for me friends who would supply this defect of education.

It is all very true what you say about the absence of any absolute necessity for popularity; but if an author can, without sacrifice, get his works read without the mediation of time, puffers, and interpreters, I don't see why he should not do so. I don't care a fig for popularity for myself; but, if I believe that my writings contain that which is capable of doing their readers good, I cannot but grieve if it has been my own fault—as in the present instance it has—that I have not had more readers. However, I do not grieve in this instance, as I question whether my poems are capable of doing good to any but those who are much better than the writer of them himself. The tone of the "River" is unmanly; that of the "Woodman's Daughter" is of doubtful morality, and portions of "Lilian" are not of doubtful morality at all, but of most decided weakness and sensuality. "Sir Hubert" is alone healthy in its general tone—but that can do little general good. The times of chivalry—the times when such love was beautiful—are gone for ever. I will hold to my purpose of not saying anything about your book till I have seen it all. I have no very important alterations to suggest. I am much struck with some of the ideas—but I must think more before I say anything about them. But do not let all our talk be of "miserable books" ! ! ! Let me tell you that I love you more every letter I receive from you—and a minute of the sense of love is better than a play of Shakespeare's. And I love Alfred Fryer so too. He is a noble fellow and will be much nobler. But he must think and read a great deal yet. He requires more reading and thought than I do who have not his enthusiasm. If he *really* studies Coleridge it will do him immense good. Tell him he must not publish for six or seven years yet at least. I think you have far more authority with him than I have: therefore you must tell him this. Tell him that enthusiasm without knowledge is fanaticism; that knowledge without enthusiasm or love is demoniacal, but that knowledge wedded to enthusiasm is Angelic. Your affectionate friend,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Museum, April 24, 1847.

My Dear Friend,

I have been very much pressed for time and have been unable to answer your letter till now, and even now I cannot write at anything like the length I would wish.

You ask me for a poem in my handwriting. Really I am at a loss to send you one worthy of your acceptance. Fryer has had the only ones that are good for much and have not been published in my volume. However, I must ask you to accept two bad ones in place of one good one.

The rain drops down the dreary air,
The branches bend, with east-winds rife,
My thoughts are turn'd within, and there
I see the riddle of my life.

Now, God, take back this bitter breath,
And stop this hot, soul-sickening strife
And let me die ; perhaps my death
Will solve the riddle of my life.

The sun shines out, the soft winds fan,
The thrushes flute, the linnets fife!
Now let me live, for now I can
Forget the riddle of my life.

Practical atheism! no more, no less—but that was four years ago. Here's another, more healthy :

You never loved me, Lady! What? were all your kind ways feign'd?
You then have missed the triumph which you dreamed that you had gain'd!
I never lov'd you, Lady. Prithee, why that angry start?
Thought you a broken plaything to make of a manly heart?
The maid I loved was merciful. O, I have seen her tread
The pathway through the meadows, and spare each daisy's head.
She felt for the mere dew-drop, if she brush'd it from the grass :
You seem'd that maid ; and she you seem'd, I lov'd :—not you, alas!

It would take me more time than I can now spare to

confute your argument in favour of my poems. Let us forget them. The next book will be a very different affair, I hope.

April 26. To-morrow I go with my brother to be confirmed. I am now engaged in preparing my mind for what I cannot but regard as the most solemn occasion of my life. The more I think and read and pray, the more profoundly am I convinced of the justice of the views I am taught by the Churches of England and Rome. My dear Sutton, you are all wrong about hell and the devil. There is as certainly a hell and a devil as a Heaven and a God—or, at least such is the case for *me*. If I don't go to Heaven, I shall go to Hell—not the grave merely, but to unimaginable extasies of pain and horror. This is a "fact of consciousness" (to use the modern slang) for me. I don't deny that your belief may be the fact for you. Hell has clearly never been revealed to you, as it has been to me and to Coleridge and most Christians. Knowledge of good and evil, to such an extent, may not have been judged, by God, to be necessary for you. I have written to one or two friends to ask for their prayers upon the occasion of my Confirmation. Will you let me have yours?

If you are writing to Fryer, be so kind as to convey my apology for my long silence to him. I will write to him and again to you in a day or two.

Yours affectionately,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Address,
29, King Street,
Bloomsbury.

Library, Museum,
May 4, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thank you for the additional sheets of your book Thank you also for informing me that they contain "high treason" against my present creed; for by doing so they have saved me the pain and disturbance which might have been caused by their perusal. I shall not think of reading anything treasonous against my creed in my present state of feeling about it. If you loved a woman, would you not think it high treason to read or listen to a libel against her character? I love the Church, and have never loved her so much as now that I have given an obedience, which has

been long due from me, to this one of her most important ordinances—Confirmation. I am stronger, more loving and clear-sighted, therefore happier, for this obedience. If I have obtained, as I feel that I have, the blessing of God through the hands of his Bishop—what does the *modus operandi* matter to me?

Since you say, or rather imply, that you could not speak of the ordinances of the Church of England without ridiculing them, I am very glad you have abstained altogether from speaking of them. Let us never broach any topic connected with our peculiar views upon religious and ecclesiastical matters. There is the wide and glorious field of Nature, in which we may walk hand in hand rejoicing. Let us confine ourselves to that—for the present at least.

Yours affectionately,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

Museum, Monday, May 10, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND

I regret to find that I am in the habit of expressing myself so imperfectly, that I have generally to write to you a second letter to explain the first. It is not that I at all doubt the truth of my position with regard to the Church of England, that I refuse to hear anything against it. It is precisely because I believe that I have arrived at the truth, and that it is consequently my duty to keep myself from any temptation to scepticism—temptations to which I have been already too open and from which I have suffered dreadfully. I will now no longer run the risk of being tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. I believe I have attained the truth; and it would be tempting God to expose my weak intellect—for it *is* weak though it may be wide—to the shocks of plausible arguments against my faith. I am happy as I am: my creed is exceedingly tolerant, and busies itself with my own salvation and judges no one; and I am sure that it will be my own fault, if it does not lead me into the pure life of Christianity, if it does not make my path like "the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

After all we agree upon all *vital* points. If you were not so strong as you are, I should try to reason with you of judgment to come, like Paul to Felix. But to you indi-

vidually the doctrine of hell would be useless. Therefore we morally harmonize. I might question the wisdom of endeavouring to impress others with your negative notions of sin ; but that will be taken care of by God, who will not allow your book to fall into the hands of those to whom it would do harm.

Yours affectionately,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

29 King Street, Bloomsbury,
June 10, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I suppose you have heard from Fryer the cause of the occupation which has been the reason of my delay in writing to you. If not, know now that my love has been accepted by a lady whom I will not try to speak of to you, because my words sound only like the ordinary ravings of a lover to you who do not know her. Ever since my engagement, I have spent every spare hour either with her or in writing to her ; and you will understand and excuse me when I say, the interest of all other intercourse has been, for a time, destroyed. This is quite a cold duty that I am performing, in writing to you, and this, and all other duties, as I have just written to my Emily, will be coldly done until the uneven joys of Courtship have passed into the profound peace of Marriage.

You will, I am sure, applaud my candour, and wait patiently for the renewal of a reasonable correspondence, until such time as cooler reason shall have returned to the soul of your sincere friend,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
Nov. 5, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

Pardon me for not having answered your letter before. I hope you will not retaliate by as long a delay in making a reply to this. I am by very much happier than I conceived, when I first knew you, that it was possible for me to be. I do really believe that I shall maintain a true progress in spirituality. Will you aid me by giving me a few details of your own experience? I wish particularly to know what have been the results, bodily and mentally, of

your experiments in *diet*. My constitution is very delicate, and I must be careful. I desire greatly to "mortify the lusts of the flesh" after your way, but I dread the effect of such a course upon my health—upon which *others* (for in June next my wife will present me with a little one) now depend for support. Pray favour me with full means of judging upon this point.

Faithfully yours,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

Nov. 16, 1847.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

Thank you very much for your letter. I shall try your plan, but gradually. I shall begin by taking meat only three times a week, and leaving off tea, salt and warm things entirely. If this agrees with me for a month I shall go further, and so on. I long to see you. Can you manage to come up and stay with us for a month or six weeks? I believe I should get much good from you; and you might get a little from me, if only from the exercise which my opposition to some of your doctrines and to some of your very principles of judgment would give your mind. If you come you shall have a room to yourself where you can be by yourself whenever you wish.

You are mistaken in imagining that I am in the least disposed to rest in my present comparative happiness. I live in the hope of learning, ere I die, to detest life as we have it here.

Yours ever,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

P.S.—Did you put your diet system in *full* practice at once, or gradually?

Museum, Jan. 3rd, 1848.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I cannot tell you how vexed I was at missing the opportunity of seeing you. I console myself with thinking that the accident was Providential. You might by your presence and your superior weight of character, have left me a believer in doctrines which, if not erroneous, are at least "strong meat," and more than my weak stomach could bear, as yet. I have received cards from Fryer; how blest he will be in that noble creature, his wife. I am writing

an article on Tennyson's new poem, in a Scotch magazine. May I make use of your discovery concerning the sense of the Lady of Shalott? Favour me with a line by return, as the Editor awaits my article. Are you likely to be in town soon again?

COVENTRY PATMORE.

5, Brunswick Terrace, Camden Town.
Feb. 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

You will be glad to hear that I am engaged on a new Poem.[1] It will be about as long as the "Ancient Mariner." I have written two-thirds already. It will be nearly a year before I shall have finished it, for I am anxious to make it very complete.

Yours ever,
C. K. PATMORE.

British Museum,
Feb. 21, 1848.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

My new poem is to shew the right nature—or rather the wrong nature, and through that the right—of love for a woman. It will be my last love poem; and, I hope, will redeem some of the nonsense of my old volume. I am bestowing unusual care upon it. You will like it, I am sure. I am glad that you have been writing; and after my own errors, I dare not say that I am sorry that you are going to *publish* poetry. What I have seen of yours gave me the notion that, with excellent capacity, you wanted the grand essential *leisure* for writing poetry. Nothing will do now but the *quintessence* that takes a long time to make. What do you think a fair day's work? Four lines? I do.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. PATMORE.

Museum, May, 24 [1848].

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I am glad that you are becoming reconciled to the "inevitable" character of my present faith. I have just this

[1] Most probably "Tamerton Church Tower."

moment come across a passage in Cousin which may possibly be of service to you.

"Idealism . . . takes its point of departure from the reason or intelligence—from the ideas or laws which govern its activity. But instead of contenting itself with denying the exclusive pretension of sensualism, and asserting the origin of an important part of our knowledge in the reason, and thus vindicating the truths destroyed by sensualism, it finds all reality in the mind alone; denies matter; absorbs all things, God and the universe, into individual consciousness, and that into thought; just as, by contrary error, sensualism absorbs consciousness and all things into sensation."

Sensualism and Realism are two dogmatisms equally true in one view, equally false in another; and both result in nearly equal extravagances.

I have read Blanco White, most carefully and most sorrowfully. Take my advice and recommend that book to no young man. I was nearly lost by it. I wonder I did not commit suicide during the three months of despairing atheism induced by it.

Yours in great haste,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

19, Randolph Street, Camden Town.
June 5, 1848.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I have seen a good deal of Emerson. He dined here with Tennyson before he went to Paris, and I expect to see much more of him now. He speaks with much affection and consideration of you, and says that you have only to read more, to be enabled to do the world signal good.

I regret that, admiring Emerson's writings so much, though very partially, I cannot sympathise with him personally. I am so bigoted that I seem to be sensible of a hungry vacuum whenever I do not find views of Christianity in some respects corresponding with my own.

How are Fryer and his wife getting on? He ought to be very happy. She seems to be a fine person. I have seen no reason to change my mind touching the advantages of marriage. I love my wife more and more every day, and am daily sensible of spiritual benefits which I never could have obtained without her.

Fryer will probably have told you that I have written another long Poem. Tennyson advises me to keep it by me for two years. I have also done much towards completing my collection of materials for what I cannot help thinking will be a very important work on Architecture. What are you doing? Reading, prophesying, marrying, or what?

Have you read Maurice's "Religions of the World"? If not, do me the favour to read it at your earliest convenience, and I will undertake, in return, to read any book of 250 pages 8vo. which you shall recommend me—that being the length of Maurice's book.

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

Hastings,
January 2nd, 1878.[1]

DEAR MRS. SUTTON,

It was a very pleasant surprise to me to get a note from you. During the many years which have passed since we met I have often thought of you and your husband and the pleasant youthful enthusiasms which we shared. I am very glad to hear that my writings have given pleasure to people whom it is a real honour to please, and that "Eros" has found you and your husband among its narrow audience. If ever you are in the South, I hope we shall see you. We are all well and fairly flourishing, and, in matter of work, I seem to have a new youth coming upon me. After nearly twenty[2] years of silence I am becoming quite garrulous again, and hope to be able to send you another volume of Odes in the course of the year. Remember me very kindly to your husband and believe me,

Dear Mrs. Sutton,
Very truly yours and his,
C. PATMORE.

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[1] The reader will notice that there is an interval of nearly thirty years between this and the preceeding letter.

[2] There was actually no such interval in Patmore's production, as may be gathered from the following dates: "Victories of Love," 1863; first nine "Odes," 1868. Further "Odes" and "Amelia," 1878.

The Mansion, Hastings,
January 3rd, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. SUTTON,

I was very glad to hear from you again. I always remember my acquaintance with you and your husband as one of the bright things of my life. I congratulate you heartily on your son's splendid success at Oxford. I have *six* grown up young people—all doing fairly well, except my youngest, who six months ago was head boy in a great school of 300, and promised brilliantly, but has suddenly, I fear hopelessly, lost the sight of one eye, and is likely to lose that of the other. One of my daughters, a little while ago, developed an extraordinary faculty of drawing, and her drawing last year was "on the line" at the Royal Academy, and got a great deal of attention from the very first judges in England. I did not answer your very kind letter at once because I wanted her to draw you a butterfly. I am glad my last book gave you and your husband pleasure. I have just published a complete edition of all my poems in four vols.; but I have done so much to them in revision that I imagine you will be better pleased to retain your impression of them from earlier editions undisturbed.

With kindest regards to your husband, and with all good wishes of the season to you and him,

Believe me,
Yours ever truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings,
January 2nd, 1880.

DEAR MRS. SUTTON,

It was very kind of you to remember me on the New Year. I cordially reciprocate all your good wishes. The old year has given me no cause to complain of it. It has been quiet and peaceful, and, though not fruitful in external work, has been full of what may prove to have been good preparation for work, if God wills it so. Not to run before I am sent is one of the few maxims of wisdom which I have in the main kept. It is an easy one to keep —unless one is mad with ambition, which, thank Heaven, I am not.

I shall be very glad to have the photographs you pro-

mised. In the meantime I beg you to accept mine instead of a New Year's Card.

With kind regards to your husband,

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings,
January 1, 1881.[1]

MY DEAR MADAM,

It was very kind of you to remember me at this season. I can enter well into the feelings which seem chiefly to occupy you, as well as to your sorrow as to its consolations. I have had like things to suffer; but, I thank God, I never remember having felt a moment's discontent with what He ordained for me. The purpose, as I regarded my soul's discipline, was always immediately manifest, and I have never found the death of those I loved to be other than the perfection of the embrace which we had aimed at in life, but of which, somehow, we had always been hindered. It is a great thing moreover that the good should die young; and I cannot think how anyone who really loves and believes should seriously grieve at such a happiness. With my kind regards to your husband and thanks to you for his photograph,

Believe me, dear Madam,
Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings,
March 1, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. SUTTON,

You will be sorry to hear that my son Henry, the dearest to me of all my children, is dead. He had long been in a state of health which gave me some anxiety, and, the Sunday before last, he caught a cold, which, coming on previous lung disease, carried him off in six days. He was twenty-two years old, and was as singular for his goodness as his genius. He had carried off, year after year, all the honours of his college, Ushaw; and, had he lived, would probably have reached the very highest place among contemporary English poets.

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[1] Mr. and Mrs. Sutton's only son and child had lately died.

As such praise requires proof, I enclose a few verses which, I think, anyone living might be glad to have written.

You and your husband have suffered a loss so like mine, that I feel sure of your sympathy.

Yours and his ever truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings,
Jany. 2, 1884.

DEAR MRS. SUTTON,

Thank you and your husband for your kind recollections of us. I assure you that your and his liking for me and my verses are among the most gratifying rewards of my work. No wonder you are pleased with anything that adequately speaks of the "joyful wisdom," seeing that you are so full of it yourselves. We are all prospering, especially Piffie, whose first birthday is the day after to-morrow. He is not only absolute king in the house, but has quite a reputation for premature sanctity. Before he was six weeks old he tried to swallow a Rosary, and always screams if anyone tries to take away from him a little silver image of Our Lady which he is particularly devoted to. With love from myself and all to you and your husband,

Yours ever truly,
C. PATMORE.

Please accept a little bit of Bertha's illumination.

Lymington,
March 30, 1896.

MY DEAR SUTTON,

I am very glad to see your handwriting again, and to receive your book, which I shall certainly read, but in the only way in which I can read such books. If I try to read Plato, Swedenborg, or any *consecutive* thinkers on Spiritual matters, I feel like going mad; and can get good from them only by dipping chance-wise into their pages. Indeed I am becoming impatient now (I am in my seventy-third year) of all reading except novels, which I devour eagerly when they are good, and from which I often get *concrete* confirmations of my spiritual apprehensions, which are of great value to me. A good love story by Henry James, Geo. Meredith or Marion Crawford, *corroborates* what

I have learned from mystics, and I care now far more for corroboration than for new knowledge. I have got knowledge enough to occupy me in digesting, *i. e.*, in corroborating, for the next billion or so of years.

I am sorry to say I am getting very old. My brain power is not what it was, and I find little delight in life. Much of that little will disappear when my boy goes to school.

Pray give my love to your wife, and believe me your sincere old friend,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

CHAPTER X

LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

PATMORE'S letters to William Allingham have proved somewhat hard to decipher, being much stained and disfigured. They were stored for years in Rossetti's cellar, which was flooded by an unusually high Thames.

Allingham at one time held so deservedly high a position among his contemporaries, that it should be unnecessary to explain who he was and what work he published; but readers of poetry are not numerous, and memories are short. It may be as well therefore to give a very brief record of his life and work.

He was born at Ballyshannon in Ireland, in 1824, and held appointments in the Customs in Ireland, the Isle of Man, London, and for a time at Lymington. In 1874 he succeeded J. A. Froude in the editorship of Fraser's Magazine.

His first volume of poems was published in 1850; "Day and Night Songs," including the "Music Master," in 1854, editions of which volume, illustrated by Arthur Hughes, Rossetti, and Millais, appeared in 1855 and 1860. A long narrative poem, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," was printed in "Fraser," and brought out in book form in 1864. The most important of his later works were "Fifty Modern Poems," published in 1865; "Songs, Ballads and Stories," in 1877; a final edition of collected works in six volumes in 1889 and 1890.

In 1874 Allingham married Miss Helen Paterson the well-known artist.

His name occurs in these volumes in two connections. Two of Emily Augusta Patmore's letters to him are printed in vol. i., p. 154-156, and he had, while stationed at Lymington, encouraged Mr. Doman to publish his poems. Patmore, when he moved to Lymington, came to know and admire these, and a friendship was formed between him and their author. The poems discussed in these letters are those of 1850 and of 1854, the long poem being the "Music Master."

Museum, Aug. 19, 1849.

My Dear Mr. Allingham,

Before you go away I must endeavour to tell you how much gratified I have been by our meeting.

Overwork, illness, and the disagreeable circumstance I told you of yesterday, united their powers to put me quite out of spirits during all the time I was with you; and I am fearful that this unfortunate depression prevented me from seeming to value your society as much as I ought and did do.

Believe me, I have made no acquaintance—since I had the happiness of making that of Mr. Tennyson—which has given me such satisfaction as yours has done; and my liveliest regret is that I cannot think that you have received nearly the same amount and kind of satisfaction from becoming acquainted with me. I may have given you some pleasure by showing you my manuscripts, &c., but you have given me the far higher delight of beholding a grave and truthful character combined with a strong and quick intellect and a free heart. You have refreshed me, and at the same time deepened my depression. My habit of diligently comparing myself with all I meet has shown me certain defects of my own character which might have been remedied by frequent juxta-position with yours—and perhaps I may never see you again. This loss touches my heart; for my most powerful faculty—I might almost say my best virtue—is my true admiration of and desire to assimilate what is good in others—mind I say *admiration* and *desire* to assimilate; for, too often, both one and the other are nearly fruitless in effect, or at least in effect that is visible to myself. But I am too egotistical, and have probably no business at all to write to you in my present habit

of mind. Let me hear from you soon, and I will reply. I hope in a week or two to be in my sane mind. Particularly let me hear about your long poem[1] as you get on with it. If you succeed in making it what you can make it if you work hard enough, I should be very glad to go into a temporary partnership with you, "The Storm"[2] being my chief capital. Yours, &c.,

C. K. PATMORE.

10, Cambridge Villas,
Camden New Town,
Sept. 14, 1849.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

. . . . Blake's print pleases me more than anything of the kind that I have seen for a long time. Its extremely pathetic character corroborates the view, which I have long held, that pathos must be founded upon strength and the most severe nobility.

I have often thought of you and of your verses since I saw you—much more however of the former than of the latter; for these are but trifles compared with what I feel persuaded that it is in your power to do, if only you will put out your strength and strive indefatigably to do your best. Many a first-rate genius has made only a second-rate poet, because he has not chosen to work hard; and it has often happened that a man of inferior power, like Gray, has won a lasting reputation with few other claims to it than the "claims of industry." It seems to me that *nothing* can be better *in the same way* than some of the verses you showed me. Let a brother-worker be allowed to urge you never to do anything but your best.

I envy my brother[3] the *pleasure* of spending a week or two with you in the country; but I hope my turn may come some day. If I may trust the impression of so short an acquaintance with you, I think that we are adapted to become friends. There are probably many years before us yet; and the next time we meet, it will be at least with the

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[1] "The Music Master."

[2] This was first printed in "Tamerton Church Tower" as "A Thunder-Shower," and afterwards incorporated in "Faithful for Ever."

[3] Gurney Eugene Patmore.

advantage of increased knowledge on both sides, and therefore with less danger of that sad but frequent end of early friendships, the exhaustion of each other's interest.

I am in better spirits now than when I saw you. The sea-air has braced my nerves, and I feel fit for work. I regret, however, that I am at present, and probably long shall be, condemned to prose. When my Muse soars with any effect you shall hear from me. Under similar, or any other circumstances indeed, I shall be glad to hear from you. I am a bad correspondent. That is, I cannot write long letters, but I shall always be delighted to exchange a flying leaf with you whenever you like.

Yours ever truly,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

[1849.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I have not time to write the long letter I desire to write about your poems; but I send you a line to say that they please me better every time I read them. My anxiety to see your more serious effort is very strong. Long poems and short poems seem to require two different kinds of faculty which are not often united in one person. Let me again exhort you to add indefatigable energy to your gift of musical feeling and expression. This last may do for poems of a few stanzas, but "woodnotes wild" will never satisfy the ear for more than a few minutes at a time. I have recently made the acquaintance of Cross and Millais, two artists who seem to me to be going on the right track to cut out our quacks Landseer, Martin, &c., and our semi-quacks, Eastlake, Etty and the like. I wish you were here to know them.

Yours ever,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

10, Cambridge Villas,
Camden New Town, London.
Nov. 12th, 1849.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

. . . . You ask me whether your poems exhibit a distinct style. I think so, decidedly; though I imagine that this distinction exists least where probably you imagine it to be most pronounced—as in certain peculiarities of expression which I shall beg to protest against in detail when

I can find time to write you about the poems fully. Your peculiar excellence is in the music of your verses. I do not think that any living writer has the power of musical versification so strikingly as you have it. Were your *finish* uniformly equal to your musical feeling you might look, I think, for no secondary place among living poets—but perhaps you will not think that a compliment. Most people would call the little poems you have sent me highly finished. If I may judge of your rate of working by my own, I should say that two months' hard labour is required before these poems will be fit for publication—that is to say—before they will be as good as you can make them. Do not turn pale or laugh. Such an amount of labour would not be wasted. It would make all the difference between the beach pebble and the beautiful agate. But I am volunteering advice which I have not a right to expect to prove acceptable. The only right I have to give it is in the fact that I myself act upon it to the best of my power—therein making my little power go as far as it can. I am anxious to see your more important performance. The impression I received from the parts you read me was not so good as I could wish. It seemed to me at the moment, that your faculty lay in the expressly lyrical, and that it ought therefore to limit itself to short pieces. But I hope and expect to be disappointed very agreeably by finding that you have this power of producing a finished and effective narrative poem. You seem to me to be too sharp a fellow not to know wherein your own power lies, much better than I can tell you. I had a letter from Tennyson a few days ago and I am constantly expecting to see him here.

Trusting that you will feel inclined to write pretty frequently, I remain

Very faithfully yours,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

P.S.—I wish you were in town now. There are some capital fellows—artists and otherwise, to whom I should beg to introduce you.

Museum, Jany. 5, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

A few artists—young and for the most part illustrious tho' as yet obscure (Hunt, Millais, G. Rossetti, &c.), have set a-going a small magazine upon a sound system. The

first No. has appeared, and is full of good poetry and noticeable criticism, and has an exquisite etching by Hunt. I think you would like to form one of the corporation subscribing (one shilling per month) and contributing (gratis). The title is "The Germ." I will send you a number to judge of. The little poem called "The Seasons" is mine. How gets on the "Music Master"?

Yours ever,
C. K. PATMORE.

British Museum.
Feb. 8, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

. . . . To-day I have had posted a copy of "The Germ," No. 2, which is better than No. 1, I think. They have begun too hastily, and I hope they will greatly improve as they go on. They will be very grateful to you for anything you may send up, but they won't pay you anything for it.

Pray excuse my not sending you the unfinished poem[1] you asked for. I have a feeling for a poem upon which I am engaged so long as it is entirely in my hands, which disappears when a single copy is gone forth, and the feeling is an essential support to me while I fag about its completion. Besides, I would for your own sake refuse. The poem I am about, when it is finished, and if it comes new upon you, will rejoice your heart; but the effect will be much damaged if I let you become familiar with the key-note first.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. PATMORE.

P.S.—Don't you think that you had better remain strictly anonymous in all your doings in verse and prose for the present?

March 12, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I agree with you about "The Germ" in the main. Pray let me see Part I. of "The Music Master." I would not ask if I did not feel that your kindness privileges me to say what I think about your poems.

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[1] This was no doubt "Tamerton Church Tower."

The little pieces which I have in my possession grow upon me every time I look at them. It is very foolish to say anything of a sound poet upon a slight acquaintance with him. I find that I was hasty for condemning them for want of finish—it was my appreciation of them that wanted finish.

I hear that you have had the misfortune to be publicly praised by that coxcomb of coxcombs, Gilfillan. I hope I am not deceiving myself as to the existence of any true merit in your effusions; certainly there could scarcely be a more persuading argument against you than the laudations of that Puppy. I long to see you. Is there any chance of my doing so? Have you read Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ?" I have lately been doing so—to my shame that I had not read it before. You will be behind your age if you do not give that book your conscientious perusal.

Tennyson is in town. I see him almost daily.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. PATMORE.

March 21, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM.

Your poem has just reached me, and, as you directed, I have read it at first quite uncritically, and for the total effect, which seems to me to be very pure and touching. I shall read it several times before I send you any decided opinion of it. I believe that poets are the slowest judges of other people's poetry. I found numbers of common-place understandings admiring Tennyson sincerely when I could see little in him because he was not aiming at the same sort of perfection which I had in view for myself.[1] My first impression of your poem is that it wants a great deal of hard work before it should be published—that is to say, as good as you can make it. I long to see the second part, because, according to the plan you told me of, you will have great scope for large and heart-oppressing (which is the same as heart-purifying) effects.

If in my long poem you detect a similarity to some of your ideas, you must not think that I have plagiarised. My prose sketch contains the ideas of the last couplet of Stanza I. and the chief thought in Stanza II.

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[1] Cf. vol. i., p. 245.

Am I like to see you soon? I feel persuaded that a little personal intercourse would be of much poetical benefit to both of us, for we are working in opposite directions, and each, I fancy, wants something of the other's principles.

Yours ever,
C. K. PATMORE.

April 17, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I have waited to give your poem a third perusal before writing my distinct opinion of it—which is, in brief, this, that a very large amount of labour is required to make it as good as you can make it (that is to say fit for publication) and that, considering the admirable power you possess in the lyric line, it is a pity that you should devote the time to this poem which will be required to complete it. I wrote a note a day or two ago to this effect, but destroyed it, thinking I would reconsider what I had to say, or that at least I would communicate my views with a less startling distinctness. But I have not changed my opinion and I believe that I should be doing you injustice to convey it in any way disguised with soft solder.

The poem abounds with lovely poetry, and is not wanting in profound thoughts. But no amount of poetry and profound thoughts will make a poem to my mind if these are unaccompanied with the results of that peculiar constructive power which I am able neither to describe in the limits of a note, nor to detect in "The Music Master." It is *extremely likely* that I may be wrong; but this is the best conclusion I can come to at present. Pray do not let it at all disturb you, unless it agrees with your own instinctive knowledge. Poets of your mark know, better than any one can tell them, the real worth of their doings. I have not the poem here, but I will send it you to-morrow with some marks which I have made in it.

I rejoice to hear that you have hit upon your true vein. You are the best lyric poet living—there is not a doubt of that; and I am fully persuaded that I shall hear all the world saying so by-and-by.

Tennyson has been out of town some weeks, but I am expecting him back daily. His elegies are printed. I have one of the *only* half dozen copies at present in existence. He talks of publishing them next Christmas.

I am working hard at my poem, and average six lines or so a day, which will bring the affair about in six years or so!

Have you seen a production of one Sidney Yendis[1] (the beastliest pseudonym ever invented)? It is remarkable, I should say, for an abundance of every perfection except the one which we want in a poet—individuality and unprecedentedness.

Yours ever truly,
C. K. PATMORE.

April 20, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I return your poem, after looking at it again, and discovering (as is always the case with good poets) many things which had not touched me before. The tenderness and purity of the later stanzas is great. I am rather costive of tears but my eyes get moist over this part.

Tennyson returns to town on Monday — I believe. I would rather not show him your poem till you have done your best to it, for he is by far the hardest critic I ever knew. I will show him your little lyrics as you give me permission. . . .

If you come to town in June you must come to live with me a week. I want to pump you for my big poem; not to speak of more indefinable requirements.

I have not seen anything of Browning's book. He is a strange fellow. I can't understand why he can't set to and be a great man—but he never will.

Yours ever,
C. K. PATMORE.

Museum, May 20, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I have a bad memory, and forget whether I have written to you since your last, or not. If not, let me say, that I was heartily disgusted with the way in which your

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[1] The pseudonym of Sydney Dobell. The poem alluded to is "The Roman." Patmore subsequently came to know Sydney Dobell. Cf. note, vol. i., p. 130.

"Lady Alice" was treated by the Editor (not Dickens) of "Household Words," and that I coincide with all that you say in defence of the mutilated lines.

Your little batch of lyrics gave me great pleasure—though (perhaps because I am not so familiar with them) I do not think that they are, upon the whole, quite so good as the first set. I have not had an opportunity of submitting the little poems to Tennyson yet. He is scarcely ever in town. I hope he will be here when you come to town, because, if you agree, I should like to take you to see him. . . .

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

8, Grove, January 6, 1851.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,

Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson have not yet fixed upon a house; but I believe they are thinking of settling near Croydon.

I have not seen Mr. Clough since you were in town; nor am I likely to see him, my family triangle constituting my entire circle of society just now (pardon such a silly joke which I did not perceive till it was done).

Your friends the P. R. B.'s are to make a great show in the Exhibition next year. I believe Mr. Woolner is not at present talking of going to America. Mr. Tennyson has taken a great liking to him and has had him to stay with him and Mrs. Tennyson: this, among other things, seems to have put our excellent friend into a good humour with England.

Believe me very truly yours,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

April 28, 1851.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

Mrs. Tennyson has had a son born dead; I am very sorry for this, as I think that the sooner Tennyson has a few children about him the better it will be for his mental health and comfort. They live at Twickenham—just the right distance to make visits pleasant by proving them sincere.

Mr. Ruskin has a new book[1] out. The Architects are mad against it; but it is full of good stuff.

Very truly yours,
COVENTRY K. PATMORE.

The following letter is written on the back of the Prospectus of the Metropolitan Rifle Club, of Feb. 2nd, 1852. (See vol. i., pp. 74-76.)

Chapel House, Twickenham,
Feb. 6, 1852.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

Three months of engrossing business have prevented me from writing to you, as I have been continually intending. My whole time is now absorbed in the business of a Rifle Club, which I have been mainly instrumental in getting up. I write now only to suggest to you the feasibility of setting about the same thing, if you have not already done so. You have a large circle of friends, and nothing could be easier.

I will write again shortly.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. PATMORE.

P.S.—I did not write this prospectus as you will suppose.

Allingham's answer to this letter may as well be given here.

Ballyshannon, Ireland,
10th Feb., '52.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I was very glad to see your handwriting. My correspondents seemed to have deserted me to a man, and to a woman.

I guessed the peculiar initials in "The Times" to be yours. Your rifle clubs are altogether right things, and if I were living in England (as would that I were!) I would join at once.

But this country is not England. Few people in it have any "public spirit." Pugnacious spirit many have, and most of these are already either Ribbonmen, that is, rebels

[1] "Stones of Venice," vol. i.

and assassins, or Orangemen—who are loyal, but in a factious way, and are discountenanced by the Viceroy. Among the rest, I don't think I could find three of my acquaintance to combine for the purpose which engages you; and I have recently, in some Harbour Improvement meetings and committees, had opportunities of testing their power of cohesiveness for the Public good.

Further,—if one were to set about arming here, a Colt's revolver, rather than a rifle, would be the weapon. Were the pressure of actual war around us, our own neighbours and workmen and servants would be our first and greatest danger. For instance, it seems to me not at all improbable that our man-servant—a very civil, attentive fellow—is a Ribbonman, and would *do accordingly*, if the moment came. "The Nation" newspaper frequently touches on the advantages and opportunities to be hoped from a foreign invasion of England. May we be all saved from such inconceivable horrors!

In the meantime it is well, come what may, that the thought of dying for one's country should at last be dusted and carried out of the study into the open air a little.

I observe that you date from Mr. Tennyson's house. May I ask you to convey to him my best regards. Can you tell me anything of him?

I wish I could make you think it a *duty* to exchange a few written words with me now and again. It is like visiting a man in prison. Consider and have charity (in the intervals of rifle practice) on the condition of a gregarious, conversational person in a desolate island. I know everybody here, and so know thoroughly that there is nobody. I don't speak in contempt, believe, and I always *think* kindly of people,—but I mention, thus, the sure and well-tried state of things.

And it is not alone, or chiefly, the want of high intellectual intercourse that distresses me, but that one and all of the finer ingredients of social life are absent,—to a curious and almost incredible degree.

I have been lopt and thwarted pretty well in my fairest tendencies!—but enough of this. Am I therefore to give myself up to be a screech-owl's nest?

Shall I burn this leaf? No. You can do it. So good-night,

And believe me yours,
W. ALLINGHAM, JUNR.

British Museum,
July 25, 1854.

My Dear Allingham,

It is worth some trouble to acquire a wholesome disgust at and contempt of "the fourth estate" in its periodical development at least. I have in a manner followed your example. I have resolved—and may I have heart to persevere!—utterly to cut "our periodical literature" as being altogether a base and unsatisfactory way of expending one's energies and earning one's tin. This vow cuts off half my income, but, in order to fulfil it, I have dropped both my servants and taken lodgings at Hendon for my wife and children, where we can get wholesome food, shelter, and a pew at church, on two hundred a year. For the first time in the last ten years I have now the health of mind and body and *conscience* to write poetry, which I propose to do henceforward according to the capacity I have been made with.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. Patmore.

British Museum,
Oct., 1854.

My Dear Allingham,

You will receive in a day or two a copy of a poem by "C. K. Dighton" under which name I wish, if possible, to pass for the present—chiefly because the weight of "The Times'" attack on my father's book[1] has fallen on me—even "Punch" abusing me by my full name on account of it. Only two or three of the P. R. B. *côterie* are in the secret. Can't you do the notice in the "Critic"?

You will find the poem much altered and I hope much improved by the omission of the "Epigrams" as a regular "department."

Yours faithfully,
C. K. Patmore.

British Museum,
Nov. 6, '54.

My Dear Allingham,

I do not want you to withhold, in noticing my vol. anything a stranger (a judge of poetry) acquainted with my

[1] See vol. i., p. 166.

former doings, would infer from the volume itself. Thanks for the paragraph in "The Critic," which I had not seen. A copy was sent to the Dublin University, also to Kingsley —but anonymously. Ruskin had one, also anonymously. Rossetti was with him a day or two after he received it: R. asked him if he had seen or knew anything about "a glorious book called "The Angel in the House"! Alfred Tennyson is also emphatic in his prophecies of Immortality for the same performance.

Hannay has written a notice of it in "The Leader," regarding it from the ultra-pagan point of view, from which of course it looks rather dull. But the notice is *respectful*, which is the most I could have hoped, or even desired from the "Leader."

The "Spectator" has also noticed it, in the beginning pronouncing it to be an imitation of Tennyson, in the middle, of Petrarch, and in the end declaring that it is a mere echo of Cowley; to complete this specimen of "critical acumen" the poem is bracketed with Gerald Massey.

Yours faithfully,
C. PATMORE.

Monday, Nov., 1854.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I feel awfully dumpy just now, for I cannot afford to fail, as I fear, in consequence of my compulsory anonymousness, there is a chance of my doing, for the present. Pray, if you take the trouble to write again about the poem, speak well out, not only about faults, but *shortcomings* of what a poem with such a subject ought to be. I am much less conceited and consequently more open to advice, than of yore; and no one ever earned anything but gratitude from me in telling me of a fault.

I saw the "Times" about Massey. It was that, and its former article on Julian Vane that inspired the stanza, "I'm not a Chartist or a lord,'" etc.,

Yours ever,
C. K. PATMORE.

British Museum,
Jany. 5, '55.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I hear there is a good notice of the "Angel" in the "Dublin University." I suppose it is by you. If so accept

my very best thanks for your generous and timely help. I attribute it chiefly to the notice [1] in the "Critic" that my book has already covered, or nearly covered, the expenses of printing. Do you know, I have lately given up everything to attend to this work, and it is of the *very greatest* importance to me that it should succeed. You see how I have made the "Athenæum" and others "howl." That is satisfactory under an eternal, but not under a temporal point of view. By the way, I have not been a direct auditor of those unpleasing sounds (thanks to my vow) but I connot without making an inexpedient fuss prevent the echoes reaching me through sympathising friends.

I am now about a thorough revision of the "Betrothal" with a view to a second edition, which sooner or later will probably be required.

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
May 3, '55.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I have read and made a few hasty notes on the proofs of the "Music Master" only (the preceding sheets being printed off, and so past alteration). The poem has gained immensely by the revising, and I think it nearly as finished as it will bear. It is the most touching poem I know, as it now stands, and cannot fail to make itself heard and loved in due season. I think the effect of the poem is much diminished by the frequent running of stanza into stanza. The stanza is quite long enough for a complete sentence and its character is essentially *terminal*. But it is too late to alter this fault, which seems to be one of the original constitution of the poem, and so scarcely to be got rid of by polish.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. PATMORE.

To W. Allingham, Esq.,
New Ross,
Ireland.

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[1] Allingham's review of the "Angel" is alluded to in a letter to him by Emily Augusta Patmore printed in vol. i., pp. 154-155.

British Museum,
Sep. 12, 1855.

My Dear Allingham.

Thanks for a sight of your correspondent's note, which gives me pleasure, particularly by the additional testimony that the poem is liked by women, who are always the arbiters of *real* poetical success—besides being by far the best critics of emotional poetry. I keep the letter to show my wife, whose chief delight I think is hearing my verses praised.

What do you think of the gratuitous slight put upon you and me in Kingsley's notice of "Maud"? I would not change "Tamerton Church Tower" nor (if I were the author of it,) the "Music Master" for fifty "Mauds."

. . . . . Tennyson has made a *hideous* mistake in publishing it; and I should have told him my mind about it (as far as in civility I could) had he given me an opportunity. But he read me only a passage here and there, and his reading magnifies the merit of everything, it is so grand. One or two of the love passages are to my mind exquisite.

I am getting on with my Book II. at a moderate rate, and I think not unsatisfactorily. I have written and thoroughly finished eleven twenty-sevenths of the whole, and expect to have it ready for the early spring season. Woolner and Rossetti like what they have seen of it better than Book I.

Yours faithfully,
Coventry Patmore.

British Museum. Dec. 6, '55.

My Dear Allingham,

My very best thanks for your annotations, which I see at a glance will be of high value to me in preparing a second edition, which I trust to be called upon to do in the spring, my book being now in the seventh hundred, and the sale still regular though small.

The second vol. is within two or three weeks of completion. I shall send you proofs soon after Xmas, and expect, as usual, more sensible and careful remarks from you than from any one else.

Yours faithfully,
Coventry Patmore.

Longwinded-fellow's last is, I think, his best. There are some particularly neat terms of expression, such as :

> "First a speck, and then a vulture."
> "Then the air was black with pinions."

and, speaking of the snow, that

> "Covers the earth with Silence."

I don't understand how a man who can ever tumble on a good line can write such heaps of slush as he has done.

On a second glance at your pencillings, I see that you have marked for omission not only several of my good passages, but some which I regard as going right to the heart of the matter and most essential, particularly those that in any way bear on the eternity of human love. I will send you a new copy.

I will not neglect any opportunity of speaking my mind about the "Music Master," etc. If you happen to find me roaring much more mildly than you deserve, you will make allowance for circumstances under which said roar may occur.

Feb. 24, '56.

My Dear Allingham,

Thank you very much for your pencillings, many of which I at once agree with, and all of which shall have a full consideration, particularly in the second edition, which will be the *poem*, these two volumes being merely a hurriedly composed mass of materials for the same, and only published in the hope (a fallacious one as yet) that the world would not let such a promising steed starve while the grass was growing.

I have almost made up my mind to close the poem, with this second part, and to continue the subject in another work. I am tired of the metre ; and the feeling or idea, or whatever you call it, will be thoroughly developed (if not over-developed) in these two volumes, when they are finally revised.

Write and tell me whether you think the poem will stand complete as I now propose to leave it ; and if you have any suggestions of a *positive* kind to make, *i.e.*, of additions to the "love-lore" or of "dodges" by which to impress it more clearly, they will be acted on to the best of my power.

Depend on it, I shall not neglect any occasion of speaking my mind about certain poems, but remember that the liberty to do so will be in inverse ratio to the importance of the vehicle. The powers which ought to take the initiative in these matters, for the most part limit themselves to confirming sentences already passed by the majorities of the lower estates of the literary realms. Meantime I think your name is getting on very well. The reviewers seem to have an instinct of what books can take care of themselves. I live in the hope that the truth will come to light in time for us to see it, and that after all you and I shall have to fight it out for the laureateship!!! Till then I remain,

Yours,
C. K. PATMORE.

March 29, '56.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

. . . . You *horrify* me with your talk about pruning. If my notion of the relation of all the parts of the poem to the "*idea*" (or whatever you call it) is not a conceit, you might as well talk of pruning off the outer leaves of a half-blown rose. In fact, the poem wants at least one-third more to make it a complete statement of the matter, and whether I proceed beyond these two parts or not, I shall certainly publish a volume of *additions* to these two parts. I feel sure that you will end by agreeing with me.

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Dec. 14, 1856.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

Have you read "Aurora Leigh"? Is it not strange that writers, and still more strange that readers—should prefer shrieking G or F to singing E or D? But the book abounds with "fine things" and will be a "tremendous success" no doubt. We linnets must abide our time.

Gurney is coming to spend Xmas with us.

I have given up my third and fourth books for the *present*. When the public are sufficiently drunk with the spirituous Pierian which they are now imbibing, they will turn to you and me as to soda-water, and then I may be justified in going on afresh.

My wife has just finished your poem. "How much

better than ——! So much more quiet and effective," etc., etc. She also approves of all my suggestions—*of course*.

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Dec. 29, 1856.

Happy New Year to you.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

. . . . I hear from every one that your notice of the "Angel" is everything that the most praiseworthy poet could desire. The only thing I regret is that, when I have the opportunity of doing you a like service, it may look like "returning the compliment."

Although the book has had four or five first-rate weekly articles, it does not sell anything to speak of.

I have at last succeeded in letting my house furnished, and we have returned to our economical style of living at Hampstead, whereby I hope to be enabled to have leisure enough this coming year for a great part, if not the whole of Book II.

Are you about anything serious? I hope you are. The future belongs to you and me and Matthew Arnold (who has written a *great* little epic called the "Death of Balder"[1]) unless we are lazy.

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
Feb. 18, '57.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I find among my "unanswered letters," yours of a month ago—received at a time when I was under most serious apprehensions as to my wife's recovery from an inflammation of the lungs. She is now very slowly, but I hope surely, getting better.

I am glad my comments were of use to you. You will be pleased to hear that our nursery-maid has been teaching our children "Robin dear" (is that the title?) which was in the "Athenæum" some time ago, but which she had picked up, on revisiting her parish school the other day, and hear-

[1] "Balder Dead."

ing it sung by the scholars there. Even fame (for this *is* fame) has taken to quick travelling.

I saw the "Athenæum" on Smith[1] and guessed you had a hand in it. The piece in the "National Magazine" is conclusive against Smith's *originality of mind*, which the "Life Drama" was not. Woolner says, however, he has heard some really good things in manuscript, and that *personally* A. S. is impressive as a truthful and understanding person—but that is little or nothing.

Who is more personally impressive in this way than W. B. S.;[2] and yet, as to his "outcome," what a null he is and always will be!

"Aurora Leigh" is a strange book for a modest sensible little woman like Mrs. Browning to have written. It is full of "fine things" of course; but I am inexpressibly sick of such under such conditions. See "Recent Poets" in "E. Rev."[3]

Ever faithfully yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
April 28, '57.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I shall be very glad to see your hand again in poetry. I think you do not write half enough. Beware of "Self-culture!" I believe there is nothing more fatal to the free spirit of verse, which "blows as it listeth." As for me, I have done with poetry for the present. There are only a few copies left of the "Angel," and I have carefully prepared the second edition of the two vols. in one. The success has not been bad, as things go. I have received altogether £140 from Parker, and shall have to receive £40 or £50 more next *Xmas*. But, as I have spent from five to seven hundred pounds' worth of time, you see that is not satisfactory in the worldly point of view, which is a point I am bound not to neglect. However I do not despair of doing something else some day or other—ten years hence perhaps. My *regular* income is likely to be raised, so that I shall be able to live without the degradation of review-

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[1] Alexander Smith. [2] William Bell Scott.
[3] "Edinburgh Review."

writing for money—a degradation only not so great as that of not paying one's debts. I propose so to retrench expenses, by giving up housekeeping and living again as I did in order to write the "Angel," that I may be able to live entirely on my professional income, and have time to make honest use of my faculties. But I do not think it will be in the direction of poetry, but in some prose work, which will be both useful and paying, so that we may be able to resume housekeeping by the time it becomes important to the children that we should do so. That is my present programme.

I have no thought of visiting Manchester. I fancy that the display will be a very unprofitable one to most, even of those who have some feeling for painting. Not only is gorging of any kind a bad thing, but even the opportuuity of doing so is demoralising—at least with me—and I should get far more artistic profit by spending my five pounds in half a dozen Albert Durer prints or a good sketch, than by a week's, however judicious, contemplation of the desert of treasures at Manchester.

The article in the National on "Aurora Leigh" is not mine. I should never have called it "a great poem" in any other than a material sense. It reminds me of an ill-conditioned child jumping at the stars and stamping on the flowers.

> "Standing on the head makes not
> Either for ease or dignity,"

some one says, and the operation becomes still more undignified when the performer wears flounces.

Ever faithfully yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
Aug. 25, '57.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I had no opportunity of getting your opinion before you left as to the passages of the "Angel" you thought it would be well to omit. I am now engaged on the final revision of the poem, and should be very grateful for any of your well-considered opinions. I have expunged the "Sentences" entirely, as such, and have incorporated what is most important in them with other parts of the poem, or

have fused them together into short pieces, or in some cases, have left them standing as independent pieces with *titles* like the other accompaniments. So that, at present, there are only two divisions, *i.e.*, narrative pieces and reflective pieces, instead of three as before. This I find renders the poem much simpler, and improves it more than I could have anticipated.

Have you seen "City Poems?"[1] "Squire Maurice" seems to me to be full of good stuff, but the rest not much better than the "Life Drama." The plagiarisms are as numerous and more barefaced than before.

Ever faithfully yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
Nov. 8, '60.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,

I am glad to be able to answer your kind enquiries by saying that my wife is now convalescent after having been given up by four physicians. The approach of winter has not at all checked the progress towards recovery, and I have the strongest hope that all will go right.

I myself have had some weeks of sharp ill health, produced by long watching and anxiety, the doctors say. I have been recruiting at Farringford for the last ten days and am sorry to hear that you have been so long out of sorts. Why don't you resolve on cheering yourself with the comforts and perils of the wedded state?

When a man of your age gets out of sorts for a whole year together it's a sure sign that his condition does not suit him, and requires a radical change of some sort.

I never see any of "our mutual friends" and so can give you no news whatever of them.

Ever yours,
C. PATMORE.

British Museum.
Oct. 22, '61.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

May I reprint your "Fairy Hunting Song," "Up the breezy mountains," and one or two other short pieces, should

[1] By Alexander Smith.

I desire to do so, in a book of children's poetry from good poets which I am now collecting? I should like to have also your Robin Song, but I do not know where to find it. Perhaps you will kindly send me a copy of that and of anything else you may think suitable among your recent publications in periodicals, etc.

My wife's health is neither better nor worse than it was six months ago. I may at least, therefore, hope that the progress of her malady may be rendered *very* slow by great care.

Ever truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

British Museum,
Nov. 25, 1861.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

Thank you very much for the two poems; I fear it will be impossible to send you proofs; but your manuscript is very clear, and I can see to their being exactly printed. The book is being hurried through the press to catch the Xmas sale. I think you will like it; I have taken great pains to make it what it should be, and I think there is no collection at all resembling it.

"The Victories of Love" is the completion of "Faithful for Ever," which was abandoned by me in an unfinished state when my wife's condition of health seemed quite hopeless. I hope you will not read it till it appears as part of the second and revised edition of "Faithful for Ever" which will probably appear in the spring.

We are in London for the winter. My wife's broken health has been destructive to home. We are obliged to live half the year in the country and half in town, and, as I cannot afford two houses, we have to put up with all the wretchedness of lodgings. We were *too* comfortable before all this happened. Providence takes care to startle people out of the dream that this world is a place to be jolly in.

Yours ever,
C. PATMORE.

CHAPTER XI

LETTERS TO MRS. JACKSON

THE occasion of these letters is noted, vol. i., p. 208. There are numerous allusions to Mrs. Jackson's friendship for the Patmores in vol. i. She had been a friend and correspondent of Emily Augusta Patmore, (vol. i., pp. 157, 158), and was Patmore's neighbour while he lived at Heron's Ghyll (pp. 236 and 239). "Julia" is Mrs. Jackson's youngest daughter, who married first, Mr. Herbert Duckworth, and later Mr. Leslie Stephen. The eldest daughter married Mr. Henry Halford Vaughan (vol. i., p. 157): the second became Mrs. Herbert Fisher who has furnished these letters.

Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, Nice.
February 21, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

* * * * *

I know that you will be glad to hear that the first four days of my journey have passed pleasantly. Julia will toss her head and laugh at the resolved expectation not to be pleased at anything with which I set out. Explain to her, please, that there is more to be said for this way of setting about things than, at eighteen, she may be disposed to believe. I have found it work admirably. Never expecting any pleasure from untried sources, I have actually derived from them a great deal.

A little reflection on my four days' experience shews me that, by good chance, my first (and last) continental tour is begun under very fair conditions.

I have no plans, beyond the general intention of seeing the best art and the best scenery in the world: I am under

no compulsion to "do" the places I visit in the wasteful haste of most modern tourists: I no longer regret that I could not find a travelling companion, for none (save one[1] whom I cannot have) but would have been sometimes a burthen; even the somewhat strict economical limits I have to keep are, I think, necessary elements of metrical character, so to speak, in all such pleasures as are to be had for money: finally, I am bound by promise to write often and fully to you, and this duty will save me from the sense of loneliness in many a solitary evening.

Your having been over much of the same ground will make it all the more pleasant to me to tell you what strikes me. You know what I think about the choice of subject in landscape-painting, and the uselessness of art which attempts to shew us what we have not seen or felt. It is just the same with writing. Who ever got from a description any true idea of any unseen place? But, if you have seen the place, then the picture or the description adds the painter's or the writer's perceptions, if he has any, to yours. In accordance with this opinion, I have scarcely at any time read anything about the places to which I am going. What I write to you will, therefore, not be bookish. Nor will you suspect me of admiring anything because everybody admires it, or of not admiring it for that reason.

At London Bridge I found that Mr. Marshall and his family were starting also for Rome, and by the same route. As my style of travelling was to be different from theirs, which no doubt they guessed, I thought it friendly that they did nothing to invite companionship. I lost sight of them at Paris, but I shall most likely meet them here again, at Sir Vere de Vere's, or elsewhere; for they also proposed to stay awhile at Nice.

I was two full days in Paris, and should have remained longer but for the bitter cold. I never felt anything like it in England, even when the thermometer has been many degrees lower. It was only a commonly hard frost, coating the fountains with ice an inch thick; but a high and very dry wind made the cold insupportable, and a pain in the chest soon warned me that my "sick-leave" did not contemplate a stay in Paris in February.

The city was wholly new to me. I was under sixteen

[1] His late wife.

when I went to school at St. Germain, to learn to speak French (which I did not learn to do), and I had forgotten everything, except the Place Vendôme, where I used to go to spend my Sundays at Mrs. Gore's. It was just what you told me to expect. A very "imposing" city. But the imposition soon wears off. The cumulative element of effect is not artistic unless in combination with better things. Architectural beauty cannot be got by multiplying one tall house by ten thousand, as we may learn without going farther than Belgravia. An impressive effect is certainly created, but it is rather a natural than an artistic one. A billion cart-loads of earth in a heap is a grand sight, even when the outline of the mountain is insignificant; I was pleasantly surprised, however, to find how much I had been led, by my memory and by bad representations, to underrate "Notre Dame." I have never seen anything in pointed architecture so completely beautiful as "Notre Dame" seen from the Quay on the south-east.

I spent about five hours in the Louvre, and was rather humiliated to find that I could get little or no pleasure from many paintings which are considered to be among the finest in the world. Some of the greatest Raphaels and Titians scarcely touched me: the mighty scenes of Rubens disgusted me as the works of no artist of less wonderful power could have done: the grinning woman, in every canvas of Leonardo, still haunts my mind's eye like a disagreeable dream. On the other hand, my old admiration for certain French painters was confirmed and increased. There is a "Deluge" by Nicolas Poussin which is, to my feeling, the most thoughtful and imaginative picture I have seen. A full comparison of this painting with our John Martin's "Deluge" would be a valuable lesson on true and false art. I could not give to this picture more than a minute or two out of my five hours, but that was time for me to learn enough of it to explain to you, if you do not remember it, how greatly the subject is handled. In the distant centre of the picture is a boat full of people, dropping perpendicularly over a cataract: some have fallen out, and are drowning: one, who is unobstrusively the principal figure in the piece, stands against the heaved-up prow, with his arms stretched to heaven in an agony of prayer. It is too late for prayer, which cannot even delay his fate until the waters have covered the ground; and the boat—the best safety in

a deluge—is the one point of premature destruction and despair. Everywhere else there is hope. A man on horseback and another on a plank are urging their way earnestly and confidently, through quiet waters, towards a high and promising shore: others are helping their friends to land, with apparently a fair likelihood of escape . . . A single huge snake is gliding out of the way of the rising flood, and is made too conspicuous for doubt as to the painter's intention of suggesting the primal cause of the evil which is come upon the earth. The whole meaning is expressed, by these and other details, with so entire an absence of false emphasis, that no one need see anything at all in the picture unless he likes; indeed, he may deny, if he chooses, the meaning, even when it is declared to him. No high power, whether of religion, human affection, or art, assaults the moral freedom of those it would serve; but demands, and imputes the merit of the service to, our own active choice, and indeed looks to that act of free election as the chief blessing intended.

That is a sadly involved sentence, but I think you will catch my thought.

Certainly love has never been expressed with more force, delicacy, and spiritual science than in the Cupid and Psyche of Gérard. As I mean to have a vignette of this picture for the title-page of the next edition of the "Angel in the House," I will say no more about it.

After these, I think I was most impressed by the three vast Giulio Romanos and one or two queer allegories by Mantegna. With the famous Venus of Milo I was not so much pleased as I hoped to be. We have a comparatively unknown Venus very much like it, but I think better, in the British Museum; and all the sculptures in the Louvre put together are not worth our "Theseus" or the "Fates." I intend to spend several mornings in the Louvre on my way home.

I spent the remainder of my two days in Paris, much as I should have spent two idle days in London. This is the only way (for me, at least), to see a place. Express sight-hunting is quite fatal to the power of seeing anything aright. If you are to be but two days at a place, behave just as if you were to be there two years, and do not go to the sights, but let the sights, or as many of them as will, come to you. That is my rule. It has these advantages. You see things

with a quiet mind, and in their true proportions as related to your home "surroundings," with which all your comparisons and estimates have to be made; and you leave the place still clad, to your memory, with the great charm of the indefinite, and with much left to be seen in your next visit, which may never come. Besides, why should one desire to see more of Paris than of one's own London? I have not yet been to the Brompton Boilers.

I had so far forgotten as to be agreeably surprised at the ways of the French folk—or at least at some of them. It was pleasant to find the justice of such a remark as *Il fait froid* recognised with an emphasis and gravity not awarded, in my own country, to what I consider my most original observations; and the countenance which every one kept while I talked French filled me with gratitude and admiration. For my way of talking French is this: To save time, I say what I have to say in French words and English construction, and afterwards, at my leisure and for my own satisfaction, re-arrange the phrase in the Gallic idiom, if I am able.

I have been to the post again, and have got Julia's letter. I am very sorry, indeed, that she could not give a better account of your health, and I shall look anxiously for further news. If I write any more, I shall miss the next post. I am not sure that I have not already missed it.

What does Julia mean by hoping the baby's hair will not remain red? Is it not the colour of colours, according to the præraphaelite and now universally admitted doctrine?

I will write about Nice, which is pleasant far beyond expectation, in a day or two. I shall remain here two or three days longer. My next stoppage will probably be at Rome.

With love to Julia, and very kind remembrances to Mrs. Cameron, believe me,

My dear Mrs. Jackson,
Ever sincerely yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Nice, February 23rd, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

I have often thought, during the last two or three days, that Nice, not Freshwater, is the place for you. To-day has been such a day! even the men have had their umbrellas up, to keep off the sun; and with all my winter

things put aside, I have found a trifling walk of ten miles or so quite fatiguing.

The changes, on reaching the shores of the Mediterranean, were almost like those of a pantomime for their suddenness. From Paris to within twenty or thirty miles of Marseilles the cold was intense. The breath froze on the windows instantly, in spite of hot-water foot-warmers and well-filled carriages; and the snow lay many inches deep, where undisturbed, and stood in drifts many feet high along the banks. The England I had left seemed a paradise of warmth and life when I looked out upon "the dismal situation, waste and void," which was my first view of the South of France.

When we got near Marseilles, the piercing "Mistral" was blowing so fiercely, that it brought the express train to a dead stop for about half-an-hour (I have since heard that it has been known to blow the carriages over), and detained us for, altogether, an hour and a-half. But once fairly on the sea-line, and on the way to Nice, I found myself in an English midsummer, though the snow lay deep on the mountains at the feet of which we glided.

There was no stoppage between Paris and Nice of more than fifteen minutes, and that only once, at Lyons, the nominal stoppage of ten or fifteen minutes being really not more than half that time, as I found by looking at my watch. Thus the journey was practically an uninterrupted one of twenty-four hours. Yet I did not find it so tedious as I have usually found a railway journey of one-fourth that time. Perhaps it was that I brought to so great an evil a great resignation. There was nothing else to make the time pass well. There were five others in the carriage, all French, I believe, but one, who looked like an Italian. I made one faint attempt to break the utter silence, somewhere near Lyons, but was not encouraged, and with that exception there was not a single word spoken, except by a lady, who sometimes spoke in a whisper to her husband, between Paris and Marseilles. That surpasses even English reticence.

If my surprise was great at rushing into summer at Marseilles, you may think what it was on entering the tropics, at Nice. Such a climate, such scenery, and such vegetation! Rocks of white marble with huge aloes and cactuses growing out of the crevices, groves of lemon and

orange trees in full blossom and full bearing; grey forests of olive, with the ground beneath them full of geraniums, roses, and anemones in flower; feathery palm-trees and gigantic reeds and ferns swaying in the soft air; twenty sorts of trees and shrubs in leaf and blossom, none of which I had before seen.

For the first time in my life I acknowledge an advantage in railway over coach travelling. No such effect could have been possible without our new power of traversing astronomical distances (about 700 miles or about one-third of the moon's face), in twenty-four hours.

At the Bureau at Nice I waited for my portmanteau in a degree of excitement which, though moderate, was not consistent with the doctrine of the nothingness of nature when compared with humanity, which—do you remember? —was the last thing we were talking about on the last evening before I bade you good-bye. But I was happily rebuked and set to rights by seeing an English gentleman leading his daughter through the room, which was filled with Frenchmen and women and Savoyard commissionaires. I remembered the land of Homeric Goddesses, "beautiful and tall," which I had left; and as I observed the innocent pride and gladness with which the noble young girl passed through the lane of respectfully admiring eyes—for English beauty makes the gaze of Frenchmen respectful—snow-mountains, cactuses, aloes, and orange trees took their proper proportions in my opinion, and I do not mean to forget any more my right, if only as the fellow-countryman of such women, to look down upon all Alps and Apennines.

My first business at Nice was, as usual, to make myself thoroughly at home, at the same time ignoring totally all guides and guide-books. I walked about the town, going through the same streets and squares several times, so as to get a feeling that I had as good a right as anybody there to take a country walk for a change; and yesterday and to-day I have walked through scenery which, to my homespun notions, is magnificent. To-day, I went along a road by the sea to Villafranca, and came back by a different way, over a mountain path. If the whole of the road to Genoa is as well worth seeing as the first few miles, the journey will be a great treat. I am thinking of walking all the way. It is quite practicable, I am told. Villafranca, as you come suddenly upon it on turning the corner of a road, looks

like a gem set in a girdle of mountains of beautiful shapes and exquisitely worked surfaces. Or rather like a toy-town, adorned with every condition of "picturesqueness" that can be thought of to give it an almost unnatural unity and completeness.

My taste in building is becoming Italianized before I have reached the Italian frontier. The campanile has a great advantage over the spire, in its relative effect, harmonizing much more perfectly with the perpendicular and the horizontal lines of all the other buildings of the town, and bringing them all together by a leading point of comparison. Moreover the campanile has an element of intrinsic beauty which is conspicuously wanting in the spire, namely utility. Under this aspect the Gothic spire is as great an anomaly as the Egyptian Pyramid or the Hindoo Pagoda.

It is curious to see however on how few and trivial details, continually repeated, the whole vast difference in appearance of housebuilding here and in England depends. The tiles lying with their convex faces up, instead of the concave; the sun-shutters and the smaller openings for light, make up almost the whole matter. Unless one is on one's guard it is easy to be imposed upon in such things by mere novelty, the most irrational of all sources of admiration.

24 Feb. I have been to the post hoping to see your handwriting, and to hear that you were better, since Julia's letter. I shall not hear from you again until I reach Rome, for I am going to leave Nice early to-morrow. The weather is too warm for me. I cannot walk even in my summer things with comfort. I had a mountain ramble yesterday and was very much oppressed by the heat. The country seems to abound in beautiful walks. There are three ranges of hills, the first from one to two thousand feet high, which they call *collines*, are just high enough to walk over and about; the second range is fairly mountainous, that is from two to four thousand feet; and the third is "Alpine," covered with snow, and rising, Lady de Vere tells me, to seven or eight thousand feet.

I went six miles along the nearly dry bed of a mountain torrent, and back to Nice over a *colline* which felt very much like a mountain. A girl from a farm in the valley guided me, and once or twice risked my neck by jumping me over what I should, by myself, have thought impossible ravines. She once leaped like a goat on to a projecting

corner of damp clay, only big enough for one foot to touch it, as a half way point in a jump over a fall of twenty or thirty feet, and then stood quietly wondering at my hesitation in resolving on the possibly fatal step. I was obliged to take it, not to seem ridiculous. Here, as in Paris, I find great difficulty in getting anything to eat, except at the Tables d'Hôte, which are long after my usual feeding time. At the hour I require a pound of steak and a pint of ale I go into the most likely-looking shop, and, after walking three times round a table on which are thirty or forty different plates, I select what looks the most substantial, and bite a brown bladder of air; and end by making my luncheon off three ounces of perfumed sugar and one of chocolate. Unless they manage these things better in Rome, I shall die, or come back before my time. In my visit to Villafranca, I found a town in which eating seemed quite uncontemplated, and had to take my refreshment at a roadside house, where there were three or four Savoyard conscripts drinking, brawling, and singing in parts snatches of tender airs from modern Italian Operas. The landlady gave me a bottle of very queer but quite drinkable wine, three eggs with the chill off (but without a spoon), and a bottle of oil. I drank the eggs and the wine, and might have drunk the oil, and had to pay only a franc.

The people here seem very harmless and good natured, but stunted and ugly. They have good voices and a wonderful feeling for music. Such is the power of this lovely climate on the voice, that the cocks, instead of crowing as they do in England, bray long and loud like donkeys, and just finish off with a loose and rollicking imitation of a crow, by which alone I knew that they were cocks. One "beast of a bird,"[1] kept me awake all night, by singing in this way below my window.

I will write again from Genoa.

Ever, my dear Mrs. Jackson, most sincerely yours,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Genoa, February 28.

DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

I am so uneasy at not knowing, or being able to know, for several days, whether you are better or worse, or

[1] Dryden must have been at Nice. (Note by C. P.)

in the same weakness in which you were when I parted from you, that I do not feel the pleasure I should in writing to you. You may not be able to read my letters at all, or perhaps they fatigue you and do you harm. If so, pray do not read them—at least until you are better. I also am far from well, but the continual freshness and beauty of all I see prevent me from feeling that I am much out of order, except at night. Last night I fancied I was going to be seriously ill; and the idea of being imprisoned in this gloomy palace, week after week, with my bill becoming of such dimensions as to quench all hope of ever being able to leave Genoa, weighed on my spirits and haunted my dreams. I caught cold in the course of the twenty-eight hours it took to traverse the Corniche road—during part of that time the rain poured in through the roof of the coupé and made all my things damp. This would not perhaps have hurt me by itself; but I arrived at Genoa literally in an advanced stage of starvation. The journey was six hours longer than the proper time, owing to the ruinous state of the road caused by the making of the railway, which is being carried out almost the whole length of the road at the same time, not mile by mile as is usually done with us. For twenty-one hours the diligence made no stoppage whatever except to change horses, and this was never done at an inn; so that nothing passed my lips during that time but one glass of eau sucré, which I obtained at a stopping-place by representing, through the driver, that I was dying of thirst; for I was past eating. When I got to Genoa, the idea of food sickened me, and I could bring myself to eat only by very slow degrees. Mrs. James Marshall and Sir Vere de Vere had warned me that land-travelling to Rome was not to be lightly undertaken, but I was not prepared for anything like this.

Genoa is not likely to remove my sore throat and increased cough. The finest streets are like cracks and crevices in a marble earth. You see, at a vast distance above you, a thin line of bright sky, bounded by rocky cornices, which sometimes almost touch each other; and there is everywhere the feeling that you are on ground which for hundreds of years has never felt the sun. A long, hot day does not dry the pavement, if a shower has fallen in the night. The rooms are cold and cavernous. Mine, a fine, frescoed chamber, up thirteen or fourteen

flights of stairs, looks and feels like a state dungeon, the light having still to come from so great a height down the narrow chasm which severs my side of the street from the other. I have scarcely light enough at noon to write by, though the day, outside the town, is a fierce glare of sunshine. I am anxious, therefore, to get away; but I find I shall not be able to do so till Monday night. The place however is magnificent beyond anything I had expected. I had no notion before of the power of the Cinque Cento architecture on its own soil; nor of the beauty of the effects got by the use of precious materials, as in the Church of the Annunciation, which looks as if it had cost the wealth of a kingdom. I was wrong in making up my mind on this and other architectural points on theory and without seeing the buildings. The Lombard "Duomo," for another instance, has more than reconciled me to the Italian mode of building in alternate courses of differently coloured marbles. There is, in all the architecture of Genoa, a look of having come "out of the abundance of the heart," which, at first at least, indisposes me to judge it by any formal principles; and upon nearly all the buildings the hand of decay is gently but manifestly laid, and forbids one to say anything of the dead, unless it be good.

As Genoa's name is "La Superba," I suppose I can speak thus freely of its grandeur, without risk of using up all my strong words in a premature enthusiasm for the first Italian city I have seen. But I am forgetting the Corniche Pass, which is worthy not to be forgotten, and ought to have come first.

I left Nice at eight o'clock in the morning. The rain had been pouring down all night, and was still doing so; and every hill was in dense cloud. So I gave up all thought of seeing anything of what it seems to be agreed is the most beautiful road in Italy. On the other hand, I had the coupé all to myself, so counted on being comfortable. It turned out just the other way. I was exceedingly uncomfortable, as I have shown; but just as we got to the greatest height of the Pass (more than 2,000 feet above the sea, into which I could have rolled a stone), the rain left off, the clouds were broken up and partly dispersed by a splendid sun, and there appeared below me a series of scenes which, with all my uncommon sloth and indifference in the matter of sight-seeing, I could not but own to be, by themselves, well worth a thousand mile journey. For below, wherever

there happened to rise a particularly insurmountable crag, there a little, lovely, faint-peach-coloured town crowded itself together, like a flock of sheep when the dog barks round it; and amidst it rose a light campanile, and the enormous ruin of some historic fortress, round which the town had originally gathered itself; the background, the brilliant Mediterranean, on which long lines of shining mist were still sleeping; the bounds, the sides of mountains so beautifully chasmed, chiselled, and dotted lower down with olives and oranges, that every square yard of surface had its interest; and the whole bathed in a spacious gulf of delicate air, burthened at intervals with drifting coils of golden and swiftly dissolving cloud. The magical beauty of these views seemed very much to depend on the great height from which they were seen. The road wound round each of them, as if on purpose to let the eye have its fill of delight, and then turned a corner, and the incomparable glory was gone for ever. I did not wish to look longer or again, lest the impression should grow less. The Pass descends rapidly towards Mentone, and never again rises to anything like its former height, nor are the towns so lovely, or the hills so lofty. The whole road is of great beauty; but the extreme loveliness of the first twenty or thirty miles makes one indifferent to all the rest, until indeed Genoa is approached; and then the hills are higher and more noble in their outlines than ever. It gets colder too at this point, and the olive almost disappears, to the great relief of the eye. For nearly four hundred miles the olive had greatly preponderated over every other tree or shrub; and, though its ashy colour seems to me to be in peculiar harmony with the grey, rocky hills and the blue sea, and as if made to show forth the glowing orange, its frequent companion, it is in itself the ugliest tree I know. Its great, twisted trunk and branches seem fit to bear a hundred times the weight of the scanty foliage they carry, and the poor sprinkling of grey leaves looks like nothing so much as a sparsely clad bush of white-thorn on the Epsom road at the close of a very dry Derby Day.

The changes of climate that occur with every turn in the shore of the Mediterranean are surprising. Nice is too warm to stay in, when Genoa has snow-drifts at its gates; and between the two points, which are, I suppose, as the crow flies, not more than seventy miles apart, there is

Mentone, several degrees warmer than Nice, and Bordighera, where the Palm, which is a sort of curiosity at Nice, is the most common of all the trees. The Romans, I am told, send all the way north to this place to get Palms for their Palm Sunday ceremonials. By the way, what grand weeds the Palm and the Aloe are! One can no more judge of them in Kew conservatories than of lions and tigers in cages. I observed too that the Aloe's living to flower once at a vast age and then dying, is not a fable, as I fancied it might be. On the road to Genoa I passed thousands of aloes, all flourishing, except three, which were quite dead and still bore the mast-like stalks of their flowers. Another thing I remark in the vegetation here is the fidelity of the oak and the blackberry to their northern habits. They do not care about the thermometer being 70 in the shade; they consider only the time of year. The oak has not a bud, and the blackberry has just the scattering of winter leaves which it retains through the snow and frost at Hendon. The conventional creatures! Have you never wondered how the snowdrop knows the time to get up? I daresay the botanists have been too much engaged in discovering seven-syllable names for daffodils and daisies to think of trying to find out such things as that.

Well, now I am come to Genoa, an English Milord in the *coupé* all by myself, and my six horses jingling their hundred little bells, and trotting before me as freely and as loosely-harnessed as a company of Zouaves; but I am inwardly feeling "what wretches feel," and have no heart to appreciate the courtesy of the officer of the *octroi*, who looks into other people's things, but takes the word of a Milord that there is nothing taxable in his baggage. Starvation itself, however, suspends its pang before decidedly the grandest sight I have yet seen. A city guarded by mountains which are crowned on all sides with fortresses, some above the clouds, and some below, and bearing comparison with the mountains themselves for size; the city itself also shewing that man is here for once, even in physical might, the rival of nature; a town of Titans as well as Kings, with miles of palaces which have learned their height and substance from the hills, and all their hugeness gem-like in the beauty of detail, costly to absolute wantonness, most of the marble columns being, for example, monoliths; a circumstance which, though trebling their

preciousness ten times over, is likely to be noticed only by one eye in a thousand. I dare say the guide-books never allude to it.

There is a business-life about the town which prevents this grand architectural anachronism from being oppressively melancholy. The port is like the Thames between London Bridge and Deptford, and the roar upon the quays is louder than that of any English port, for everybody here vociferates and bawls. There is a quiet English earnestness about the crowd of men of business gathered together in the Piazza Banchi; and there are butchers' shops with blocks of beef and legs of mutton hanging up, a grateful sight for a hater of French cookery. With the exception of the Via Orefici, full of filigree workers, there is nothing vain or light-minded about the place, which abounds with coppersmiths, workers in marble and iron, and the like substantial and honest trades. The people are good to look at; the men manly, not conceited, and often noble; and the women dressed with so much care, taste and quiet endeavour to look handsome, that no one with a spark of generosity could dream they fail. They wear beautiful veils of plain white lawn, fixed in the well-brushed hair with a comb, and falling over the back and arms and bosom; the rest of the dress owes all its merit to sobriety and being well-fitted—except the edge of the petticoat which, like the veil, is scrupulously white, and is often double or triple, and much more elaborately worked in "scollops" and "vandykes" (I think they are called) than anything you see in London or Paris. This greater elaboration of that part of the dress which is not supposed to be seen, unless by accident, is, I think, in high taste. At least, it is justified by the example of moths and butterflies, who commonly wear their finest patterns and colours on the under wings.

I am sorry that my remarks should mostly be on such very little matters, but triviality is the condition of truth in observations made in passing, as I am doing, from one new place to another. Besides, as I said before, my hope is not to describe effectually to you anything you have not seen, but rather to remind you pleasantly of your own Italian journey.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Jackson,
Ever sincerely yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

I think I shall go to Rome from here by sea, after all. If so, I shall start to-morrow night and arrive on Tuesday.

Leghorn, March 2, 1864.

My Dear Mrs. Jackson,

To-morrow morning I shall be in Rome, where the pleasure to which I look forward most is that of going to the post for your letter; for I will not fear that you are still too unwell to write. Since I wrote last from Genoa I have had another succession of surprises of beauty; and no small part of my pleasure has been in feeling that I could henceforward sympathise more completely in the pleasure with which you always mention Italy. I thought more particularly of you at Spezzia, Lerici and Serchio, and of the associations which those places would call up in your mind, and I remembered the art you have of making it almost as delightful to differ from as to agree with you. If you have been at Pisa, where I have spent a morning, I need not wait to hear from you that we agree in thinking the Campo Santo simply the loveliest spot on earth. The frescoes and the surrounding arcades, with their canopy of open cloudless sky, seemed a fit environment for the clay that came from Calvary.

I came here by land after all; for the wind was high and the boat went by night. I was very glad I did so, for the scenery was even finer than that between Nice and Genoa. This drive of four hundred or more miles, from Marseilles to Pisa, the whole way on the very brink of the Mediterranean, is an impressive thing. How fortunate Julia is in having been to Italy before twenty! What a gain it would have been to me at her age! But at forty little is added to one's life. I shall always however be a little the gainer for that sight. The principal, and least expected element of its beauty was, to me, the presence everywhere of the hand and habitation of man; every little bay containing its well-built town; and every mountain terraced almost to the top, and bearing on its side a thousand villas, each in its garden of olives. From a slight glance at Genoa and the Mediterranean shore, one would take Italy for a country where merchants were kings and its very peasants princes; for of all these thousands upon thousands of villas, the smallest seemed a much finer house than I can afford to have in England.

My first glimpse of a group of Alps, shining serene above the clouds like a Kingdom of the Blest, took away my breath, but in half an hour the wonder was gone and I looked on them almost with indifference; but I never grew weary with that endless panorama in which humanity seemed to be taking full advantage of an earthly paradise; and the greatest hardship I suffered was being obliged to pass so much of the road in the dark. Not that the hardships of travelling here are to be thought little of. The diligence never stopped for more than five minutes between Genoa and Sarzana, a journey of nearly twenty hours. I was told there would be a stoppage of two hours, so went again unprepared, and only escaped being again starved by urgent appeals to the conductor, who when we arrived about midnight at a wonderfully gloomy town (without light more than to shew the extreme heaviness of its architecture, the whole being built on low arcades of the eleventh century) committed me to the care of a man who looked like a demon out of a German fairy tale: this person trotted me—with all my money, and no pistols in my pocket—through two or three alleys, more, for a grand yet squalid gloom, like an unmentionable place, than any I have seen; and when I was beginning to think what I should do, if my guide should not choose to show me the way back to the Diligence—which was leaving in three minutes—in a town where every one looked like a spirit of night—I could not make a word that I said understood—he showed me into a sort of cavern, and bade me select from its delicacies. I bought a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese something like Gruyère, and got back in safety. Nothing hitherto has struck me as so strange as the appearance of these third-rate Italian towns by night—their palatial size, and the dungeon-like gloom of their arcaded streets, and the equal massiveness and gloom in the faces of the groups that are revealed in the darkness by the lamps of the diligence as it goes along. To heighten the effect, I met in such a street a procession, consisting first of eight torch-bearers, clad in white, with horrible white linen masks; after these came a bier with a corpse upon it, and, after this, a long series of ghosts in couples like the first eight, but without lights. I was glad I had not brought Emily with me.

The Gruyère cheese enabled me to reach Pisa in com-

paratively good condition and with only a slight increase of my cold and cough, to which I have received a daily addition ever since I left England: as I cannot find out how to manage the climate, I am always in a heat or in a shiver. I was quite glad, as I left the shores of the Mediterranean in approaching Pisa, to see a comparatively English vegetation. Not many olives, of which I am entirely weary; no aloes and palms, whose beauty is, after all, of a somewhat vulgar and "sensational" kind; no vast fields of vines pruned to within eighteen inches of the ground, and looking like endless rows of heavy pairs of black cow-horns; but woods of leafless oak, with brushwood also leafless, and a few common primroses and daisies underneath, and rows of "poplars pale" and vines attached to sensible trellises, and best of all—for the idea of a diet consisting wholly of wine and oil revolts me—young wheat, which I have not seen, except in a patch about as large as a table here and there, since I was somewhere eight or nine hundred miles north.

Not having slept all night, I got to Pisa very sleepy, but at once woke up on seeing what a pleasant place it was. Out of England I never saw any place in which I should so much like to live. The whole town seems to repeat, in a secular way, the charm of that most sacred looking of all sacred spots of ground which contains the Baptistery, the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower and the Campo Santo. A wonderfully clean, quiet and unpretentious place, with that mighty torrent of fertilizing mud, the Arno, darting noiselessly through the midst of it always. I saw some pleasant looking English people here, and the first really beautiful Italian woman I have seen. A girl of eighteen, about, with a perfectly oval face, noble, severe and yet very sweet features, and a look as if she had never cast eyes on anything commoner than the Campo Santo.

My pleasure, as I get deeper into Italy, is diminished continually by indignation at the shameless effrontery with which all classes equally persecute the English, and only the English, for money. I cannot set one foot before the other for less than fifty centimes—and then it is a bargain; and the begging!—the boys beg as if I had done them some grievous personal wrong; their fine wicked eyes seeming to say that the next argument, if I refuse, will be a stab. The keepers, even of the greatest hotels, like the

"Vittoria" at Leghorn, where I am staying, are in a conspiracy with the cabs and porters, and instead of protecting me against them by telling me what I ought to pay, intercede to obtain for them their ridiculous demands. I was asked three francs for a drive of half-a-mile or less from the station to the hotel, and for the carriage of my portmanteau from the hall of the hotel to my room on the first floor, a franc and a half. And I heard the scowling fellows swearing among themselves that I was not conducting myself like an Englishman, because I refused to pay more than half. "More shame to Englishmen" was my thought.

Most truly yours,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hotel della Minerva, Roma,
March 8, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

I hope the great change for the better in the weather here has also taken place in Freshwater Bay, and that you are by this time quite strong and able to enjoy the sharp sweet air of the downs every day. Many thanks for your kind offer of an introduction to Mr. Ricketts and his family. I will not ask you to send it to me however; for there seems every chance of my being already in the way of seeing fully as many people as I find desirable. As yet the effect of my new Italian life upon my health is not promising. The climate itself seems to fatigue me, and the purpose of my journey is not likely to be answered. I am glad to have come to a pause in my wanderings. A few more days such as I spent in the diligence between Nice and Genoa, and Genoa and Leghorn, and on the sea between Leghorn and Cività Vecchia must have done more harm than all the rest of the time I have got left could have amended. The charges for travelling would be absurdly high, if the traveller's comfort were ever so much considered. As it is, the traveller who pays the first prices is treated exactly as if he were a trunk or a carpet-bag. The steamer from Leghorn was far worse than the diligence. There were only twelve sleeping places and about thirty passengers. So that most of us, including myself and several ladies, had to sleep on the floor, with the ship rolling in a heavy swell, and the cabin doors opening on the deck, which was

crowded with a cargo of tar barrels. I have severe rheumatism in my legs, and a further increase of cough ; though I hoped that the deadly sickness under which I suffered the whole time would have saved me from from taking any other ill.

As I have now been in Rome several days, it is time to tell you my "first impressions" and I will do so the more fully, as I do not think they are of the sort people usually get from the place. The reason is that the "associations' go for less with me than with most travellers. I should like to see the wood of the true cross, but I should think no worse or no better of the architecture of the church that contained it than if it did not contain it.

I am sure that you will not suspect me of putting myself affectedly in opposition to common opinion. You know that I quite distrusted what I had heard of the beauty of some places which, I have confessed to you, have much exceeded my hopes ; I was therefore beginning to expect that Rome would as much surpass my moderate anticipations as other places have done, and should have been delighted to tell you how wrong I had been in my first misgivings. In some points indeed I may yet be wrong. The only point on which I feel qualified at present to speak with some confidence is architectural Rome, and, in order that you may believe my report, I am very glad that, in writing to you from Genoa, I had an opportunity of proving my candour by my praises of buildings which contradicted all my architectural prejudices.

After breakfast on Friday I went out, not knowing where I was going, and almost the first building I passed was a circular edifice of brick, with a mean façade, which I went by without giving it more than a glance. It struck me, however, when I had passed it, that it might be the Pantheon, for it certainly was, as Gertrude would say, "a little big." I was right in my guess ; I went some way further, and was for several minutes approaching a good-sized church, without anything in its appearance to attract attention ; but at last came to a colonnade, with two fountains and an obelisk, and I asked Mr. Monsell, who went with me—as he told Mr. de Vere, to witness my enthusiasm—if that was St. Peter's? Have you ever stepped down a step without being prepared for it? Probably you have. But have you ever stepped down four or five steps at once in such a way?

If not you cannot understand quite the unexpectedness of the "drop" from my very moderate expectations to the reality. It is commonly enough said that St. Peter's does not look as large as it is, and even that it does not look as large as our St. Paul's. I assure you that it does not look one quarter as large as St. Paul's; and that this is owing, not, as the bepraisers of Rome say, to its superior beauty of proportion, but to its vast architectural inferiority. Like Genoa, Rome has overthrown another of my theories, which was that *mass* was the first condition of architectural effect, and that, whenever this exists eminently, the result will be a certain amount of dignity. I now see that ten millions of pounds sterling (the cost of building St. Peter's) may be expended to little other effect than that of disproving this proposition. It is the same with the interior. You find how large it is by the time it takes to walk from one end to the other, or by being told that a pen in the hand of an apostle in the dome is seven feet long, or that the towers in Westminster Abbey might stand under the arch of the nave; but artistic greatness is absent, and one hears these brags of material bigness with a feeling of contempt, which is deepened instead of being removed when the enormous costliness of the marbles of which the whole interior is constructed becomes apparent. The total effect of the interior is, indeed, decidedly "handsome": there is nothing very gross except the sculpture, and that is scarcely so bad as that in Westminster Abbey; and there is a general feeling of space and convenience, very much like that of a great metropolitan railway hall. This is the utmost I can at present say in praise of St Peter's. Everybody tells me that Rome and everything in it "grows upon you" so much. It is the quality of everything bad "to grow upon you," if you are long in its company and do not take care. But the modern architecture of Rome—including St. John Lateran and the rest—shall not grow upon me, if I can help it.

Rome, as you know, is full of large and handsome private palaces. These, if they had all been crowded together to make one small town, like Genoa, would have had an impressive effect. But they do not stand together, and the dirty little streets by which they are connected are upon the whole a more effective part of Rome—especially to the nose—than its palaces. There is only one commonly good

street, the Corso, and that is scarcely as good as the Rue St. Honoré. Of great towns, Rome is certainly the meanest I have yet seen. The ruins of Imperial Rome are scarcely better worth seeing than the modern city. As far as they are properly architectural they are small and unimpressive, and where they excel by size it is by size only. I do not see why Messrs. Cubitt or any other London builders should not have built the baths of Caracalla or the Coliseum, with the help of 30,000 Jew navvies. The first impression given by these ruins is enormous. The baths, even far more than the Coliseum, astonish you by walls, the mere broken fragments of which, rolled down into the field, stand about like huge brick kilns. But a little thought soon disperses one's admiration, and leaves nothing but horror at the slave power which could waste labour at this rate, and satisfaction that the boast of "Eternity," which was implied by buildings on this scale, was so soon to be made ridiculous.

There is only one other point on which I will speak particularly at present,—for in all doubtful things I will leave Rome to "grow upon me," if I can—and that is the absence of beauty in the people. Since I came to Rome, I have seen but one pretty woman,—the Marchesa Pallavicino. She has the reputation of being the most beautiful woman at present in Rome. She is certainly very beautiful—but her beauty is quite English—fair and small in feature, and singularly like Mrs. Vaughan in general expression.

The men have nearly always a sinister look, which would ruin any beauty of form, if they had it. You must remember, however, that I am speaking chiefly from what I have seen in the streets and churches. I have been to one "reception," but the company was chiefly English. I am told there is much beauty among the Roman aristocracy. But I scarcely believe anything now that I am told about Rome: there is what seems to me so insane a determination in every one I have met to praise Rome and anything Roman, without any apparent reference to the facts of the case. Pray excuse all my erasures: the heat makes my mind languid, and I write slipshod sometimes. Aubrey de Vere is a delightful companion. If anyone could make me disbelieve my eyes about Rome it would be he. He has half promised to go to Naples with me after Easter—which is the proper time for going there. It is too cold, so far south, at present; north and south here have nothing to do with

climate. Nice, they tell me, is warmer than Palermo, and Mentone much warmer than Nice!

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Jackson,
Ever most truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hotel de la Minerva.
March 24th, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON.

Your very welcome letter reached me yesterday. I am glad you were amused by my "pencillings by the way." I fear whatever I write to you from Rome will be very dull. The climate oppresses me extremely, so that I find it a labour, very often, to make any mental or bodily exertion. The warm, damp Sirocco, which has been the prevailing wind since I came here, is an invisible poison killing the inmost life. I feel it much more than most people do; but even the Romans are reduced to mere languor by it, and comfort themselves with quinine while it lasts. I believe we agree about the east wind in England, but the Roman Sirocco is far worse in an opposite way. When I rise in the morning the air looks so brilliant and breathes in at the window so pleasantly that to sit at home is impossible, and to take a carriage seems effeminate. But if I walk a mile, it is all over with me for the day. Twenty miles in the hottest July day in England would not fatigue me half as much as one mile does on these bright, breezy, poisonous mornings in Rome. It is so, more or less, with every one. The consequence is that nobody walks in Rome. The poorest people, if they have to go from one end of the Corso to the other, will take a cab—which will carry you anywhere for seven pence halfpenny, unless the Sirocco happens to be too much for the horse, who not unfrequently stops at the slightest rise of the ground in a fainting condition, and the "fare" has to get out and walk. You must make due allowance for this state of things, and take what I tell you about Rome for no more than it is worth under such conditions; for the mind here is as easily wearied as the body; and, whereas I might probably stand ten Titians a day in a tonic climate, one feeble Guido, assisted by the Sirocco, will almost knock me up. I think I confined myself in my last letter to expressing my disappointment at the façades of the

churches and of the ladies in Rome, mentioning that I had not as yet seen the latter under the best circumstances.

During the past fortnight however I have had the best opportunities of revising my first impressions. A. de Vere and Mr. Monsell have been exceedingly kind in taking me about among a society which has interested me much more than anything else in Rome. Can you believe that I, who allow myself only two parties a year in England, have been attending an average of nearly two a night in Rome! As it is Lent, the Roman Principessas and Marchesas have not much gaiety at their own houses, but they give quiet "receptions" and go to the parties of the English; and the other night I had a deliberate view of every lady in Rome at the reception at the French Embassy. Beauty of countenance is rare, except in the English, and among them even there are not nearly so many beauties as there ought to be considering their number and class. A bevy of Roman ladies splendidly dressed—and they do dress very splendidly, for their education, I am told, is confined almost exclusively to the culture of that science—is a thing of itself, if you look upon it in the aggregate and not in detail. They have grand, fully developed figures, and even the commonest women often carry their heads with a style which is worthy of a duchess. But, if you look at their faces separately, the charm diminishes; and a bed of violets by one of the more splendid sort of hearts-eases is the fit likeness for a company of English beauties by one of Roman. It is curious, however, that a Roman woman, when she does happen to be beautiful, is singularly so. The absence of mental culture, which gives forty-nine Roman women out of fifty a look of vulgarity, causes in the fiftieth the most charming look of childlike innocence. I never saw this combination of dignity of figure and feature with baby-sweetness to the same extent in any woman—except one —out of Rome. The insecurity of money in most other forms has caused the Roman nobles to invest enormous sums in diamonds for their wives. These magnificent decorations do not become countenances like cook-maids, but they are very piquant additions to the exceptional beauties, who, for all their stately necks, great dark eyes, and grand Roman noses, smile as if they thought nothing so nice as a lump of sugar or a kiss, and would willingly give their hundred-thousand-pounds necklace or diadem

for a hoop or a skipping rope. In Roman society the women are in the enjoyment of an advantage which might well be envied by the women of other countries; I mean the setting off of their gay dresses and white shoulders by the contrasting crowd of Cardinals, Monsignori, and smaller ecclesiastics, who form so large a portion of every Roman party, and who appear to have, in virtue of their exceptional position, that privilege of freer and gayer converse with the women which in England is accorded to cousins. I remarked the other night to a lady that, though I could understand the manifest pleasure with which the Sacred College and the rest chatted with the women, the preference the women showed for them was unaccountable to me. She assured me the women's pleasure consisted wholly in the thought of the penances their partners would have to enter upon next day. I do not however believe this: the real reason no doubt is that the Cardinals and Priests are by very much the pleasantest, best-informed, and most conversable people in Rome. The manners of one or two of the Cardinals, with whom I have had the pleasure of talking, are the most perfect I have met with. I have seen equal—never superior—refinement in other men, but seldom in combination with it so kindly a simplicity. Certainly Roman Catholicism has some claims (I do not know how much the claims may be worth) to be called, as it has been, "the religion of gentlemen." I have the good fortune to be acquainted with many gentlemen among Protestants, but almost all the educated Catholics I know are such—a remark, I think, I made to you long before I thought of coming to Rome—and their gentleness is usually more gentle than a Protestant's, and seems to have more good will and humility in it. This remark applies quite as truly to English as to other Catholics, and I do not see that its interest is affected by the question as to whether the disposition which produces this difference is the cause or the consequence of the form of religion. I have made several acquaintances among the English Catholics here, from whom it will be a real regret to part. Lord and Lady Feilding would delight you, I am sure: they are both very young and very handsome, and seem to be as simple and good as they are circumstantially happy. In conversing with her especially, I feel quite disgusted at being a "heretic." Of all the characteristics of what I will

call Roman Catholic manners the most attractive to me is the essentially un-English absence of reserve in speaking of subjects of the dearest and highest interest, combined with the equally un-English absence of cant. With my usual impartiality however I will tell you about a funny Catholic, who was my vis-à-vis at a restaurant a day or two ago. He was a young German, and had exactly the air and the look of the ideal puritan of Hudibras or Scott. I had ordered some soup, which was put before him by mistake. He had crossed himself and had closed his eyes for some time with a ludicrous expression of acid ecstasy, and on opening them beheld under his nose a basin of soup which was not "maigre." He raised his hands in the air, crossed himself again, and commanded the waiter to remove the pollution from his sight, in a way which I am afraid made me smile in spite of myself. But when a lady passed near us and he looked at her with exactly the same expression and crossed himself again, and, after a few minutes, twisted his chair right round to have another look at her and again crossed himself with eyes closed in disgust and acid ecstasy, I had to turn away and blow my nose vociferously. I told de Vere, who laughed as heartily as you probably will.

My kind friends here have acted with such energy upon a word I let drop the first day I came, to the effect that I felt more interest in persons than in things, that I actually at the present moment know more people in Rome than I do in England. I have to lift my hat to every third carriage in the Pincian Gardens, not to speak of no less notable persons on foot, and some—friars—on barefoot. I have a serious difficulty in remembering all their names and qualities; but was comforted for my ill-bred memory yesterday, when A. de Vere asked me—who was a certain lady I was talking with? and I was able to reply that all I knew of her was that he had introduced me to her the day before.

A very pleasant quality of the Roman people generally is their uncensoriousness and freedom from petty curiosity. This must make Rome a delightful place for people of a nervous temperament to live in. In the streets nobody takes any notice of anybody else. De Vere, who knows the place like his native land, says that a man might walk on his head, and no Roman would think or say other than

that that happened to be his taste, and that he had a right to it. This quality arises from no surly indifference. I have already discovered a very fine vein of true courtesy in the national manners. The waiters at the restaurants inquire with real interest—lowering-browed revolutionists as they look—if your omelette was nice, and the footman who opens his master's carriage door wishes him, as he steps out to his dinner party, a good appetite, with the utmost respect.

So much for the persons in Rome. In my next, I will tell you something about the things. I have not taken lodgings as you advised me to do; because, though I am in a big hotel, I do not come into contact with its "splendid discomforts." When I do not dine with my friends I get my food at a restaurant where few but men go; for I cannot bear to see the French and American women at the table d'hôte picking their teeth with wooden skewers. Will you kindly save for me the costly Roman postage by putting heads on the enclosed notes? I have unfortunately not brought any English stamps with me. Give my kind regards to Dr. Jackson and Julia, and believe me,

My dear Mrs. Jackson,
Ever truly yours,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings,
April 24th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

I am exceedingly grieved to see in the paper the news of the death of Mr. Vaughan. You have lost in him not only a dear and near relative but one of a great and lofty mind, most rare—I might almost say literally, *singular*—in these days. His was the only truly judicial mind, as far as I know, of my time: he was the only man who, having a seeing eye, lived far enough away from the world to be able to discern clearly whither it was drifting. I never could blame his silence. The silence of such men is the only rebuke which the world, in its present state, has a chance of understanding. As to your private grief, you will have learned ere this that no one can live the ordinary course of life without discovering that it is a series of tragedies; but you are too nearly related in mind as well as family to him

you have lost not to have also discovered that tragedy is at once the fact and the solution of evil. Believe me,

My dear Mrs. Jackson,
Your true friend,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The following is to Mrs. Jackson's son-in-law:

Hastings,
April 2nd, 1887.

MY DEAR FISHER,

Your news of the death of my kind old friend Dr. Jackson, does not take me with so much surprise as it would have done had I not been greatly struck by the sudden change which I thought I saw in him the last time I was at Brighton—about a month ago. I shall always remember with affection and respect the gentle and good man, who never, in the five and twenty years of my acquaintance, uttered an unkind word about any one in my hearing. I will not write to Mrs. Jackson—letters are usually so much worse than vain at such times; but she will not think that I feel the less for what she must suffer from such a loss, coming upon her when she is in a condition of so much physical weakness. . . . .

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings,
April 15, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

Your letter reached me just after mine—asking if I might go to see you on Monday—was posted.

It is because my own experience enables me so well to understand yours that I have not ventured to write to you before.

It is in the nature of things that we should not know how much we love until we have lost.

I always looked upon your husband as having long attained that serene and thorough goodness which I have been all my life in vain endeavouring to reach. He had that finished goodness which is spoken of by St. James, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

I never heard him say a single careless or unkind word, and have never seen him without feeling rebuked by such gentle perfection.

The only time I ever heard him depart in tone from his exquisite "moderation in all things," was once, some fifteen years ago, in speaking of you; which he did with the pure and tender pride and admiration of a young lover, and in a strain of words like that of a practised and reticent Poet. Hoping to be allowed to see you on Monday, believe me,

Dear Mrs. Jackson,

Yours affectionately.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings,
July 25th, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

It was very friendly of you to remember my birthday. It is curious that, at 64, I find myself in every way better in health than I have ever been before, and almost as strong in muscle. We have made the terrace into an archery-ground, and I find I can shoot with the strongest bow at a target 80 yards off just as well as I could at Heron's Ghyll 20 years ago. And, on the whole, I find myself happier than I have ever been. Piffie is a continual delight, beyond all I ever dreamt of; and if I have few other keener pleasures, I have much more peace of mind.

Believe me,

My dear Mrs. Jackson,

Yours affectionately,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings,
March 9th, 1888.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON,

Mrs. Procter's death, though she was 87, was a surprise. She was a wonderful woman. When I last saw her, a few months ago, she did not look sixty, and had the spirits and energy of forty.

Yours ever truly,

C. PATMORE.

Hastings,
July 25, 1890.

My Dear Mrs. Jackson,

I should have replied sooner to your kind remembrance of me, only I was in London all day yesterday. As usual I have to congratulate myself, every birthday, on finding myself happier than I was on the last. The more *unnecessary* everything becomes to one, the more one's capacity for enjoying everything is increased, and the more one returns to a childish pleasure in life. At sixty-seven I begin again to see the daisies as I saw them sixty years ago. But besides this increase of capacity for happiness, I have more circumstantial blessings than ever I had,—better health, freedom from worldly anxieties, two or three friends—yourself not least—whose dearness grows with time, innocent and loving wife and children, with plenty of leisure to enjoy them, and innumerable other blessings,—all doubled by a readiness to part with them all, when the unknown season comes.

Yours ever affectionately,
Coventry Patmore.

Hastings,
November 4, 1890.

My Dear Mrs. Jackson,

I am trying to write another book of "Essayettes" like the last, but get on very slowly. I cannot get up any ardour for prose, such as used to make me work often sixteen hours a day on poetry. One hour a day is as much as I can force myself to work.

Yours affectionately,
Coventry Patmore.

Hastings,
March 6, 1891.

My Dear Mrs. Jackson,

The three articles in the Anti-Jacobin are chapters from a little book I am writing—probably not to be published in my lifetime. They are the only extracts which were suitable to the Paper, in which I shall not, or rather cannot write regularly, as I should like to do; for the utter uselessness of such writing as I can write, in face

of the "great mud deluge" which is sweeping away all that is worth living for, weighs continually on my heart, and paralyses my pen.

Yours ever truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The following letter was written to Mrs. Herbert Fisher on the death of her mother, Mrs. Jackson:

Lymington,
April 5th, 1892.

MY DEAR MARY,

You must guess too well what it is to me to have lost the dearest friend I had, to think that I can say anything adequate about it. I have had the prayers of the Church offered for her; but if, as St. Augustine says, "love supersedes all the sacraments"—to live up to one's best lights is the essence of religion—she cannot require them.

Ever affectionately yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS TO DR. GARNETT, R. M. MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON), REV. WILLIAM BARNES, D. G. ROSSETTI, AND THOMAS WOOLNER

I HAVE placed the following letters to Dr. Garnett next to those addressed to Mrs. Jackson, as some of them carry Patmore's Roman experiences down to a later date, and show how he gradually became reconciled to the city and its institutions—a change of sentiment which must in some measure have contributed to his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church.

Rome, March 10, '64.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

* * * * * *

I took sixteen days getting to Rome by easy stages, spending two at Paris, four at Nice, four at Genoa, and one at Leghorn and Pisa. Everything, till I got to Rome, surpassed my best expectations, especially Genoa, but Rome, though I expected little, falls short even of that little, as far as I have yet seen. The ruins of imperial Rome are for the most part poor and without beauty. The Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla are big, but not much else; and the arches, remains of temples, etc., are as ugly as they can well be.

The Vatican sculptures are more remarkable for quantity than quality, our Elgin room being worth the whole lot three times over.

There are a good many great pictures in the different galleries, but, with this exception, I have as yet seen nothing

in Rome worth going a hundred miles to look at. The city itself is a miserable, dirty, third-rate town, with a good many large houses, but so dispersed and lost in filthy alleys that they do not give any general impression of greatness. Concerning St. Peter's—this: I got up the morning after I came, and wandered about the town, and was a good while approaching a largish church and was about to pass it by, when I remarked a double colonnade and two fountains and an obelisk, and was aware that I stood before the chief cathedral in Christendom.

I have seen and been blessed by the Pope, have been to church in the Sistine Chapel, had drives in the Campagna, etc.; but it all seems very small and commonplace somehow, and, but for the pleasant people I know in Rome, I should be beginning to be tired of it. Ever since I came the weather has been as hot as July is once in seven years or so in England. I do not yet feel the benefit of the change, for the travelling nearly killed me, it was so bad. I am crippled with rheumatism caught in the night-travelling—for nearly all the travelling is done by night.

* * * * * *

Ever truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hotel della Minerva, Rome,
March 15, '64.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

* * * * *

I am beginniug to like Rome a good deal better than I did at first. I have made the acquaintance of a considerable circle of very pleasant people, so that my evenings are busier than my days. I have also seen some very fine pictures since I wrote, and a better acquaintance with the interiors and inhabitants of the Roman houses has disposed me to feel kinder towards the scrubby outside of the Eternal City. My health is beginning to improve, I think, though I have scarcely yet recovered from the knocking about I had in coming here.

* * * * *

Ever truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Rome, March [1] 7, 1864.

My Dear Garnett,

* * * * * *

I am getting to like Rome and the Romans more and more, though my first impression of the place, from the architectural point of view, is not improved. I have made several very agreeable acquaintances, and shall feel more regret in leaving the place than I have ever before felt on leaving any place that was not home. My cough is nearly gone, and my health generally better. We have got the north wind now instead of the poisonous "Sirocco" which was blowing the first fortnight.

I went to the Protestant Burial Ground to see if I could find some violets for you on the graves of Shelley and Keats. I have got one from Shelley's and three from Keats's. It was a little too late. A week before, I was told, the two graves were a mass of violets. The violets grow here in wonderful abundance, and the Campagna and the sides of the Sabine and Alban Hills are covered with "garden flowers" —jonquils, periwinkles, anemones, tulips, etc., growing wild. These hills (from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high) are most lovely. You and your wife must come here some day. It would be a real addition to your lives. It seems to me that the charm of Rome and its environs consists not so much in the striking character as in the immense abundance of its interest and beauty.

Only, if you come, let it be for at least a month. It will take you a week to get over the smells and the architecture. But at the end of a month you will love the dear, dirty, hideous town as you would some friend whose ungainly exterior had caused you to commit injuries against him, to which he had replied by loading you with benefits.

I am enjoying singular opportunities of becoming acquainted with *Roman* Rome. My Catholic friends have made me acquainted with many of the most distinguished Cardinals and "Monsignors," and I have made a point of seeing out-of-the-way things—as schools, hospitals, prisons, etc. The result is that I think far more highly of the administration of matters here than it is the fashion to think

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[1] The postmark shows that this date is wrong. It should be "April."

in England, and incomparably higher of the ordinary tone of ecclesiastical life, and of the effect of "priestcraft" on the common people, who, as far as I can see, owe all the abundant good they have to the priests, and all their evil to the infection of the Revolution.

Ask Mr. M'Caul[1] to do something to setting public opinion right by using this information in his next sermon. If he does, and should be coming to Rome, I will give him a letter to the General of the Jesuits—a charming person, full of apostolic simplicity and innocence of the world.

Remember me very kindly to your wife, and believe me,

Ever truly yours,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Rome, May 7, 1864.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

* * * * *

I am still improving in health, and retrograding in "civil and religious" principle. I don't know much about the Mortara case, but I know that Rome is by far the most religious and the least canting place I have ever seen, and I am only sorry I cannot live in a villa at Frascati and come in every day, for the rest of my life, to my cataloguing at the Vatican. You *must* come some day. Rome fits all sorts of tastes. There are the shrines of Shelley and Keats for you and the Limina Apostolorum for me, and nobody to meddle with other people's likings.

* * * * *

Yours most truly,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

The following letter refers to the "Florilegium Amantis" (see vol. i., p. 172).

Hastings, April 12, '79.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I am glad that the editor has done your work justice. The gold-digger who extracts an ounce of metal from a ton of sandy slush has a good title to the proceeds! I am not jealous. I only hope that I may come in for a faint reflection of your fame. The astonishing thing to me is that the

[1] The Rev. Mr. McCaul was an assistant in the library of the British Museum, and an extremely low churchman.

"Athenæum" should have brought itself to admit that there *was* an ounce of gold hidden in the ton of muck.

Pray don't tell anyone "connected with the Press" that *I* gave you any hints in the course of your labours. If it were known that I had *any* part in "Florilegium," we should both lose whatever credit we may otherwise derive from it. So strongly are the "gang" impressed with the necessity of keeping me in a lowly frame of mind.

Yours ever truly and gratefully,

C. PATMORE.

The following may be compared with the memorandum given vol. i., p. 161.

Hastings, Aug. 12, 1881.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I return your friend's letter with thanks to you for sending it to me. It is one of several proofs I have had of the extraordinary effects of *form* in determining people's estimate of the substance. *You* know well enough that, for the most part, the substance of the "Angel" is exactly on the same level as that of the "Odes," which would [?should] be just as imposing and affecting to any exclusive admirers of "Eros" as any of the pieces in the poem. I am very glad, as it is, that I bethought myself of stilts, for the sake of such as could not see me without.

We are all prosperous except Henry. I sent him on a voyage to the Cape for the general benefit of his constitution—though there was nothing particular the matter with him—and he has come back with a congested lung, which, under the circumstances, is disturbing.

With my kind regards to your wife,

Yours ever truly,

C. PATMORE.

The letter to which the above refers is as follows:

Milford House, 7 Aug., 1881.

DEAR MR. GARNETT,

Thank you for your "Florilegium." It is a very welcome gift. It is just what I wanted, and what I was wishing I had by me only the other day. How very kind of you to send it to me.

More than once I fear I have shocked Mr. de Vere by

my inability to appreciate Mr. Patmore. In truth I could not understand his and many another's admiration for the "Angel in the House." I tried to and could not read the book, and I frankly told him so. But, when in the "Pall Mall" I came across "The Toys," "Let Be," etc., I was completely carried away by the strength and insight of the poet. I wondered and wondered who the new singer was. His words were always haunting me. I never dreamed he was the author I had lost patience with. And, when I heard that he was, I wondered more.

As soon as Parliament is up we shall get away to the sea. The "Florilegium" will be one of my holiday companions, and with curiosity as well as interest I shall carefully study it. Indeed, if the truth were told, it kept me up late last night, and beguiled me from the weekly crowd of newspapers.

With kind regards from my family,

I am, dear Mr. Garnett,

Yours very sincerely,

A. LAMBERT.

The writer of the preceding letter was Miss Agnes Lambert, daughter of Sir John Lambert, secretary to the Poor Law Board. She subsequently became a friend of Coventry Patmore.

Hastings, Feby. 25, 1883.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

You will be sorry to hear, that my son Henry died yesterday. After staying with us ten days, he went back to town the Tuesday before last, our doctor assuring us that he was then much better in health than he was when he first went to London last November; but the same evening he wrote a desponding letter to say he did not feel fit to be alone. I at once sent for him. For three days before Sunday last he seemed particularly well, and ordered new law-books from Town, that he might study here until it was fine weather for him to return to his office. On Sunday last he went to Church without my knowledge, through heavy rain, and in the damp crypt of our new Church. Here he seems to have caught a cold, which rapidly proved to be pleurisy, and, having no strength to stand so wasting a malady, it carried him off in this terribly short time.

You know how good and promising a young man he was, and can partly understand my loss.

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

Wardour Castle,
Tisbury, Wilts,
May 30, 1886.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I believe my new edition will be out to-morrow. I have told Bell to send you a copy. The last time I talked with you, you kindly volunteered an expression of your willingness to repeat the kindness you did me, and, I will have the boldness to say, the service you did the reading public some months ago. You know that I have all my life abstained from putting myself and from trying to get myself put forward; but I now find that there is such a tacit consent among newspaper critics to suffocate by ignoring the best work I have done, that I do not mind saying that I shall be very grateful to you or any one else who will help to preserve "Eros" from being "burked." I feel a confidence—which is ridiculous or not according to the grounds that there may be for that confidence—that "Eros" is a work of classical quality, but there are so few now who can recognize such quality, and so far fewer who have the generosity to try to get such quality acknowledged when they see it, that "Eros" is in danger of never getting enough of the wind of public recognition under his wings to carry him down to the posterity of whose verdict he is confident, *if he can only secure a hearing*. I do not know whether you do work now for the "Saturday," but that would be better than the "Spectator," if you do.

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

I expect to be in Hastings again on Wednesday.

Patmore's connection with Mr. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, has been recorded in vol. i. pp. 63-67. Peter George Patmore had preserved very many letters, some of which are of considerable literary interest.

British Museum, March 3, 1856.

My Dear Mr. Milnes,

I hoped, on looking over my father's autographs to have found several of interest enough to have been worthy of places in your collection, which I imagine to be one that does not include any but such as are of *personal or literary interest*, besides being the handwriting of distinguished men. My search, as yet, has turned up only three which are worthy being offered to you, and of an interest which has already been made sufficiently public to allow of their being offered without any breach of privacy. As I am too much obliged to you to feel comfortable in offering you anything that could be supposed to be of value to myself, I must tell you that I am *barbarously* indifferent to and incapable of the interest which attaches to relics of this sort, and that the only pleasure I should feel in possessing any amount of them would be that which I should receive in giving them to those who better deserved to possess them.

I remain,
My dear Mr. Milnes,
Very sincerely yours,
Coventry Patmore.

R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.

The two letters which follow refer severally to matters alluded to in vol. i.,—the attribution to P. G. Patmore of the articles on Keats (p. 66), and the application to be placed on the Commission of the Peace (p. 238).

British Museum,
January 27, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Milnes,

I send by book-post copies of the articles from the London Magazine. You should have had them before, but the person who first undertook to get them copied for me fell ill, and delayed the work several days.

Within the last two or three days I have heard, through a literary friend, that a gentleman, who was a friend of Hazlitt and seems to be particularly well-acquainted with his doings and whereabouts in 1820, says positively that these papers are *not* Hazlitt's.

If they are not, they can have been written by no one else than my Father. When I first read them, I attributed them at once to my father, who wrote in the London Magazine, and also wrote some important eulogistic articles on Keats,—I was never informed where. The articles are full of his favourite quotations from Shakespeare, etc., and are exactly in his early style, which was exactly like Hazlitt's,—only I thought, on further consideration at the time, that the boldness and decision of the views pointed them out as rather belonging to Hazlitt.

I am, My dear Mr. Milnes,
Ever truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, May 5, '76.

MY DEAR LORD HOUGHTON,

The Earl of Chichester is Lord Lieutenant for East Sussex. I propose to spend the rest of my days here, having got the house I have been wishing to get all my life, on a long lease. I have property in the Parish of Buxted, East Sussex, in which is also Hastings. There are, I am told, very few Catholics on the Commission in East Sussex, and the absence of them is sometimes felt in prison and other arrangements.

But if, as I infer from your note, the making of a magistrate is a more difficult thing than I fancied, and, above all, if the appointment would in the least degree hamper my freedom of speech, I beg you not to give my request another thought. The thing is one of those which, without being anxious to have, I thought it right to give Providence the chance of giving me. The absolute leisure which of late years I have "enjoyed," I have found to be very adverse to literary production. I should probably have done ten times more in that way, if I had had something else to do. . . .

My dear Lord Houghton,
Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

Patmore's association with William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, has been recorded in vol. i., p. 208. There are also references to him in the letters to

Mr. Edmund Gosse, given later. His earlier reviews of Barnes's poems are to be found in the "North British Review," 31 : 339 and "Macmillan's Magazine," 6: 154; the later, in the "St. James's Gazette," Oct. 9, 1886, the "Fortnightly Review," 46: 659, republished in "Religio Poetæ," and in the "St. James's," Dec. 19, 1887 : the last is a notice of "The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist," by his daughter, Lucy Baxter. In this review occurs the following passage, which shows how the sympathy between the poets, originating in their art, must have been strengthened and confirmed by similar experience of bereavement.

"His profoundly affectionate nature never got over the death of his wife, which occurred thirty-five years before his own. 'As years went on,' writes his daughter, 'his paroxysms of grief became less violent; but to the time of his death the word "Giulia"[1] was written like a sigh at the end of each day's entry in his Italian journal.'"

Highwood Cottage,
Finchley,
Aug. 25, 1859.

DEAR SIR,

I feel the liveliest pleasure from your approval of my own "Homely Rhymes." May I take the liberty of saying that your poems have given me the most unmixed pleasure I have received from any poetry of our time? On reading Wordsworth and Burns I have often regretted the want in each of what the other possessed. I seem to find the spirits of the two united in a perfectly original way in your poems, which are household words with us.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Truly and respectfully yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Rev. William Barnes.

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[1] Mrs. Barnes's maiden name was Julia Miles.

British Museum,
January 17, 1861.

My Dear Sir,

I have to ask your pardon for a long delay in acknowledging your welcome letter, and thanking you for your kind wish to review "Faithful for Ever." Should the opportunity ever occur to you, I shall take up the Review with feelings very different from those which I commonly begin to read notices of my verses. I have the pleasant consciousness of having introduced your poetry into several family circles, by which, if you knew them, I am sure you would be glad to know that you are received as a dear friend. To me, and to these, there could be few greater treats than a new volume of "Homely Rhymes."

I am,
My dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
Coventry Patmore.

Reverend W. Barnes.

Elm Cottage, North End,
Hampstead,
June 5, 1862.

Dear Sir,

I take the liberty of sending you a copy of a notice in "Macmillan's Magazine." Your Poems give me such singular pleasure that I hope you will pardon me for thus communicating with you again, without having had the honour of a personal introduction to you. Should you be coming to town to see the Exhibition, a call from you at the British Museum would be a favour which I should never forget. To have the pleasure of thanking you personally for the delight your Poems have given her, is also the earnest wish of my wife, who, you will be sorry to hear, has been for a long time most dangerously, and is now hopelessly ill.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Most truly and respectfully yours,
Coventry Patmore.

The Reverend William Barnes.

British Museum,
June 10, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,

As the notices in the "North British Review," and in "Macmillan's Magazine" pleased you, I cannot resist the temptation to tell you that I wrote them myself. They but poorly express all the admiration and gratitude I feel. I am rejoiced at the hope of seeing you in London. I thank you much for your kind invitation to Dorchester, but I feel that there is little prospect of my being able to venture from the bedside of my sick wife. I am glad to hear from Professor Masson that there is a prospect of a new edition of your Poems—which I take it for granted will include many new pieces.

I am,
My dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Reverend William Barnes.

British Museum,
July 16, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. BARNES,

Your letter to my sister-in-law (my wife's sister and brother's wife) was a real happiness to me. The number of my children is the same as yours, and it is much to find that you are able to speak from a matured experience of the result of a like loss so consolingly. I can already perceive and fully feel the love of God, in this inexpressible loss. It was the thing my life required. It will be easy to draw near to "Christ" now She is with Him, and it will be to draw near to Her; and, as for the children, I feel that, not a double but, a fourfold power of tenderness and watchfulness, will henceforward be in me, to supply their mother's loss. I thank God too that so much time was given to me to foresee and prepare for the event, which my brain could not have borne had it not been for the long preparation of fear. I know of no one with whom I should so much like to spend a few days, just now, as with yourself. . . .

I am, my dear Mr. Barnes,
Most truly yours,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The following is an extract from a letter the remainder of which is of too intimate a nature to be printed here. Not long after this was written, Patmore paid Barnes a visit. See vol. i., p. 208.

March 27, 1863.

I steadfastly intend to see you this year. Your poetry and so much of your history as you have kindly vouchsafed to tell me attract me as I am attracted by no other. I always however somewhat dread meeting for the first time any for whom—without knowing them—I have formed such feelings.

I have placed the two following letters together, as Rossetti's explains the allusions in Patmore's, to which it is an answer. The Satire on the "Athenæum" might appear somewhat gratuitous to those who were ignorant that it had, under Mr. Chorley's influence, constituted itself the organ for virulent onslaughts on the Præ-Raphaelite school of painters, and published a spiteful parody of the "Angel", the two attacks being closely associated. See vol. i., p. 170, note.

British Museum,
Monday, 1856.

My Dear Rossetti,

After a capital night's rest and a comfortable breakfast, I contemplated your Dante and Beatrice with greater delight and profit than I ever received from any other picture, without exception. For the time, it has put me quite out of conceit with my own work, and I must forget the severe and heavenly sweetness of that group of bridesmaids before I shall be able to go on contentedly in my less exalted strain. The other drawing, at its present stage, does not affect me nearly so powerfully; though I feel the soft and burning glow of colour. The symbolism is too remote and unobvious to strike me as effective—but I do not pretend to set any value by my own opinion on such matter. I read all your copied-out translations, after you left, with pleasure

scarcely less than that with which I looked upon your picture. I long to be able to read the whole of them quietly at home. I can fancy the stare of the "Athenæum" and other critics on opening this book of translations when you publish it. The train of thought the consideration of this led me into terminated in the perpetration of my first epigram —on fools in general and the "Athenæum" in particular:

> "He calls his hearer such, who says
> 'Ass!' of what so loudly brays."

A useful formula for the utterance of the unutterable.

Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

To D. G. Rossetti, Esq.

Wednesday night.

DEAR PATMORE,

Many thanks for your very kind note. Your marginal comment on my drawing had already gratified me much; but to have satisfied you so well as your letter expresses, is a very great pleasure to me. The best one can hope as a painter just now is to have a place of some kind among those who are to do for painting, as far as possible, what you and a very few more poets are doing now for poetry. I'm sure the drawing will gain much with Ruskin, to whom it belongs, by your good opinion. It, as well as the other one, I hope before long to show you finished; and am obstinate enough not to give up the hope that the "Passover" may please you more then than now. Perhaps I dwelt too much, in describing it, on the symbolic details and so made it seem as piecemeal in idea as it as yet is in finish. Its chief claim to interest, if successful when complete, would be as a subject which must have actually occurred during every year of the life led by the Holy Family, and which I think must bear its meaning broadly and instantly—not as you say "remotely"—on the very face of it,—in the one sacrifice really typical of the other. In this respect—its actuality as an incident no less than as a *scriptural* type—I think you will acknowledge it differs entirely from Herbert's some years back, Millais' more recently, or any other of the very many both ancient and modern which resemble it in so far as they are illustrations of Christ's life "subject to His

parents," but not one of which that I can remember is anything more than an entire and often trifling fancy of the painter, in which the symbolism is not really inherent in the fact, but merely suggested or suggestible, and having had the fact made to fit it. However, I fear I have scarcely the right to trouble you with so much justification of my design, unless I were fully to carry it out as a picture on a more complete scale.

Your *quietus* for the "Asinöeum" is a "bare bodkin" which one likes to see thrust down that long ear; only as there are no brains to reach there by such means, how is death to be ever counted on?

I hope you found all well at Brighton, and remembered me kindly to all. I may, most likely I believe, be going on Friday to Paris, to save the last week or so of the Exhibition. I shall not stay more than a week though; and on my return, or sooner if I don't go, will positively get together those translations and send them you in a lump. I copied one or two first-rate ones out the other night, on the strength of your interest in them.

Yours sincerely,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

TO THOMAS WOOLNER.

Hastings, Jany. 14 [1884?].

MY DEAR WOOLNER,

* * * * *

I was disappointed with the Reynolds' Exhibition. Every exhibition I have seen of the whole or great part of an artist's work has greatly lowered him in my mind. One sees all the mannerisms and repetitions, and how much he should have left undone, and how the mine-rubbish has all been worked over again, after the true lode has been exhausted. Therefore poets, whose works are always exhibited all together, should be more careful than any other artists how they gratify the cry of the public horse-leech for "more, more."

Yours ever truly,
C. PATMORE.

For the occasion of the two following letters, see vol. i., p. 201.

Hastings, Oct. 18, 1886.

My Dear Woolner,

We have been hunting about for some one to do the figure vignettes for the "Angel," and have actually been consulting the only man who could do them—yourself. The dignity, sweetness, and originality of your vignettes to the "Golden Treasury Series" and one or two drawings I have seen of yours, show that you and no other are capable of the thing wanted.

I have mentioned it to Bell, who has asked me to write to you about it. Don't say "no" in a hurry. If the work is done, it will be done handsomely in all respects.

Yours very truly,

C. Patmore.

Hastings, Oct, 25, 1886.

My Dear Woolner,

I cannot tell you how much I am pleased by the hope that you will undertake the figure pieces for the "Angel." So long as there was talk of anyone else doing them, I did not feel a grain of interest in the project, except in so far as it seemed likely to put money in my pocket. But it will be very different if you do it. . . . .

Yours very truly,

C. Patmore.

The following letter shows how Patmore was prepared to associate Pagan with Christian art, and may be compared with what I have recorded above, Vol. ii., p. 19, as to his regarding the Venus of Milo as being not less "Catholic" than the Sistine Madonna :

The Mansion, Hastings,
December 13, '75.

My Dear Woolner,

Can you tell me whether and where I could get a slab or two of the Parthenon frieze in plaster-of-Paris? I have taken a fine old house here, with a big drawing-room, at one end of which I have hung a vast "autotype"—I think they call it—of the Dresden Virgin and Child. I can think of nothing that will go into the same room with this

except a bit of the Elgin Marbles. If I remember rightly, the frieze is about three feet high. It would take about eight feet of the length of it to suit the place I want it for. Can you tell me not only where I can get it but what particular group, or groups, I should choose?

The storm the other day was unspeakably grand. A whole terrace of houses was so ruined by the waves that they will have to come down. The sea was *raging* in the heart of the town, far away from the beach.

Yours ever,

C. PATMORE.

CHAPTER XIII

LETTERS TO MRS. GEMMER AND MRS. BISHOP

MRS. GEMMER, known to the public as "Gerda Fay," was for many years an intimate friend of Patmore and of his first wife (see vol. i., p. 167).

Northend, Hampstead, Feb. 9th, 1863.

DEAR MRS. GEMMER,

Many thanks for your kind enquiries after us all. The children, you will be pleased to hear, were never better, and apparently never happier than they are just now.

The four little ones are most fortunately placed in charge of some ladies at Finchley. I see them almost daily, and Emily spends much of her time here with me. My eldest boy Milnes is a naval cadet on board the "Britannia," and is getting on better than I at first hoped that he would have done. It is just the life for him, with its strict restraints alternating with intervals of almost unbounded liberty. Little Tennyson is doing well, and promises fair to take the highest honors of his school. I am myself in tolerably fair health. . . .

I hope that you are not letting your poetic talent lie idle. I think you ought to reckon your first appearance a decided success, and that you should be encouraged by it to do more. Mrs. Browning is gone, and Miss Procter is, I fear, unlikely ever to leave her bed again. You and Miss Rossetti are the only representatives of the late remarkable school of English poetesses.

I fear that the criticisms I ventured to give at Finchley were hard and unappreciating, and very possibly have discouraged you. . . .

Believe me, dear Mrs. Gemmer,
Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

To Mrs. Gemmer.

March 16, 1869.

My Dear Mrs. Gemmer,

. . . You should not be surprised at seeing nothing about your poems in the papers. No book that is good for anything is likely to get noticed unless it is a novel, biography, travels, or expressly utilitarian. As for *payment* I wonder you venture to dream of such a thing.

I see that you respect children more than I do. I have indeed very little respect for children. Their so-called innocence is want of practice rather than inclination, and all bad passions seem to me to be more violent in children than in men and women, and more wicked because in more immediate conjunction with the divine vision.[1]

Second childhood—to which I dare say you will think I am approaching—is the only childhood that seems to me to be often respectable or amiable. . . .

Yours ever,
C. Patmore.

Old Lands Hall,
Uckfield, Sussex.
Nov. 8, 1869.

My Dear Mrs. Gemmer,

. . . In answer to your kind wish to know something of how things have gone since '65, I have little to reply. Things have gone on so smoothly, and each day and month has been so much like the last. I never write nor read. My whole time has been taken up in "improving" one little bit of England. I have built a pretty house and have turned fifty acres of field into park and garden. Besides that I have managed my farm, and planted up my woods. In such employments I have been occupied ten hours a day for two years. We never see a newspaper—except to learn the price of wheat and hops; and know nothing and care nothing of how the world—which went to the dogs long ago—is getting on.

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[1] This view of childhood must have been due to a temporary fit of morbidity. It does not represent Patmore's usual opinion.

The boys and girls are growing up as well as can be expected. Emily is at a Convent (full of old friends of my wife) at Bayswater. She likes the place greatly, and always comes home for her holidays the better for her training. Gertrude is there also. Bertha and Henry are at home. I don't think you ever saw Henry. He is a wonderfully pretty and sharp little fellow. . . .

The *immense* superiority of girls over boys strikes me more and more. . . .

Yours most truly,
C. PATMORE.

The following letter gives proof of the despondency caused by inadequate appreciation of the "Odes," privately circulated in 1868. (See vol. i., pp. 243-245.)

The last sentence in the letter alludes to Swift's poem, "The Day of Judgment," which concludes as follows :

"——I to such blockheads set my wit?
I damn such fools! Go, go, you're *bit*."

Heron's Ghyll, Aug. 8th, '70.

DEAR MRS. GEMMER,

I have read "Heart's Delight," and have found in it the qualities I have before admired in your poetry, only at once more lively and more mature. I am glad to see that you have still heart and hope enough left to write and print—when you see what it is the public likes. . . . *I* am become utterly idle through utter hopelessness. A youth of hearty endeavour to be useful seems to have been quite a failure, and to have done neither myself nor others any good. The gods have made us for their laughter, especially such of us as aim, in youth, at doing and being something not ignoble. They shall laugh at me no more; for henceforth I aim at nothing, and can "wait to die," abstaining in the meanwhile from either flippancy or gloom, and hoping, with Swift, that God will not damn such fools as we are.

Yours always truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Nov. 5, 1879.

DEAR MRS. GEMMER,

I thank you very much for "Baby Land" and the sight of the "Reverie." The last is a great advance upon the best that I have yet seen of your writing. The movement of the verse is beautiful throughout, and the thought and images of a high class. "Baby Land" seems to me better than any modern book of nursery rhymes I know. I should think that it has a fair chance of a wide popularity. I don't think you have got a bad hundred pounds' worth in the pictures. Children care for quantity more than quality, and you have got plenty.

I have no news worth telling of self and family. We go on from year to year without any event. One boy is married and is a doctor, getting on fairly well. Another is at sea. My eldest girl is leading a very happy and enviable life as a nun, and the others are at home. We do not trouble ourselves about Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone or anything else. The "burning" questions of the day do not burn us; for we have made up our minds that to attend to our own business exclusively is the best way of serving not only ourselves, but other people.

You may imagine, therefore, what an uninteresting lot we are.

With best wishes for your literary success, which you so well deserve, Believe me,

Yours very truly,

C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Feb. 25, 1882.

DEAR MRS. GEMMER,

I am very glad that you have received a good appreciation of your poem from Mr. Browning. With his praise and Matthew Arnold's you ought to be able to do without much recognition from the lower regions.

It seems to me that you ought to think yourself very lucky if you find life only "something like a term of mild penal servitude."

My poetic glimpses of the possible have not left me so great a resignation to the actual.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

C. PATMORE.

Mrs. Bishop is best known as the writer of the biography of Mrs. Craven, authoress of the "Récit d'une Sœur."

Hastings, March 2, 1877.

DEAR MRS. BISHOP,

Thank you for sending me—I suppose you did—the "Contemporary Review," with your very interesting article. I cannot share even your very moderately implied hope that modern civilization is capable of being revived, even by the Catholic Faith. The process of rotting has gone too far. Our only and far-off hope lies in the completion of that process, and in the abundant supply of *manure*[1] thence resulting for the future garden of God. In the meantime Catholic Truth and Love—the lily and the rose of the old garden—must die out yet further; must die down to the ground. But the roots will remain; and when the inconceivably horrible winter, of which we now feel the first breath, is passed, they will shoot up, with much multiplied life. Many "dark ages"—darker than the world has ever known—must first come.

So, as for you and me, and our children and grand-children and their grand-children,

> "We will not say
> There's any hope, it is so far away."[2]

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, February 22.
[1878?].

MY DEAR MRS. BISHOP,

I am very glad that the result of your first glance over the Odes is so favourable. I fear that few Catholics will think of them as you do. To be otherwise than merely conventional and commonplace in expression is to be suspected, by the immense majority of Catholics, of verging

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[1] Compare the following from "The Merry Murder":

> . . . "Bad corpses turn into good dung
> To feed strange features beautiful and young."

[2] Quoted from "A Farewell."

at least on the unsound in substance. I expect that my audience will be limited almost wholly to persons of the Invisible Church . . .

Believe me,
Yours very truly
C. PATMORE.

A friend of Dr. Newman's showed me a letter in which he spoke with very gratifying warmth of "The Standards" which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

The following letter is no doubt that alluded to in the preceding postscript:

The Oratory, March 28, 1875.

MY DEAR MORRIS,

Let me first present to you our Congratulations on the recurrence of this Great Feast. Having done this, I go on to say that we were much struck with the Poem in the Pall Mall, and wondered who the author was: we felt the great compliment paid to us unworthy; and most we felt the depth and seriousness of the appeal itself. I have been prophesying a great battle between good and evil, truth and falsehood, for this forty or fifty years—but I suppose it is ever going on—and there will be no crisis, till towards the end of the world. In the time of Arianism the great men of the Church thought things too bad to last. So did Pope Gregory at the end of the Seventh[1] Century, St. Romuald in the eleventh, afterwards St. Vincent Ferrar, and I think Savonarola—and so on to our time. And it must be so; for the times and the moments are known only to God alone. That does not interfere with our duty to be ever thinking of the end, or the wholesome warning given us by such a remarkable Poem as the one you speak of.

As to your question, I wish I was a mystical theologian to help you. I showed it to Father St. John, and he thought you would like to have a passage from a great Spanish Mystic, which he has translated for you.

Yours Affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

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[1] An error for "Sixth."

Hastings, Sept. 16, 1878.

My Dear Mrs. Bishop,

Thank you for shewing me the verses and Mrs. Latouche's criticism, to which, I think, little can be added. The feeling and thought are delicate and beautiful; but the Authoress has not danced long enough in the fetters of some ordinary and formal metre to be able to trust herself with safety to the perilous liberty of the iambic ode.

It is only after writing for half my life in two of the very simplest metres—as a student of the piano is kept half his life to the practice of the scales—that I have come to feel myself free to try the wider harmony; and no one knows better, or, perhaps, so well as I do, how seldom I have yet attained to do so with the success that justifies the attempt. It is only by a long and laborious apprenticeship to external law that one attains, either in life or poetry, to have the *law in the heart*. . . .

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Bishop,

Yours ever truly,

C. Patmore.

The two following letters refer to the division of opinion concerning certain of Patmore's "Odes," which followed their publication. The point has been fully discussed in vol. i., pp. 315-319, where Mr. de Vere's judgment on them has been recorded. He is, of course, the friend alluded to. The "fun" seems to have been something of this sort: Mr. de Vere's objection to what he considered an excessive development of the analogy between human and Divine love was, by those who supported Patmore's view, taken to imply a depreciation of the "body" or natural affections. Mr. de Vere was dubbed by them "the Sylph," and it was said that "he could not go to heaven, having 'no body.'" Though Patmore, as a loyal friend, took no part in this satire, it can do no harm to record it in explanation of these letters, especially as very many readers will to some extent endorse Mr. de Vere's view.

Hastings, May 28 [1878 or 1879.]

My Dear Mrs. Bishop,

. . . I pity you if you have committed yourself to a discussion of them [the "Odes"] with our friend. I refused absolutely from the first to discuss the matter with him, knowing the hopelessly different points of view from which we looked at things. . . .

Yours most sincerely,
C. Patmore.

Hastings, Nov. 12 [1878 or 1879.]

My Dear Mrs. Bishop,

I shall never mention Mrs. ———'s fun to anybody else. Mrs. J. is the only person with whom I have done so; and she had already heard it. I should be as sorry as you would be to vex the subject of it. I have a sincere liking and admiration for him, notwithstanding the very bad names he called my poor little "Psyche."

I don't think you need fear writing about "Eros," if you have a mind to. There is *no one living* that I know of who could write about it with so much insight. But, if you wish, as I know you do, to extend the influence of the Poem, don't expatiate much on the deeper meaning of it, for which the public is altogether unprepared. Get people to read it on account of its literary qualities, and those who can will get the other good out of it for themselves. You will only provoke a most formidable opposition if you endeavour too zealously and openly to make others sharers of the *good* which *you* can get out of it. . . .

Yours ever truly,
C. Patmore.

The following letter was no doubt occasioned by the issue of the translation of St. Bernard on the "Love of God." (See vol. i., p. 216.)

Hastings, April 10, 1881.

My Dear Mrs. Bishop,

I can answer your inquiries best by sending you the volumes of the Works of St. Bernard (eight in all) which

contain his life and the "Sermons on the Canticles," of which the second part of the little book you have received is a series of connected extracts. St. Bernard, though a great man, is practically unknown even to educated Catholics—who ought, I think, as a body, to be profoundly ashamed of their utter neglect of the great storehouses of pure food which are to be found in the Doctors of their Church, while they feed instead on the vulgar garbage of modern books of devotion.

St. Bernard is not, as you seem to think, one of the especially mystical writers. The two books translated contain nothing but plain doctrine and the experience of any devout soul.

If the Catholic Church in England were not deader than ditch water, I should anticipate a great popularity for this little book.

It will probably find many more readers among High-Church people than Catholics.

Yours ever truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Jany. 29, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. BISHOP.

The Meditations[1] are so good that I find it impossible to "read" them, except as I read à Kempis—a page or two at the time, and half an hour about it. The vigour of the spiritual life in them is such that one no more thinks of their "literary" quality (which however is perfect) than one does of a rushlight in presence of sunlight.

The present form of publication will not be any test of their popularity. They should be published in a small pocket volume. I shall certainly mention the volume whenever I find opportunity. . . . .

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, Aug. 15, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. BISHOP,

Of course I recognize your hand in Saturday's "Tablet." In the forty years I have been writing I have

[1] Probably those by Mrs. Craven.

had plenty of praise as well as blame, but I do not remember to have felt really gratified by any praise but yours ; for yours alone has declared that I have succeeded in the special points in which I desired success, all others commending me only for qualities in which I know I was equalled or excelled by other writers.

Yours very truly,

C. PATMORE.

CHAPTER XIV

LETTERS TO ROBERT BRIDGES AND EDMUND W. GOSSE

THE following letters may be more interesting for a few words of explanation. Mr. Bridges' work is too well known to need any comment. The sonnets alluded to are in a volume issued anonymously in 1889, entitled "The Growth of Love." Patmore wrote a review of "Prometheus the Fire-giver" in "The St. James's Gazette" (March 9, 1885), which is not republished in his collected essays.

Patmore's friendship for Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J., has been alluded to in vol. i., p. 175 and p. 318. In the latter passage I have told how he was innocently responsible for the destruction of the "Sponsa Dei"; and one of the following letters gives an account of this. A memoir of Father Hopkins by Robert Bridges and specimens of his verse are to be found in "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century," vol., viii. pp. 161-170. Some of Father Hopkins's letters to Patmore will be found further on in this volume.

Hastings, May 2, 1884.

DEAR MR. BRIDGES,

I beg heartily to congratulate you on the news you tell me of. Some day in the summer I expect to be able to arrange a visit to Oxford and Cambridge in company with Basil Champneys, whom I believe you know; and you will perhaps then be able to give me the double pleasure of making your acquaintance and that of your wife that will be. I am very glad to find that my feeling about my son's

verses is supported by your opinion, to which, as I told Mr. Hopkins, I attach so much weight that I hesitate to give so absolute a verdict of dissent from some of his (Hopkins's) poetical novelties as I otherwise should give. To me his poetry has the effect of veins of pure gold imbedded in masses of unpracticable quartz. He assures me that his "thoughts involuntary moved" in such numbers, and that he did not write them from preconceived theories. I cannot understand it. His genius is however unmistakable, and is lovely and unique in its effects whenever he approximates to the ordinary rules of composition.

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, May 7, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you very much for "Prometheus." I have already read it two or three times, having bought a copy from Mr. Gee soon after it came out. My future readings of it will be all the pleasanter for being out of your presentation copy, and I shall take care that my other copy finds a place in some worthy library. I do not like to tell you how thoroughly I like the poem. If you wish to know, you can ask one or two of our common acquaintances. I wish I had not had to tell Hopkins of my objections. But I had either to be silent or to say the truth; and silence would have implied more difference than I felt.

I have seldom felt so much attracted towards any man as I have been towards him, and I shall be more sorry than I can say if my criticisms have hurt him.

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, Jany. 4, 1887.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

I am glad to hear that Canon Dixon is writing—especially lyrics, which are more in my line than epics or dramas—unless these also, like "Prometheus the Fire-giver," are lyrical. I begin to think that writing poetry tends to make one a very narrow-minded reader of poetry.

I have rashly undertaken to give my verdict in "The St.

James's Gazette" on Rossetti. I have been hopelessly endeavouring for the past week to arrive at any clear notion of what can be justly said about him, and all, I suppose, because I have got into so deep a rut of my own. But perhaps, now that I have done with poetry and have taken to newspaper writing, I may become more liberal and larger minded—though it is somewhat late for me to begin.

I hope that we may meet again before very long; but I am unable as yet to say that I can leave home in the summer. I have already one engagement, and I find it more and more difficult to leave my fireside, my pipe, and my "musings on things to come."

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, June 7, 1889.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

How could you expect anybody to recognize you, when you were alternately stretched and cramped on the Procrustes' bed of the Sonnet? However, I did more than once strongly suspect it was you, though my suspicion was again sent to sleep by the dilettante form of your publication. Why should an established poet print only 22 copies? I do not discover in the sonnets themselves any sufficient reason for such maidenly reserve.

None of the sonnets seemed "dull," nor can I point out any that *especially* pleased me. What I like in your poems best is the quality which I have always tried, though I fear not with your success, to attain in my own (which however I think I remember your saying that you have never read), namely such an equality throughout as makes it impossible to pick here and there, and say "how fine."

I am sorry to hear of the illness of Gerard Hopkins.

I will send you a copy of my "St. James's Essays" in a week or two.

Yours ever truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, Aug. 12th, 1889.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

I can well understand how terrible a loss you have suffered in the death of Gerard Hopkins—you who saw so

much more of him than I did. I spent three days with him at Stonyhurst, and he stayed a week with me here; and that, with the exception of a somewhat abundant correspondence by letter, is all the communication I had with him; but this was enough to awaken in me a reverence and affection, the like of which I have never felt for any other man but one, that one being Frederick Greenwood, who for more than a quarter of a century has been the sole true and heroic politician and journalist in our degraded land. Gerard Hopkins was the only orthodox, and as far as I could see, saintly man in whom religion had absolutely no narrowing effect upon his general opinions and sympathies. A Catholic of the most scrupulous strictness, he could nevertheless see the Holy Spirit in all goodness, truth and beauty; and there was something in all his words and manners which were at once a rebuke and an attraction to all who could only aspire to be like him. The *authority* of his goodness was so great with me that I threw the manuscript of a little book—a sort of "Religio Poetæ"[1]—into the fire, simply because, when he had read it, he said with a grave look, "That's telling secrets." This little book had been the work of ten years' continual meditations, and could not but have made a greater effect than all the rest I have ever written; but his doubt was final with me.

I am very glad to know that you are to write a memorial of him. It is quite right that it should be privately printed. I, as one of his friends, should protest against any attempt to share him with the public, to whom little of what was most truly characteristic in him could be communicated.

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, Aug. 16, 1890.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

Thank you for confiding to me your reasons for not writing the memorial—at least yet. Should you ever do so, I have a considerable number of letters, which you might possibly like to see, and which would be at your service. I should much like to talk this and other matters over with you: if you would like it, I would try to make a night or

[1] "Sponsa Dei" (see vol. i., pp. 315-319).

two at Yattenden, if it fits in with a visit which I shall be paying with a friend near Oxford in the course of this autumn. The coincidences pointed out in your note are very remarkable; but I should hesitate before I concluded from them that Calderon had seen the "Tempest." Did dates justify the suspicion? I should rather have suspected that Shakespeare had read Calderon.[1] These fancies of the "Tempest" seem to me to savour more of the latter than the former.

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, March 4, 1891.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

I am very sorry to have to disclaim any right to your thanks for the article in the "Anti-Jacobin." All my articles are signed. I congratulate you on the way—slow but sure—that your poems are making.

As to your evil news: life, with the happiest of us, unless we get out of it early, is a deep tragedy, or a succession of tragedies, and the end of each of us is to be the subject of a tragedy. There is nothing so consoling about such evils as their inevitability.

With kind regards to Mrs. Bridges,
Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, Aug. 7, 1891.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

Thank you for your "Eden," which I have read with as much pleasure as I am well able to derive from poetry of that kind, which always, even in Milton, makes me feel as if I was trying to breathe in a vacuum. No blame to the kind of poetry, but to me, who can only breathe and see in the "*valley* of vision." Have pity on me for an earth-grubber, and do not altogether withdraw your friendship, though your respect for my understanding may be shattered.

I remain,
Your much ashamed
COVENTRY PATMORE.

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[1] Impossible. Shakespeare died when Calderon was sixteen years old.

Lymington, Oct. 2, 1891.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

. . . We like the new home better and better every day. I have never seen a better planned or more characteristic house. It is a good size—some 33 rooms—about four times as large as we *want*—but somehow we have swelled our five selves out so as to fill it all—that is to say, to have an appointed use for every part. You need never fear that there may not be a spare room for you. We have a lovely wild garden of about 3 acres, and the views from the windows are more like the shores of Maggiore or Lucerne than anything else I have seen in England.

Yours very truly,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Lymington, Hants, Nov. 23, 1892.

MY DEAR BRIDGES,

I congratulate you—though late—on the birth of your son, which I had not heard of. I lead a hermit's life here, as I have done always, and am not in the way of hearing anything. I take in the "Morning Post," indeed, but only because my servants complain, if I take no paper in, that they cannot light the fires. I never read it.[1] This place suits me in every way better than Hastings. No country I have ever seen in England or elsewhere is, to my mind, to be compared to the New Forest. I am very much of your opinion about———. His is a high mediocrity—just the thing to make a great reputation. I suppose that he is the most likely Laureate. Gladstone, of whom a certain poet of your nation has said,

"His leprosy's so perfect that men call him clean,"[2]

admires him greatly. Best regards to Mrs. Bridges.

Yours truly,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

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[1] He did however almost daily walk to the "Angel" and read the "Times" (see vol. i., p. 391).

[2] Quoted from "The Merry Murder."

Lymington, May 1, 1895.

My Dear Bridges,

I am reading with great pleasure and admiration your book on Keats. Nothing can surpass the artistic quality of Keats, at his best; but I am perpetually reminded, in Endymion and Hyperion, that he is writing about things he does not understand. No man can be fit to write such psychological parables as Keats attempts till he is past forty and has devoted many and many years to contemplation of his own soul and its relations. . . .

Yours ever,

Coventry Patmore.

Lymington, Hants, May 30, 1895.

My Dear Bridges,

I read your book on Keats with great attention, pleasure and admiration, except in a few parts in which I thought you gave him too high a place among the great poets, and did not sufficiently dwell upon the predominance of the emotional character in his poetry. He is full to overflow with fine imagery, yet he seems to me to be greatly deficient in first-rate imaginative powers. Some of the greatest imaginative poems of the world have been almost totally free from imagery. This is the highest test of great imagination.

Yours ever truly,

Coventry Patmore.

The following letter refers to "English Odes selected by Edmund Gosse" (Kegan Paul and Co., 1881), which Mr. Gosse was then compiling. The term "Pindarique" is used in allusion to Cowley's Odes, two of which are translations, the rest imitations of Pindar. Apparently Cowley fell into the same error, with regard to the metrical construction of Pindar's Odes, as Horace. (See vol. i., p. 243.)

Hastings, Nov. 19, 1880.

Dear Sir,

The Ode called the "Unknown Eros" is at your service for your selection. Your volume is likely to be a

valuable one, provided that you extend it so as to include such Odes as Spenser's "Epithalamium" (the one on his own marriage); but if you limit it to Odes proper, according to the "Pindarique" notion, I do not see where you are to get enough for even a small volume.

Trusting you will not think this remark obtrusive,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

C. PATMORE.

Hastings, June 21, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

Many thanks for Crashaw, with most of whose poems I was unacquainted.

I have not yet found anything equal to "Music's Duel," which is perhaps the most wonderful piece of word-craft ever done.

Yours very truly,

C. PATMORE.

The "really splendid little poem" alluded to in the following letter is "Renunciation," printed in "Firdausi in Exile," 1886. The poem which Patmore incloses is called in the manuscript copy "*Scire Te-ipsum.*" It was published in the editions of his poems of 1886 and 1890 under the title, "The Three Witnesses." It is notable as being, in all probability, the most condensed expression of one of Patmore's most characteristic apprehensions; also as, with the exception of a short poem called "A Retrospect" (see vol. i., p. 245), the last serious poem he wrote.

Hastings, July 25, 1882.

MY DEAR GOSSE,

I thank you for sending me your really splendid little poem, which expresses with the vigour and joy of experience the Catholic doctrine that Virginity is not the denial but the consummation of love.

On the next leaf is the copy of verses you asked for. They may be taken as the complement of yours, as expressing the rewards of virginity—attainable even in this life—in the supernatural order.

I would that, with such remarkable powers of expression and so many years before you, you could become a worker in the inexhaustible poetic mine of Catholic psychology.

Yours ever truly,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Patmore's next letter alludes to a sonnet written by Mr. Gosse on Henry Patmore. It was printed, entitled "H. P.," in the volume of Henry's poems mentioned vol. i., p. 294, and was reprinted in "Firdausi in Exile" with the same heading. The following is Mr. Gosse's letter offering this poem.

21. 1. 84.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I come back, as I always do from a visit to you, strongly moved and quickened in spirit, dazzled with glimpses of a stronger light than common day. I have already written to Oxford about the printing of Henry's Poems, and shall let you know as soon as I have an answer. You will also let me know, will you not, directly you hear from Woolner? I shall be seeing Thornycroft on Wednesday night—perhaps by then I shall have heard from you.

As I lay awake last night thinking of what you had told me about Henry, and what I had read of his writing, I composed some verses which I venture to send you. If they do not seem to you below what is creditable, I would offer them as a slight tribute of mine to his memory, and, if you chose, they might be printed, in italics, between your memoir and the first of his verses; and this might recover the page which was abandoned on account of my criticism—the Antigone fragment! But this is only if you really like them a little, or wish to see them there.

. . . . . .

With kindest greetings to all your household, from the Poet to the tiny Epiphany with his grave eyes, believe me,

My dear Friend,

Yours very sincerely

EDMUND GOSSE.

Hastings, Jany. 22, 1884.

My Dear Gosse,

I do not know how to thank you for the beautiful verses. Of *course* they will be a most welcome addition to the little volume.

Yours ever truly,
C. Patmore.

Mr. Gosse's poem, "The Renunciation," has already been mentioned. The poem which raised the ire of the gentleman in Dublin must have been "The Cruise of the Rover."

Hastings, Nov. 18, 1885.

My Dear Gosse,

My best thanks for "Firdausi in Exile." I have already read most of the volume, and admire in it the easy and cultivated evenness which is so rare in modern poetry. It is always good, and sometimes, as in the small piece called "A Portrait" for example, very good. I was glad to recognize in print that beautiful little poem "Renunciation," of which I have a copy in your handwriting. I must say I sympathise with your correspondent the "gentleman resident in Dublin," whenever you touch on Monks, Popish Images, &c.; but if you will come down here from Saturday till Monday, any time that suits you, you will find your life safe at least, and—to heap coals on your head—comfortable, if we can make it so.

Yours very truly,
C. Patmore.

The two following letters allude to two out of three articles which Mr. Gosse wrote on the 1886 edition of Patmore's poems. They appeared on the following dates: "Athenæum," June 12, "St. James's Gazette," June 13, "Saturday Review," June 19, 1886. It is fair to Mr. Gosse to record that this multiplication of reviews had for its sole motive the desire to produce a reaction against the unfair criticism to which Patmore had for some time been subject. The review in the "Athenæum" must have been a

special gratification to Patmore, as it was this journal which had printed Mr. Chorley's parody on "The Angel" (see vol. i., p. 170), the only critical insult which gave him lasting pain. It may be noticed that in this triplet of critiques Mr. Gosse has avoided repetition, and that they severally approach the subject from different points of view. Though they "mingled praise and blame," they were none the less calculated to fulfil their writer's intention. Patmore indeed fully realized that unmeasured praise was apt to defeat its object. "D. V." alludes to the following lines from "The Victories of Love":

> "Also I thank you for the frocks
> And shoes for baby. I (D.V.)
> Shall soon be strong." . . . .

The last line had been in earlier editions

> "Shall wean him soon."

The original version is a good example of Patmore's earlier tendency to physiologico-sentimentalism, which I have alluded to in vol. i., p. 176.

In the "Epilogue" to "The Angel" this passage occurs:

> "Passing, they left a gift of wine
> At Widow Neale's." . . . .

Patmore makes a humorous allusion to these lines in his essay on "Distinction."

The "bread-and-butter" passage from the "Athenæum" review is as follows:

> "This laureate of the tea-table, with his hum-drum stories of girls that smell of bread and butter, is in his inmost heart the most arrogant and visionary of mystics."

"Hastings, Monday, June 21, 1886.

My Dear Gosse,

Your "clawing" in the "Saturday" duly received. At first I received an agreeable titillation: I felt inclined

to squall as your endearments acquired a certain feline ferocity, and you tore out with your *talents* tufts of bloody hair—seemly enough in their place—and displayed them to a discerning public as specimens of my fur; but I ended by purring, when I came upon "The Departure," and assured myself that, although the Saturday readers would look upon "D.V." and "Widow Neale" as my *average*, still they would see that in one or two happy moments, I could rise above it.

Seriously however I thank you very much, and long for the opportunity of *stroking* you, in my more mildly amatory fashion in return.

Yours ever truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Sunday, July 12, 1886.

MY DEAR GOSSE,

I wrote yesterday before getting your note. You need not dread our indignation. We were greatly pleased with the praise, and no less amused by the blame. You should have heard the inextinguishable laughter with which your description of "Honoria" and "Amelia" as "girls smelling of bread and butter" was received. My wife suggests that, in the next edition the name of "Honoria" should be changed to "Butterina." Your criticism almost tempts me to break my resolution to write no more, in order to show the world that, if I choose, I can depict a melancholy whore after the most approved cotemporary type.

Yours with renewed thanks,
C. PATMORE.

Mr. Gosse had, with Mr. Thomas Hardy, visited William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, shortly before his death. The letter alluded to was printed by Patmore in his article for the "Fortnightly Review," (46: 659) "An English Classic—William Barnes." This essay is reprinted in "Religio Poetæ," (there called "A Modern Classic, William Barnes") but with many passages omitted, this letter among them.

Mount Pleasant, Tunbridge Wells,
Sept. 6, 1886.

My Dear Gosse,

Thank you for your interesting letter about dear old Barnes. I am glad he remembered me. I wonder whether he feels assured of (if he cares for [it]) the certain fame which awaits him "beyond these voices." His writings have all the qualities of—classics; and I don't know of anyone else living of whom this can be said, except for a small proportion of their work. He has done a small thing well, while his contemporaries have been mostly engaged in doing big things ill. . . . .

Thanks for inquiring about artists for the "Angel." I am told that Dicksee and Parsons have got years and years of work on hand. I have not been able to hear of any other likely people. Therefore most likely the project will be dropped—for which I do not much care—indeed I do not care at all. It is Bell's idea.

Remember me very kindly to your wife, and believe me

Yours very truly,
C. Patmore.

When Barnes goes I should like to have the opportunity of writing something about him. I am not likely to hear, but you are. Please let me know, should you hear.

The article alluded to in the following letter must have been that which appeared in the "St. James's Gazette" on Oct. 9, 1886:

Hastings, Oct. 8th, 1886.

My Dear Gosse,

I have written and sent short notice of Barnes. I had only an hour and a half to write it in.

Yours very truly,
C. Patmore.

If you could come down now and then on Saturday and stay till Monday, it would be a charity.

I live all my days in a wilderness of fair women, and long for some male chat.

The volume referred to in the following letter is

probably the 1890 collection (third revised edition) entitled "On Viol and Flute."

The latter part refers to Patmore's essay "Distinction" ("Fortnightly Review," 53 : 826) reprinted in "Religio Poetæ." To this Patmore added the following introductory note, alluded to in vol. i., p. 386 :

When this essay appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" it was taken so much *au grand serieux* by the newspapers, especially the "Spectator," that I resolved never thenceforward to attempt to deal in "chaff" or fun, without clearly intimating my intention at the outset.

Thursday,
[1890?]

My Dear Gosse,

I have been reading your last volume again with increasing pleasure, and my wife, who is even a severer judge of poetry than I am, admires it greatly.

Do you chance to have seen the "Spectator" and the "Guardian" in their solemn defence of themselves against my "chaff" in the "Fortnightly"? They take my rollicking fun for the agonized contortions of a deeply wounded spirit, and refute my gammon with a gravity worthy Bacon.

Yours very truly,
Coventry Patmore.

The next letter refers to the translation of a Spanish novel (under Mr. Gosse's editorship) "Pepita Jiménez." Patmore reviewed it in the "Fortnightly,"[1] and reprinted the essay in "Religio Poetæ," entitled "A Spanish Novelette" :

Lymington, Nov. 26, 1891.

My Dear Gosse,

I have just finished reading "Pepita" and must write at once to tell you how delighted I am with the book. It is the most charming novel I have ever read. Altogether

[1] July, 1892. The article is entitled "Three Essayettes."

high and right in religion and morals. Yet so absolutely innocent of cant that it is sure to give scandal to the British Public, and withal as full of concrete interest as if it were written by Walter Scott. It has also a prevailing grace which I have never found even a gleam of except in certain plays of Calderon. Be sure, however, that that beast, the British Public, will find nothing in it but an occasion to blaspheme.

Yours ever,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Mr. Gosse had been instrumental in arranging that Mr. Sargent should paint Patmore's portrait. A reproduction of it is given as the frontispiece to this volume, and the picture and Patmore's own opinion of it are discussed in vol. i., pp. 389, 390 :

Leamington, May 9, 1894.

MY DEAR GOSSE,

I have not adequately expressed—indeed, I hardly can express—my pleasure at the offer of Mr. Sargent, made through you. You know my exceeding admiration of his work. He seems to me to be the greatest, not only of living English portrait painters, but of *all* English portrait painters; and to be thus *invited* to sit to him for my picture is among the most signal honours I have ever received.

Yours ever,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Lymington, Hants, Sept. 7th, '94.

MY DEAR GOSSE,

As you were instrumental in getting the portrait done, I ought to tell you that it is now finished to the satisfaction, and far more than the satisfaction of every one—including the painter—who has seen it.

It will be simply, as a work of art, *the* picture of the Academy.

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

CHAPTER XV

LETTERS TO THOMAS HARDY, MR. AND MRS. DYKES CAMPBELL, ST. CLAIR BADDELEY, SIDNEY COLVIN, J. W. INCHBOLD, JOHN DENNIS, H. BUXTON FORMAN, W. E. HENLEY, AND BASIL CHAMPNEYS

PATMORE was, during his later life, an omnivorous reader of novels and considered that contemporary fiction reached a very high level of excellence. The following letter to Mr. Thomas Hardy is however the only epistolary encomium on any novelist's work which has come to hand. For many years Mr. Hardy's novels were his prime favourites. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" proved altogether distasteful to him. It is unnecessary to give a list of the novelists whose work he admired. It would be a very long one. I will content myself by recording the strongest opinion I ever heard him utter. Not long before his death, when we were discussing novels, I said to him "I don't know what your opinion of Henry James is?" He replied, almost in a tone of reproach—implying that one who knew him well ought to be in no doubt—"Think of him? Why, of course I think that he is incomparably the greatest living writer of fiction."

21 Campden Hill Road,
Kensington,
March 29, 1875.

SIR,

I trust that you will not think I am taking too great a liberty in writing to tell you with what extraordinary

pleasure and admiration I have read your novels, especially that called "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

I regretted at almost every page that such almost unequalled beauty and power should not have assured themselves the immortality which would have been confirmed upon them by the form of verse. But they deserve and I hope will obtain an abiding place in the high ranks of English literature without that aid—which perhaps I am misled by the prejudice of my own craft in wishing for them. I am not in the habit of assuming that anything that I myself have written will be acceptable to strangers, but I am so eager to express my sense of my debt to you for the pleasure you have given me that I make free to send you some writing of my own—now out of print—in the hope that it may show sufficient acquaintance with your art to save my commendations from being put down for an impertinence.

I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

To T. Hardy, Esq.

In his "Fortnightly" article on Barnes (46, 659), Patmore had spoken of Thomas Hardy as "our first English novelist." This was the occasion of the following letter. Later he wrote an appreciation of Mr. Hardy's work, which appeared in the "St. James's Gazette" (April 2, 1887).

Max Gate,
nr. Dorchester,
11 Nov., 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have only seen the "Fortnightly" within the last day or two, or I should have written you before now a line of thanks for the good feeling which prompted your word about me as a novelist. It is what I might have deserved if my novels had been exact transcripts of their original irradiated conception, before any attempt at working out that glorious dream had been made—and the impossibility of getting it on paper had been brought home to me.

Your criticism of Barnes's work was most instructive. I

have lived too much within his atmosphere to see his productions in their due perspective, as you see them. My disappointment was great that the article was no longer: the opening remarks were of a kind to set one thinking deeply.

I find, and I daresay you do also, that it is extremely difficult to convey a notion of Barnes's quality as a poet by selections, however carefully chosen. I cannot explain this; but the fact remains.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS HARDY.

During the later years of Patmore's residence at Hastings, Mr. Dykes Campbell, the biographer of Coleridge, was his neighbour, and became his intimate friend. Patmore used to take his visitors on Sunday mornings to visit Mr. Campbell, while many of Mr. Campbell's friends were introduced to Patmore. It was through him that Patmore became acquainted with Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, as will be seen by later correspondence.

Hastings, Feb. 22, 1888.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I thank you very much for informing me, more fully than I have as yet been able to become acquainted with, the state of my old friend Mrs. Procter's health.

I had heard that she was very unwell, and I wrote a week or two ago to ask if I should have a chance of seeing her if I went to town, but Miss Procter answered there was none.

I fear that her illness is all the more likely to prove a total break up, because she has hitherto preserved such wonderful health, and to such a great age. . . . .

Believe me, yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, March 7th, 1888.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I expected your news, of course. I did not know that Mrs. Procter's age was so great. She was, in that and

more important ways, the most remarkable woman I have ever known. Some one—I forget who—told me that she had made notes of her social and literary experiences for future publication. No one else of our generation had so much matter for "Memoirs," and, I should think, none could have known better how to present it.[1]

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hastings, May 7, 1888.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I did not complain of want of "form," but of "style," which is a totally different thing. Style appears to me to be the very innermost soul and substance of poetry—a thing beyond words, the all and alone precious individuality of the singer—inexpressible by words, but yet breathed through them, when the poet is a true one. There is little "form" in Herrick or William Barnes, but there is style—the true essential of poetry—very marked in each. When I said that manner was more important than matter in poetry, I really meant that the true matter of poetry could only be expressed by the manner. A poet may be choke full of the deepest thoughts and the deepest feeling, may express them brilliantly and stirringly, and yet he may not be a poet of the first order, if the expressions want that ineffable aroma of individuality which I mean by style. I find the brilliant thinking and the deep feeling in Browning, but no true individuality—though of course his manner is marked enough.

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Aug. 28 [1888?].

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

Thanks for Walt Whitman's effusion. He should go about with Sequah[2] in a waggon with bells, and sing the advent of democracy between the intervals of tooth-draw-

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[1] Mrs. Procter's memoirs and correspondence must have been of unique value. All have, I fear, perished.

[2] An itinerant dentist.

ing. He would certainly secure "the thumb-mark of the Artisan,"[1] for his classical style.

Yours ever truly,
C. PATMORE.

2, Buckingham Place, Mount Ephraim,
Tonbridge Wells, Oct. 1, 1889.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

Thank you for your kindness in sending me my Father's old "Examiner" papers, which, like the poems, I had never seen.

I have received Ireland's book,[2] and find parts of it very amusing reading, though it absolutely confirms the ancient impression that Hazlitt[3] was a flashy and quite second-rate writer, with a "certain gift of the gab," suggesting genius. Of course I dipped first into "my first acquaintance with poets," and there I find him setting down Coleridge as "capricious, perverse, and prejudiced in his antipathies and distastes," because forsooth, he (Hazlitt) could not get him (Coleridge) to enter into the merits of "Caleb Williams" (!), or to hold, with the writer of "Liber Amoris," that Butler's Analogy is a "tissue of sophistry, of wondrous theological special pleading."

Hoping to see you here soon.

Yours truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

May 10, 1890.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

Thanks for "Athenæum". *You* are not a bad hand at the tomahawk. We shall go to the heaven of the Vikings,

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[1] This alludes to a phrase of Lord Rosebery's, of which Patmore has made fun in his essay on "Distinction," and elsewhere.

[2] The book alluded to is "William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic. Selections from his Writings, with a Memoir Biographical and Critical, 1889."

[3] This letter confirms what I had written (vol. i., pp. 19-20), concerning Patmore's low estimate of Hazlitt and its probable causes.

slaying our enemies all morning for ever, and sipping claret over their corpses all night.

Do you see that "Patmore's Poems, First Edition," which you got the other day for £1, sold at Gaisford's sale for £14? It seems I am looking up, in spite of the Council of the Ten or so.

Yours ever,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Lymington, Hants, June 4, '95.

DEAR MRS. CAMPBELL,

Your telegram was a terrible shock to me. Your husband was one of the three or four *friends* I had left, and one of the very few thorough and reliable gentlemen I have ever known. It always seems to me that words of condolence, at such a time, are worse than impertinence; and you cannot require to be reminded of the great though severe consolation of knowing how greatly and widely he was esteemed for his extraordinary gifts and high-mindedness.

Mrs. Patmore desires me to express her profound sympathy.

Believe me,
Yours ever truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Lymington, Hants, June 28, '96.

DEAR MRS. CAMPBELL,

I thank you very much for Mr. Stephen's little Memoir[1] of your husband, and for what you tell me and Mrs. Patmore about his last hours. Would that I might have as painless and sudden an end to the weariness which life has become, through weakness of the heart, which refuses to propel the blood through brain and body in quantities sufficient to sustain sensitive life.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

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[1] By Mr. Leslie Stephen; prefixed to the second edition (1896) of Mr. Campbell's "Life of Coleridge."

To St. Clair Baddeley, Esq.

Lymington, July 25,
[1893].

My Dear Baddeley,

Many thanks for your Poem [1] which is full of beauty. To *me* its defect is that it glorifies its subject too highly. I know I may be wrong, but I cannot reckon T. with the truly great poets. He is, of course, an immortal. No one ever wrote so well on his own line. But he did very little which seems to me to have been greatly conceived or passionately and deeply felt.

Yours ever truly,
Coventry Patmore.

Lymington, Thursday.

My Dear Baddeley,

It has occurred to me that you might possibly be even more interested in Mrs. Meynell's poetry than in her prose.

I therefore send you my copy, which please return at your leisure. The poetry seems to me to have a quite unique strain of lofty sweetness and pathos and delicate reticence.

Yours very truly,
Coventry Patmore.

If you go to Palace Court some Sunday afternoon, you should ask Mrs. Meynell to sing to you. She is almost as accomplished, in all sorts of ways, as you are.

The following letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin is evidently misdated. It should be 1885. Patmore paid his first visit to Cambridge with me in 1884 (alluded to vol. i., p. 377). Ruskin's pamphlet, "Elements of English Prosody, for use in St. George's Schools," appeared in 1885. It is evident from Ruskin's letters to Patmore, printed later in this volume, that he *had* read Patmore's essay on metre. It is however characteristic of Ruskin that, having read the work

[1] "Tennyson's Grave."

of another, he should have dealt with the same subject on his own lines, and of Patmore that he should have forgotten Ruskin's letter.

Patmore's essay on Keats, republished from the "St. James's Gazette" (June 28, 1887), is a review of Mr. Colvin's "Keats" ("English Men of Letters," 1887). Patmore's opinion of Keats, or rather opinions, for they varied somewhat (compare his letters to Mr. Sutton with his published essay), are illustrated in many portions of these volumes.

Hastings, June 3, 1881.

My Dear Colvin,

I have been intending to write to you something about Ruskin's pamphlet on metre, which I found extremely interesting. It is on the same lines with my essay, which it is a pity he had not read. Like all he writes, this pamphlet is full of lights, but it is not one sufficient light. I had thought to have pointed out what I think deficiencies in his tract, and also to have given you further proofs of the essentially *dipodal* character of all metre, which you seemed to be in doubt about when I talked with you. But I find I should have to exceed the bounds of a letter, and to give too much time from my present occupations which have drifted far from my former critical interests.

Yours very truly,
C. Patmore.

Hastings, June 16, 1887.

My Dear Colvin,

I have been reading your "Keats," and find to my pleasure and relief that you have said everything about your subject that I meant to say. I have never read a piece of criticism so warmly appreciative and yet so severely just.

I forget whether I sent you my new 2 vol. edition published about a year ago. If not I will send it to you. In it I have given all the little work of my life its final finish, and removed, I hope, all the flies that damaged the ointment in the old editions.

Yours very truly,
Coventry Patmore.

I have printed Patmore's letters to Inchbold, the well-know landscape painter, together with those to Mr. John Dennis, as they are closely associated. Mr. Inchbold was for some time a neighbour of Patmore's, lodging at "High Wickham," a terrace on the East Hill, opposite the Mansion. Patmore greatly admired his work, and bought several of his pictures. That Mr. John Dennis highly appreciated Patmore's poetry is shown by a notice which he wrote for the "Leisure Hour," shortly after his death (Feb. 1897).

Hastings,
July 23, 1883.

DEAR INCHBOLD,

Received this day your picture. The beauty of it quite takes my breath away whenever I look at it. For my own pleasure I would not exchange it for three of the finest Turners. . . . .

Yours ever,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Jany. 29, 1885.

MY DEAR INCHBOLD,

* * * * *

I never wrote an occasional poem in my life, and could not do so were I to forfeit my life as the alternative. Indeed I believe no motive whatever will wring another line of verse out of me. I do not care a straw for anything beyond my own fireside and small circle of friends, having long come to the conclusion that the world beyond is past praying for or writing poetry for. We are all just as you saw us last—only a little older; and there is absolutely no news—which is good news—to be told of us. I smoke indeed a few hours more daily than I used to do, and with my pipe in my mouth am cheerfully waiting to die.

Yours always truly,
C. PATMORE.

Hastings, Feb. 6, 1888.

MY DEAR DENNIS,

I was indeed greatly shocked by hearing of Inchbold's death. I had received a letter from him only a few

days before, and there was no hint in it of serious illness. . . . .

Though regardless of outward forms, Inchbold was, I agree with you, a sincere Christian. I never knew so pure-minded a man—out of a monastery. . . . .

Yours very truly,
C. PATMORE.

The following letter was written to Mr. Dennis after his wife's death.

Hastings, June 27, 1891.

MY DEAR DENNIS,

Condolence, in such a case, is worse than vain: it is somewhat of an impertinence, for there is an individuality about every man's grief which no other, though he may have suffered the like things, can enter into. I rather prefer to congratulate you upon what I have no doubt you are now feeling, namely the sense of unprecedented nearness of the beloved, which follows loss when love has indeed been love, and which none can understand or imagine until he has experienced it.

Yours ever truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

TO BUXTON FORMAN, ESQ.

Hastings, Oct. 26, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

I need not tell you that your commendation of my poetry is of no ordinary value. I live and have lived, for the past five and twenty years, the life of a hermit; and I know nothing of how my name as a poet may be getting on, except from the sale, which though large, is no true criterion, and from an occasional whiff of incense such as yours, which is a hopeful sign. I see enough, indeed, of the papers and reviews, to know that I am not and never have been in the "fashion,"—but I suppose that this also is no true criterion. . . . .

The poem[1] you refer to was not about Henry, but my eldest, Milnes.

Believe me,
Yours truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

H. Buxton Forman, Esq.

Hastings, Nov. 15, 1888.

DEAR MR. BUXTON FORMAN,

I have read your book of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, and think that you may like to know what is my impression of them, though it may differ widely from your own. They are very interesting to me as confirming to me beyond doubt the inference I had drawn from his poems and from Lord Houghton's issue of his other letters, namely that Keats was incapable of real passion, and personally not only feminine (which is a beautiful characteristic, even in a man) but effeminate and sensual rather than sensuous (in the Miltonic sense;—"simple, sensuous and passionate"). True passion seems to me to be the energy of the whole being—intellectual, voluntary, effectual, and "sensuous"; but I find nothing in these letters that deserves a much better name than "lust," which, when compared with the integrity of heat in true passion, is toad-cold.

Of course, with a man of splendid imagination like Keats the feeling would not express itself in vulgar forms, but would assume the singing robes of love, as far as that is possible in the absence of the true passion. But that possibility, even for such a man as Keats, is very limited, and I fancy I detect artifice and cold self-consciousness in his most rhapsodical out-pourings.

You will probably value my opinion only as a "psychological curiosity"—anyhow there you have it, and it is a relief to me to have uttered it.

Yours very truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

---

[1] "The Toys."

To W. E. Henley

Lymington, Hants.
Nov. 8, 1892.

Dear Mr. Henley,

"Subscribers" to Periodicals have usually had accorded to them the privilege of objecting occasionally to their contents—a privilege often used with sufficient stupidity. Shall I offend you or make you despise my stupidity if I object that there is almost always one article in the "National Observer" which it is at once unwise in the interests of the Paper, and more than dubious in those of good taste and fair morals, to admit?

I need not name the articles. You know, I think, that I am not prudish: I do not call the supreme good of humanity evil, as it is the nature of prudes to do; but it is for the sake of the supreme good that I desire to protest against its profanation by being made the jest, and, far worse, the means of gross pleasure to the multitude. This is my view of the case; and I could convince you, if I ventured to name names, that it is shared by men whose opinion it would be impossible for you to despise, and compared with whose disapproval it is, of course, a light thing that my wife and daughters for example, who are only decent Englishwomen, insist that the "National Observer" shall be no longer received into the house.

I should not have written this, if I did not greatly admire the Paper, and were I not assured, by your own writings, that you are interiorly of one mind with me upon the sanctities which you allow some of your contributors—and those unfortunately the most brilliant—to desecrate.

Yours very truly
Coventry Patmore.

W. E. Henley, Esq.

P.S. I have been reading your Poems again with increased admiration of their vigour and novelty; but, let me confess, they sometimes make me shrink by their peculiar, and, to my mind, uneconomical allusions to sex. A *soupçon* of that perfume is often the greatest grace of life and art, but a drop of atta of roses should be diluted with a great deal of olive oil: otherwise it displeases the cultivated sense, not to speak of its being very bad for the brain.

C. P.

The following letters, to me, testify to Patmore's keen enjoyment of the great storms which occurred while he lived at Hastings. I have dealt with this subject in vol. i., pp. 369-370.

Hastings, August 13.

My Dear Champneys

. . . The Custom House—the building where the storm-signal used to be hoisted,—was washed into the sea in yesterday's storm, and not a stone left. Also a collier lies beating her ribs in against the sea wall by the Queen's Hotel. This with a very moderate storm and a tide ten feet lower than the tide of 1874. What will happen when that is repeated!

Yours very truly
C. Patmore.

My Dear Champneys

. . . The storms have made immense chaos here. Two or three days ago a French schooner laden with Hollands and musical instruments, was wrecked at Fairlight, and the shore was strewn with corpses and pianos. All the crew was drowned except one, who was found wandering up the cliffs with his wits gone. Three hundred wreckers (the Hastings fishermen chiefly) tapped the Hollands and some died of the drink; and the ruin of the parade and several houses is a sight to see. No London newspaper seems to have heard of the wreck.

Yours ever
Coventry Patmore.

LETTERS TO COVENTRY PATMORE

CHAPTER XVI

LETTERS FROM JOHN RUSKIN

RUSKIN'S letters to Patmore extend over more than thirty years (the earliest should apparently be dated 1850), and cover a fairly wide range of topics. I have thought that they would have more value if grouped according to subject than merely by chronology. Patmore's letters to Ruskin are not forthcoming: they would doubtless have made these doubly interesting, and explained many allusions the clue to which is now lost. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Ruskin's secretary for dating and explaining many of them, and to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. George Allen for allowing me to print them.

I.

The first series of letters contains Ruskin's views on Patmore's writings. The passages in Ruskin's published works which allude to him have been given in vol. i. (p. 168). The first of these seems to refer to the early Poems of which Patmore may have sent him a copy.

6, Charles Street,
Grosv. Sq.,
2nd June,
[1850?].

DEAR PATMORE,

I received the volume of poems, with the letter—and am very much interested in them, their versification is quite beautiful—and much of their thought. If they were

Tennyson's—everybody would be talking of them—but they are a little too like Tennyson to attract attention as they should.

I am horribly busy at present but I really shall be done with such work this spring, D. V., and hope hereafter to see more of you and Mrs. Patmore, who I hope is well. With sincere regards to her believe me faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.

The next four letters refer to the "Angel in the House." The substance of the first, as quoted from memory, is given in a letter from Emily Augusta Patmore to Mrs. Gemmer, printed vol. i., p. 167. In the third of these, Salisbury is alluded to as the scene of the "Betrothal."

2nd November [1854].

DEAR PATMORE,

I cannot tell you how much I admire your book. I had no idea you had power of this high kind. I think it will at all events it ought to become one of the most popular books in the language—and *blessedly* popular, doing good wherever read.

With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore,

Yours ever faithfully,

J. RUSKIN.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

Oxford,
18th Nov. [1854.]

DEAR PATMORE,

I only got your note yesterday afternoon, owing to my absence from London for the moment. What you tell and show me of the notices of the Angel is only consistent with what I have long observed of press criticism. No thoroughly good thing *can* be praised or felt at once.

You need be under no apprehension as to the ultimate success of your poem. I don't think you will even need much patience. It has purpose and *plain* meaning in every line, it is fit for its age—and for all ages, and it will get its place. Its *only* retarding element is the strong resemblance

to the handling of Tennyson, but this will not tell against it ultimately any more than Bonifazio's resemblance to Titian ought to make us cast Bonifazio out of our galleries.

The circumstances of my own life unhappily render it impossible for me to venture to write a critique on it for any publication but whatever my private influence can do shall be done.

Believe me, with regards to Mrs. Patmore,
Faithfully and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

[1855?]

DEAR PATMORE,

* * * * *

I have just bought Turner's "Salisbury"—which I am specially glad to have, because I look upon "Salisbury" now as classic ground.

With best regards to Mrs. Patmore,
Most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I am more and more pleased with the "Angel." You have neither the lusciousness nor the sublimity of Tennyson, but you have clearer and finer habitual expressions and more accurate thought. For finish and neatness I know nothing equal to bits of the Angel:

"As grass grows taller round a stone"

"As moon between her lighted clouds,"

and such other lines. Tennyson is often quite sinfully hazy.

The following letter refers to "Faithful for Ever," published in 1860:

DEAR PATMORE,

We've just had some grapes sent us from the country, which appear to me in the present state of English weather —phenomenal—we send them therefore to you as a poet as an example of grapes grown entirely under the influence

of Imagination, for they must have fancied all the sunshine that has ripened them (if ripe they be?)

In case you have not got my yesterday's letter, I am glad of another bit of paper whereon to testify my intense delight with the new poem. My Mother is confined to bed just now and I read it to her nearly all through yesterday —neither of us liking to stop.

I want to see the *first* letter of advice which Mrs. Graham wrote to Jane.

Also I want some more letters from Mildred. Knock out some of the midshipman, and put in some more Mildred please—in next edition. I like poetry very well—but I like fun better.

You certainly deserve to be made a Bishop. Won't the people who live in Closes, and the general Spirits of Mustiness preside over your fortunes benevolently—henceforward. Also all the people who have nothing to do but to be graceful. My word! when you go out this season you'll be petted. More than Mr. Punch himself.

Ever affectionately yours

With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore

J. RUSKIN.

The following letter was written on October 21, 1860, in Patmore's defence, after an attack upon the "Victories of Love," and appeared in "The Critic" the 27th of the same month. It is reprinted in "Arrows of the Chase," vol. ii., p. 243, and is referred to in vol. i., p. 168.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CRITIC."

Sir,—I do not doubt, from what I have observed of the general tone of the criticisms in your columns, that, in candour and courtesy, you will allow me to enter protest, bearing such worth as private opinion may, against the estimate expressed in your last number of the merits of Mr. C. Patmore's new poem. It seems to me you have read it hastily; and that you have taken such view of it as on a first reading almost any reader of good but impatient judgment would be but too apt to concur with you in adopting —one, nevertheless, which, if you examine the poem with

care, you will, I think, both for your readers' sake and for Mr. Patmore's, regret having expressed so decidedly.

The poem is, to the best of my perception and belief, a singularly perfect piece of art; containing, as all good art does, many very curious short-comings (to appearance), and places of rest, or of dead colour; or of intended harshness, which, if they are seen or quoted without the parts of the piece to which they relate, are of course absurd enough, precisely as the discords in a fine piece of music would be, if you played them without their resolutions. You have quoted separately Mr. Patmore's discords; you might by the same system of examination have made Mozart or Mendelssohn appear to be no musicians, as you have probably convinced your quick readers that Mr. Patmore is no poet.

I will not beg of you so much space as would be necessary to analyse the poem; but I hope you will let me—once for all—protest against the method of criticism which assumes that entire familiarity and simplicity in certain portions of a great work destroy its dignity. Simple things ought to be simply said, and truly poetical diction is nothing more nor less than right diction; the incident being itself poetical or not, according to its relations and the feelings which it is intended to manifest—not according to its own nature merely. To take a single instance out of Homer bearing on that same simple household work which you are so shocked at Mr. Patmore's taking notice of, Homer describes the business of a family washing, when it comes into his poem, in the most accurate terms he can find: "They took the clothes in their hands; and poured on the clear water; and trod them in trenches, thoroughly, trying who could do it best; and when they had washed them and got off all the dirt, they spread them out on the sea-beach, where the sea had blanched the shingle cleanest."

These are the terms in which the *great* poet explains the matter. The less poet—or, rather, man of modern wit and breeding, *without* superior poetical power—thus put the affair into dignified language:

> "Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
> And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave.
> (The vestures, cleansed, o'erspread the shelly sand,
> Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)"

Now, to my mind, Homer's language is by far the most

poetical of the two— is, in fact, the only poetical language possible in the matter. Whether it was desirable to give any account of this, or anything else, depends wholly on the relation of the passage to the rest of the poem; and you could only show Mr. Patmore's glance into the servants' room to be ridiculous by proving the mother's mind, which it illustrates, to be ridiculous. Similarly, if you were to take one of Mr. George Richmond's perfectest modern portraits, and give a little separate engraving of a bit of the necktie or coat-lappet, you might easily demonstrate a very prosaic character either in the ribband-end or the button-hole. But the only real question respecting them is their relation to the face, and the degree in which they help to express the character of the wearer. What the real relations of the parts are in the poem in question only a thoughtful and sensitive reader will discover. The poem is not meant for a song, nor calculated for an hour's amusement; it is, as I said, to the best of my belief, a finished and tender work of very noble art. Whatever on this head may be the final judgment of the public, I am bound, for my own part, to express my obligation to Mr. Patmore, as one of my severest models and tutors in use of English, and my respect for him as one of the truest and tenderest thinkers who have ever illustrated the most important, because commonest, states of noble human life.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c. JOHN RUSKIN.

Denmark-hill.

II.

The following is the first letter written by Ruskin after Patmore's conversion and second marriage. In the last sentence Ruskin appears to allude to Patmore's Turkish sympathies, as well as to these two events. It ends with a parody of the lines in the "Angel" in which "Felix" gives a list of the scenes of his immature loves.

24th Dec.,—64.

MY DEAR PATMORE, ...

I've been quoting you with much applause—at Manchester, but it is a great nuisance that you have turned

Roman Catholic—for it makes all your fine thinking so ineffectual to us English—and to unsectarian people generally—and we wanted some good pious thinkers just now to make head against those cursed fools of Conservation-of-Force Germans. But what must be—must be—if it had been me, I should have turned Turk, and taken sixteen wives—"At Paris one, in Sarum three."

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

The "Ridiculous Book," alluded to in the following letter, is "Sesame and Lilies." The lines quoted are as follows:

"Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine."

Ruskin had apparently, in quoting, altered the seventh line to

"Which, granted all with sacred thrift."

In connection with this quotation Ruskin prints the encomium on Patmore's writings which has been given, vol. i., p. 168.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[1865.]

DEAR PATMORE,

I hope you'll have that ridiculous book of mine next week. I wish I could feel it a little "pearly" myself—for the rest, I entirely sympathise with you in that butterfly notion—(capital in expression by the way)—only I feel it an Egyptian hailstorm mingled with fire. The lectures were written for a couple of school-girls in reality—and only delivered to amuse them, not in the least expecting they were to be of any use to the public. But I've got some Billingsgate spoken out in the first lecture, which relieves one's mind, like swearing, even when there's nobody

to hear. Don't alter your line. I altered it indeed partly intentionally in *reciting*, because I did'nt think people would understand "spent" etc.—straight off lips, but it is much better in reading. A woman's influence is not *all* "granted," much of it is spent in small change here and there,—nor is it all with sacred, but it *is* all with respectful thrift.

Respectful and quite unthrifty love to your wife,

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The next letter was written in acknowledgment of a copy of the nine Odes, privately printed. The book alluded to was probably some treatise on Roman Catholicism.

Denmark Hill, S.,
26th April, 1868.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

You know that I am bound to write no needless word. It is needful to thank you for the book you sent me, and for these odes; it is I hope needless to tell you that I recognize the nobleness of the last, and that the first shall help me, as it may.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

The next letter alludes to Patmore's essay, "Prefatory Study of English Metrical Law," published with "Amelia." The passages specially referred to will be found on pages 11 and 12 of this essay. The verse quotation is from Byron's "Isles of Greece."

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Your paper has come safe (which I thought it as well to assure you of), and *shall be* safe. Though I do not promise to return it in less than a week, it being intensely interesting to me, as declaring what I now believe to be entirely true (though entirely contrary to my—up to this time—strongly held opinion) that verse must "feel, though not suffer from" the restraint of metre. My type of perfection has hitherto been perfect and energetic prose.

"You have the Pyrrhic dance, as yet;—where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?—of two such lessons, why forget the nobler and the manlier one?" But I believe you are entirely right. The Gothic simile crushes me. I was afraid—after our walk yesterday—that you would go home in a rage at my depressing and degrading enquiries. It must have been the consciousness of helping that made you feel helped.

I hope to see you again soon and hear that Mrs. Patmore is better.

With all our best regards,
Yours gratefully,
J. RUSKIN.

III.

The following letters refer to Patmore's reviews of Ruskin's published works. The first is from John Ruskin's father. This and the two next letters refer to an article in the "Edinburgh Review" on vol. i. of the "Stones of Venice." The last two letters probably refer to Patmore's article, "Ethics of Art." For references to these reviews see footnote, vol. i., p. 109. The last letter refers to "Modern Painters," vol. ii. The publication anticipated may be "Stones of Venice," vol. ii., which was issued July 28, 1853.

Denmark Hill, 15th Oct., 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg to thank you for your kind letter of 14 inst.;—I was not aware of the Article in the "Edinburgh Review" being yours, but I regarded it as a very able and kindly written Essay, and even passed unnoticed the passages you allude to. After such Reviews as Blackwood, one gets used to smaller rubs and the editor of the Edinb. would not be true to his place if he did not shake his Spear or pepper Box over anything made too mild or bland for his taste.

I deemed the notice so important from the acquaintance it manifested with the Subject, that I cut it out and sent it by post to my son at Venice, that he might see it before he was farther advanced in his second volume. He seldom entirely reads Critiques on his writings, unless he is told he

can get some information from them. I recommended your essay to him as a very desirable one for him to consider well for his own sake. Blackwood's is useless—merely smart, clever, spiteful and amusing, concocted for a purpose, it purposely mutilates and perverts.

I send your Letters to my son, which I am sure he will be much gratified in perusing. . . . .

I am,
My dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

C. K. Patmore, Esq.

[Probably written from Venice, end of 1851.]

DEAR PATMORE,

Best thanks for your most kind review—rather too much influence of friendship in it, I fear, but I think it will do *you* credit also—in several ways: the summary you have given of the historical views in the first chapter is magnificent, I should like to substitute it in the book itself.

I am surprised at your not having noticed one thing, of which I am very conceited and which I should have thought would have interested you, the account of the nature of the Cusp. Whether it be stated for the first time, I know not—but I know I found it out for myself—and lived "pavoneggiando" for a month afterwards.

Kind regards to Mrs. Patmore

Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I will shew fight—*entre nous*—against your Early English capitals, but I dare say your objection to p. 484 is just, I hope it is so. I like your pp. 488 and 489 exceedingly."

[End of 1851 or beginning of 1852.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Many thanks for your kind note, just received. I was on the point of writing to you to ask if your review editors gave you a copy of the book—they ought, unquestionably—and I have among my artist-friends many who

would I believe be glad to have the book and cannot buy it—so that my presentation copies are nearly exhausted; but if your review don't I will send you one—only then send me back the sheets you have, that I may get them bound for somebody else—I hope they sent you the plates also, or the text would be of little use to you.

I shall be delighted to have a brush with the Edinburgh: and you may tell the Editor so—with my compliments. I will keep a corner of Appendix open for him in the second volume.

Yours most truly
J. RUSKIN.

[Spring of 1853?]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I have been much interested by reading your paper, and concur most heartily in it all except my being fit to write an essay on Religious Art, which I shall not be these ten years at least; and what you say of Spanish painters —whom I think a thoroughly *ir*religious rascally set—only Velasquez a noble *painter*: a great man—but no more piety in him, I believe than in Lord John Russell—(though I like his last letter exceedingly—si sic omnia—it is a God-send indeed—but on his part a mere piece of scientific play) —I think however from some passages in this paper of yours, that you cannot have met with and might perhaps be interested in, some passages in the book I wrote about Turner—Modern Painters—the *second* vol. If you have not seen it, I will send it you as it bears much on my present work—marking the bits which I think would interest you. Never think of calling at D. Hill, my mother never expects anything of the kind, and your holidays may be much better spent—when you have time you must come and dine there again, the best way of calling.

Yours most truly,
J. RUSKIN.

Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.

[1853?]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Many thanks for your kind note about arches, etc. quite what I wanted. I shall tell Smith and Elder to send

you the books, and will write your name in them if you like to have them—the parts of Modern Painters which I think will interest you are the chapts: about ideal beauty—12th 13th and 14th: and the account of Tintoret—pp. 168. *et seq.:* and the end of "superhuman ideal."

I will return you the paper on Ethics, but alas! I have torn off last page—intending to paste part of it in for a quotation on one of mine—so excuse fragmentary form.

You shall know time of publication early. I am not yet in press, and it will take at least a month after I am.

Ever yours,
J. RUSKIN.

IV.

These letters refer to Ruskin's defence of and association with the Præ-Raphaelites, an account of which is given vol. i., pp. 85-86. The last letter refers to Millais's "Vale of Rest", exhibited 1859. The quotation which occurs in it is of course from Tennyson's "Princess."

Denmark Hill,
10th May [1851.]

DEAR PATMORE,

I wrote to "The Times" yesterday: but the letter is not in it to-day: it went late, and might have been too late—but if it is not in in Monday's the letter shall go to the Chronicle—in a somewhat less polite form—My father has written to ask if the ark picture be unsold—and what is its price—I wish Hunt would also let me know his price for Valentine—I may perhaps be of service to him.

Yours ever faithfully,
J. RUSKIN.

Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.

[1851.]

DEAR PATMORE,

. I am very glad your friends were pleased with the letter. I wrote a continuation of it, which I have not sent

—because to people who did not know that there are not ten pictures in the Academy which I would turn my head to look at—it might have read carping—but I wish—*entre nous*—you would ask Millais whether it would have been quite impossible for him to have got a bit of olive branch out of some of our conservatories—instead of painting one on Speculation—or at least, ascertained to some approximation, what an olive leaf was like: and also, whether he has ever in his life seen a bit of old painted glass, near? and what modern stuff it was that he studied from?

Pray tell Hunt how happy I shall be to be allowed to see his picture.

Yours ever faithfully
J. RUSKIN.

[1859?]

DEAR PATMORE,

Thank you for what you suggest about the Millais —I rather doubt his having any typical intention carried out so far—though I heard he intended the cloud to be like a coffin. He has the highest dramatic power—I doubt his reflective faculty.

The remonstrance about your lines is too late—as you will see by book now binding and I hope to be soon sent. I assure you it is true. My *gift* is wholly rationalistic and deductive—my descriptions are genuine in emotion—but wholly wanting in highest quality; and I am in all matters of this one mind—that four lines of Best is worth *any* quantity of Seconds.

I've written a good deal about waterfalls—pneumatically enough. But the single line

"That, like a broken purpose, waste in air"

is worth all put together.

With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore and best wishes for Tennyson's boy—believe me

Faithfully and affectionately yours.
J. RUSKIN.

You'll see I *don't* depreciate myself in *all* ways.

V.

The explanation of the following letters is to be found in "Fors Clavigera," letter lxvi. appendix 3 (vol. vi., p. 197).

Patmore had written to Ruskin as follows (this is the only letter of Patmore's to Ruskin which is recoverable):

Hastings,
May 15th.

MY DEAR RUSKIN,

I enclose two extracts cut from the same day's paper, which contain so grimly humorous a parallel between the ways in which the "Protestant Church" and "the World" are engaged in "obliterating all traces of the Virgin Mary," that I thought you might possibly use them in "Fors" or elsewhere.

Yours affectionately,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The extracts referred to are (1) an account of the destruction at Bristol of figures of the Virgin Mary, and (2) the description of a boxing-match in New York between two "lady contestants"—

Ruskin writes in "Fors:"

The following are the two extracts. Before giving them, I must reply to my greatly honoured and loved friend, that both the Bristol destroyers of images and New York destroyers of humanity, are simply—Lost sheep of the great Catholic Church: account of them will be required at *her* hand.

The above was the "snap at you" alluded to in the third of these letters.

Ruskin had written to Patmore (July, 1876?): "You will see in next 'Fors' something of Catholic Faith wider than yours." The letter is undated, but probably refers to a number of "Fors Clavigera"

which contains a diatribe against usury. This is no doubt the explanation of the fourth letter.

Easter Monday,
'76.

DEAR PATMORE,

Your letter is of *extreme* interest to me. Will you allow me, with, or without your name, to print it, and reply in my Fors Correspondence?

I had really no idea that Bertha was so docile;—you told me, you naughty papa, that she liked taking her own way, and I find that so frequent a disposition in young ladies that I easily credited her with it. Love to her, and I had a most *solemn intention* of sending her something by this Post, as the first that Easter lets go with parcels. But my heap of letters may take till post time. Ever yrs:

J. R.

Brantwood.
Coniston, Lancashire.
[May 1876?]

DEAR PATMORE,

Yes, those are two notable paragraphs. I've sent them to the printer with your letter. Keeping "brickmakers" for another time.

Ever affectionately yours
J. R.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
7 July, 1876.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Enclosed letter seems from a more civilized sort of person than usually writes from the other side of the water. I have told him that I believed you had some copies of the "Angel," and recommended him to write to you. I hope you will be able to give this reference to original sources some encouragement. Why don't you answer my snap at you in "Fors"? I do hope Bertha's drawings will soon come out of my hands.

Ever affectly. yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.

DEAR PATMORE,

You are illogical. I did not tell you to look for a "morass" wider than your faith, but for a rock wider.

Gravely, I think you are too scornful even of the morass, in which there is much bog, heather and miserable peat. Ought we not all to be redeeming what we may of it?

Love to Bertha. If only I *could* get my book out, but the days melt like snow.

Ever affectly. yrs.,
J. R.

VI.

Patmore, especially in the years of his first marriage, took great pleasure in bringing together such friends of his as were likely to prove congenial to each other. I do not know when or where Ruskin made Tennyson's acquaintance. Mr. Collingwood states that Ruskin met Browning in June, 1850, on the invitation of Coventry Patmore. But it seems certain that the Brownings were not in England in that year. They were however here in 1851 and 1852, and met Ruskin, probably at Patmore's, in September, 1852. Mr. Ruskin, as I gather from a note by his Secretary, was under the impression that his first meeting with Mrs. Browning was in 1853. This is certainly an error, as the Brownings were abroad throughout that year, and there is no record to show that Ruskin travelled at that time. But I am at a loss to understand when Ruskin can have been "so many years" without seeing Mrs. Patmore. It can scarcely have been so in 1851 or 1852, when their intercourse had apparently been frequent. I may point out that the letter does not *necessarily* imply that the proposed meeting between Ruskin and Mrs. Browning would have been the first.

Denmark Hill,
20th October,
[1852?]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

It would have given me *very* great pleasure to be with you to-morrow evening, but I have got a chronic relaxation of the throat which is beginning to make me cautious—and I fear I cannot venture out at night during its continuance. I beg your pardon and Mrs. Patmore's for being so long in answering—but I really could not make up my mind to refuse. . . . . It is very curious, I particularly want to know Tennyson, and whenever I have had an opportunity of doing so—I have been ill and imprisoned—once at Leamington and now again here.

Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.

Friday Morning.
[1855?]

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I have been waiting to see if I could manage to get over to you on Saturday evening—and I have got my matters arranged so that I can have the pleasure of doing so. I will be with you at the hour you name, and shall rejoice to meet Mrs. Browning; but if she does not come, I shall be equally glad to have seen Mrs. Patmore again—after so many years.

Yours most truly,
J. RUSKIN.

Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.

VII.

I have alluded to the great interest which Ruskin took in Bertha Patmore's drawings when he first saw them in 1875. (See vol. i., p. 253.)

For some years after this her drawings were sent to him, and he gave her valuable advice and encouragement. The third letter refers to a water-

colour drawing of a wild rose she had sent him. The last letter refers to Miss Patmore's "illumination," which she took up later. Patmore presented Ruskin with a copy of the "Unknown Eros," for which his daughter furnished an illuminated title-page. This explains the last letter of this series.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
5th Sept., [1875?].

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I have put up a stone for Bertha, which would have come before, but I wanted to see the moss on it quite dry, that I might be sure it would reach her in an available state. Let her do any *bit* of it she thinks pretty, about this size—[1] the moss and stone background being of course of their real size—as they would be seen through a hole cut in paper the size of the proposed drawing, and put *close* to them.

She will thus get practice at once in delivery of arborescent form and shadow of background—which must look transparent and detach the moss from it by the mysterious variety of its half seen detail, not by any mere trick of painting. *Only*, she cannot detach this moss more than she can see it detached in nature by closing one eye, or looking through a small hole,—for nature displays small distances stereoscopically more than by shade.

You made *me* very happy, not by disagreeing with me, but by giving me knowledge. My belief is that our opinions are—on all subjects with which we are equally acquainted, far more at one than our feelings—closely as these often correspond.

Can you tell me, please, where a verse (of yours?) quoted by me in "Sesame and Lilies"—"saddens us with heavenly doubts," comes from? I am divided between you and Blake as author of it.

My true regards to Mrs. Patmore and Bertha—and from us all here to yourself, your affect^e.,

J. RUSKIN.

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[1] A sketch is given in margin of letter.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancaster,
3rd August, [1875?]

My Dear Patmore,

Most truly rejoiced shall I be to see you, whenever you like to come—and for as long as you can spare me time. You have only to take the N. W. line to Windermere, (branching through Kendal from Oxenholme station on the main line). I will have a carriage at the Windermere station waiting for you, if you tell me the day.

I expect Bertha's copy to be much better than the original. When she gets into the country, I wish she would now try to paint some very fine creeping moss or stones from nature; I should probably engrave the drawing for my Proserpina.

With true regards to Mrs. Patmore and both your daughters, Ever affectionately yrs.,

J. Ruskin.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

Weens, by Nowik,
Friday 21st,
[1876]

Dear Patmore,

I return the lovely rose at once in case anything should happen to it. It is utterly beautiful, and I doubt not the miracle of finish will be so too. *You* can teach her as well or better than I, that everything done in "pride" will be ill done, that her excellence will be according to her love of beauty, and dutiful, not insolent, industry.

No time for more, your loving,

J. R.

After all, I keep the rose till Monday, can't part with it so soon, and want to tell B. about the snowdrops.

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.
[July, 1876?]

Dear Coventry,

Yes, I wish I could come. But I have duties here—and many loving friends who want me elsewhere. And talk is delightful, but deed needful, now-a-days.

You will see in next "Fors" something of Catholic Faith wider than yours!

Bertha's drawing is quite beautiful. I cannot praise it enough; she must surely have learned a great deal in doing it.

I return it to-day with the copy, which she may keep if she likes, and another phot^{h}. on the back of which are in pencil, directions for what she is to do. It is a Byzantine altar at Rome of extreme beauty in San Nereo and Achille

Ever your affectionate,
J. R.

Oh! the Angels have come, and I'm so very glad to have them.

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.
12th Nov.
[1875 or 1877?]

DEAR COVENTRY,

Bertha's drawing came safely, with the books for which my truest thanks. I can't have too many if you have really more to spare. The drawing is beautiful, but it would not be accepted at an exhibition, nor can I explain to Bertha how it fails, till she has done simpler exercises, whereof I must forthwith provide her. She needs chiefly perception of relation of parts. I shall send her some ornaments in black and white speedily. My love to her, and I am ever yours
J. RUSKIN.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire.

DEAR PATMORE,

I am very grateful for your letter, and for the book. More I cannot say—except—even of Bertha's exquisite work—and of yours—in most cases, as finished verses.

"The Cat will mew, and the Dog will have his day." And therefore—Bertha must bear from me, and for herself, this Cat and Dog message.

1. Never reduce Angelico angels to blow trumpets in a letter B.
2. Make your work pleasing to the simple—girl's work

should never express anything but what will be as generally intelligible as a daisy.

3. Are there no leaves on the earth but ivy-leaves—and no Catholic missals but the Countess Yolande?[1]

Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

Leaf returned registered "to-day"[2] 10th June, 1881.

VIII.

The remaining letters are of general interest, or refer to family events. Among the latter are Ruskin's acceptance of sponsorship for Henry John, Patmore's youngest son (the second name was, no doubt, given on account of this association), the illness of Patmore's first wife, the obtaining of a nomination for the Blue-Coat school for Tennyson, Patmore's second son, and his tribute to Emily Honoria Patmore's appearance when they met in 1868 (quoted vol. i., p. 269). The last two letters refer to the death of Patmore's second wife, for whom Ruskin evidently had a warm regard.

DEAR PATMORE,

My head is good for nothing just now: and I don't know when I've felt more inclined to knock it off. But I assure you I forget my own business as well as other people's.

Can you come out to-morrow, Sunday—Either to dinner at half-past four or in the evening.

I should not have forgotten this matter had I ever found I *was* useful to my friends. But I have so many enemies that it is enough to ruin any man that I should take the slightest interest in him. I assure you this is true—but I'll convince you of it when I see you

Always affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

Sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore.

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[1] Missal of Yolande of Navarre.
[2] Ruskin's Motto on his seal.

Geneva, 11th June, 1860.

My Dear Patmore,

It will give me pleasure to accept the duty with which you and Mrs. Patmore wish to entrust me. I am vexed at not having been able to see more of you this winter but it was all I could do to get my own business done; your report of Mrs. Patmore's health troubles me also. It would trouble me yet more but that I know Mr. Simon will either give,—or put you in the way of getting, the best possible advice that can be had in London.

What are you doing yourself—or what interested in? A line to Denmark Hill will always be forwarded to me.

With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore

Ever faithfully yours

J. Ruskin.

To Emily Augusta Patmore.

[1861 or 1862.]

Dear Mrs. Patmore,

I've no doubt I shall have the presentation this Spring—though I cannot say what month—you probably know the school regulations better than I. (To my shame.) I hope the boy will be what you wish him and that Coventry will be able some time this twenty years, to write a poem on Fatherhood as he has on Loverhood. But take care of the boy's health—It is a rough school—It would be of little use that he should be a Grecian if it cost his health.

Most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Marianne Caroline Patmore.

Denmark Hill, S.
9th January, 1868.

Dear Mrs. Patmore,

I have been truly desirous of waiting upon you this week, to thank you for the happiness I had, and which I think you must have seen I had, in the hours of Friday evening. But the weather has at last beaten me down with an oppressive cold, and I cannot leave the house.

Pray—however little I may be able to avail myself of the great privilege which I feel it to be—to know your husband and you—do not—ever—doubt my respect and regard.

I cannot break through the too long fixed habits of my secluded life—and may perhaps only get glimpses of you and your children from time to time, but be assured always of my faithful rejoicing in your happiness.

I send a little book of Richter's, a favourite of mine—if my little Godson has it not—I should like him to have it from me—(nor will *you* be without pleasure in it.)—But if he has it—give it to any of your child-friends who would care for it.

With great love to your husband
Ever faithfully yours
J. RUSKIN.

I did *so* like my left-hand companion—that evening, too—and looking over at the quiet, intelligent sweetness of your daughter's face.

TO BERTHA PATMORE.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
16th April, 1880.

MY DEAR BERTHA,

It was very dear and kind of you to write to me, and to think of me as of one whose pity you would care to have. Many and many a time—and much especially of late, I have been thinking of you, though it is only with extreme difficulty that I get anything I would say written in any way worth sending. Please write soon to me again, saying how your father is; and something also of yourself, and whether this sorrow will cause any change in place or way of life to you.

My dear love to your father.
Ever your faithful and affectionate friend,
J. RUSKIN.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
20th April, '80.

DEAR PATMORE,

It was good of you to write to me, but your letter still leaves me very anxious about you.

I do not at all understand the feelings of religious people about death. *All* my own sorrow is absolutely infidel, and part of the general failure and meanness of my heart.—Were I a Catholic, I do not think I should ever feel sorrow in any deep sense—but only a constant brightening of days as I drew nearer companionship—perhaps not with those I had cared for in this world—and certainly with others besides them. My own longing, and what trust I have, is only for my own people. But I have been putting chords of music lately, such as I can, to Herrick's "Comfort." [1]

In endless bliss
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

Nor doth she mind
Or think on't now
That ever thou
Wast kind.

—fearing only that it is too true.

Ever your affectionate,
J. R.

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[1] The full title of the poem quoted is "Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love." The last word in the first line should be "mirth."

CHAPTER XVII

LETTERS FROM ALFRED AND MRS. TENNYSON, THOMAS CARLYLE, AND ROBERT BROWNING

THE date of the following letter can be fixed by the life of Lord Tennyson, which records a journey to Scotland in 1848. The letter proves that Patmore had written about architecture earlier than 1851, though I am unable to identify any articles previous to that recorded, vol. i., p. 109. In vol. i., p. 198, I have printed a memorandum of Patmore's which alludes to the same subjects, and states that Tennyson had been converted by Emerson to a favourable opinion of Patmore's views. The intercourse which led to this result must have occurred in 1847 or 1848.

What the "Museum business" was can only be conjectured, but was probably this: Patmore entered as a supernumerary, and desired to be placed on the permanent staff, a change which would have secured him certain advantages. I am indebted for this information to Dr. Garnett.

My Dear Coventry,

I got your letter, by'r Lady, some weeks ago, and have been ever since in a state of self-reproach for not answering you, every day intending to do it, but my purpose always being nipt in the bud by the fat finger of sloth, or washed out by the sight of great lochs or crushed by Ben Cruachan and Ben Lawers and other Bens which emboss the land of cakes. However, I now thank you very much for your able inaugurative essay on architecture, and live in the expectation of its successors. I hope that eventually

you will be able to publish them all together. I have only just arrived here, and take the first quiet moment to express my contrition for my silence, and trust I may be forgiven. I trust that Mrs. Patmore is well and flourishing, and also young Procter-Milnes. With respect to the Museum business, I will certainly introduce you to Hallam whenever I come up to town, which I shall do, as far as I can guess, some time in November; will that be too late? or would you like me to send you a letter of introduction to him? If so, direct to me here at once, for I am off again in a day or two into Lincolnshire. I met Milnes in Scotland, and wanted him to interest himself in your case, but he said it was not in his power to do anything for you; Hallam would be the better man to appeal to. Ever yours (in vast haste, having at least a dozen letters to answer),

A. TENNYSON.

Oct. 2, [1848]
Cheltenham.

The two following letters refer to Patmore's visit to Tennyson, shortly after Tennyson's marriage (see vol. i., pp. 195-197). Tennyson Patmore was born on August 9, 1850.

[Tent Lodge, Coniston, July, 1850].

MY DEAR COVENTRY,

We shall certainly be here some weeks longer, and *very* glad to see you if you come: it will be as well however for you to give me some little notice before you come, as if you don't I may not be at home, but on Crummock Lake, or Buttermere, or Heaven knows where. We have but rough accommodation here at present, but by the time you come I hope we shall be better off: I have no books here, which is a bore. Love to Mrs. P.

Ever yours
A. TENNYSON.

We rather expect —— would you wish *not* to meet him? if so you must say.

My wife will take great care of you if you are unwell. I am very sorry to hear that you are. Come as soon after the birth as you can. I wish you had been content with one.

Tent Lodge,
Coniston Water,
Ambleside.
[1850.]

My Dear Coventry,

You had much better, if you can, come on the 12th; four or five weeks hence we might not be here. I believe there is a public conveyance to Coniston from Windermere, but you will not be in time for it. Windermere is 12 miles from us: Ambleside is 8: you will find a coach from W. to Ambleside which will take you for a shilling, after that I fear you will have to come by car; for to walk after that long journey would be too fatiguing, particularly as you are not well. I am sorry that we have no carriage to send for you. Whether you walk or drive, make for Tent Lodge; here is a map.[1]

Take the road leading to Tent Lodge where it forks at the top of the hill—it turns to the left as you see.

A car from Ambleside will cost you 10 shillings, including driver; but if you stopt all night at Windermere and took the conveyance, I believe that altogether would come to as much or more; the hotels here are not cheap.

Will you get me a Tait?[2] My wife wants to see the Review there of I. M. She sends Mrs. Patmore her kind regards, and good wishes.

Ever yours,
A. Tennyson.

Your note is dated six. The London postmark is the seventh. I would have answered by return of post, but it was not well possible, as you will understand when you come.

The date of the following letter can be fixed with certainty, as it evidently refers to a time when the birth of one of Tennyson's sons was almost coincident with the birthday of Patmore's second son, the god-son of the Tennysons (see vol., i. p. 137). Tennyson Patmore was born August 9, 1850 and

[1] A rough map of the locality is given in the letter.

[2] There was a review in Tait's Magazine of "In Memoriam," by Franklin Lushington.

Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson, on August 11, 1852.

[Aug. 12, 1852.]

My Dear Mrs. Patmore,

I know that your kind, womanly heart, will rejoice in hearing that it is all safely over. She had a very easy confinement, and was delivered of what the nurse calls "a fine boy," yesterday. We are keeping her very quiet according to advice, but, as soon as she can see anybody, she would be glad to see you. She was so anxious that the little godson should have the cup on his birthday (for it was her thought, not mine), that there was no time to write and enquire the exact initials and get them engraved.

Ever yours, in great haste,

A. Tennyson.

The next letter refers to the birth of Lionel Tennyson (March 16, 1854) and is of interest as showing that none of the war passages in "Maud," had been written at this time.

Farringford, Freshwater,
I. of W.
[April, 1854].

My Dear Patmore,

Many thanks for your congratulations, if the births of babes to poor men are matters of congratulation. When you call me such a happy man you err: I have had vexations enough since I came here to break my back. These I will not transfer to paper, tho' I can yet scarcely repeat with satisfaction the proverb of let bygones be bygones; for most of these troubles have not gone by. My wife, though now a full month from her confinement, is still so weak as not to be able to walk; or she would have answered a letter from Mrs. Patmore which came round to us from Bonchurch, on the other side of the Island, where a friend of ours saw it lying in the Post Office. So you have made acquaintance with Aubrey de Vere, whom I have not seen since he went over to Rome. I wish, as he likes this place so much, he would pay me a visit here. We have hardly seen a human face since we came here, except the members of our household. Happy, I certainly have not been. I entirely dis-

agree with the saying you quote of happy men not writing poetry. Vexations (particularly long vexations of a petty kind) are much more destructive of the "gay science," as the Troubadours (I believe) called it. I am glad to hear you have been busy. The Baltic fleet I never saw! not a vessel: not a line have I written about it or the war. Some better things I have done, I think successfully. End of my paper. Good-bye. Love to Mrs. P.

A. TENNYSON.

The following letter from Mrs., afterwards Lady, Tennyson to Emily Augusta Patmore refers to the continental tour which is thus recorded in the Life of Lord Tennyson:

"On July 15 [1851] they left Boulogne on their way to Italy. 'The Daisy' gives the journey better than any prose of mine can give it." The poem, which Tennyson considered to be "a far-off echo of the Horatian Alcaic," should be read in connection with this letter. The following stanza may be noted as commemorating the "continual rain all the way."

> "But when we crossed the Lombard plain
> Remember what a plague of rain;
> Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma;
> At Lodi rain, Piacenza rain."

Lady Tennyson's opinion of the comparative merits of the interior and exterior of Milan Cathedral is opposed to Shelley's, who in a letter to Thomas Love Peacock (Ap. 20, 1818) extols the exterior, but considers the interior "sepulchral." Tennyson, in "The Daisy," praises both equally:

> "The chanting quires,
> The giant windows' blazoned fires,
> The height, the space, the gloom, the glory,
> A mount of marble, a hundred spires!"

My own opinion is in accord with Lady Tennyson's.

Shelley mentions the chestnuts near the Bagni

di Lucca in two letters, both addressed to Thomas Love Peacock. In the first (July 25, 1818) he writes: "The great chestnut trees, whose long and pointed leaves pierce the deep blue sky in strong relief." In the second (Aug. 16, 1818) he writes: "The chestnut woods are now inexpressibly beautiful, for the chestnuts have become large, and add a new richness to the full foliage."

Nov. 3rd., [1851].
Chapel House.

My Dear Mrs. Patmore,

We arrived home last Wednesday evening, after having seen and enjoyed much. Do not think I forgot my promise of writing to you, or that I never meant to fulfil it, for I did on the contrary fully mean to fulfil it, if we had remained for the winter in Italy: as it was, we were stationary for so short a time, except at the Bagni di Lucca and at Florence, that there was little chance of writing. At the Bagni I felt I had little to tell, and at Florence there was so much to be seen, there was small opportunity of writing about it; and now I suppose I shall say we had better tell you by word of mouth all we have seen and done than write about it. But I will not be quite so lazy. I will just tell you our route, and leave the particulars to be told when we meet. We went by the Rhone and the Riviera, taking the usual road, except that we did not go so far as Marseilles, but crossed from Aix to Fréjus, and a pleasant drive it was a great part of the way. I looked for the first time on the stone pines, and smelt their delicious odour, and we gathered our first wild myrtle in the course of it. The olives were more beautiful than I expected: they, with their soft gray and with their violet shades, had an inexpressible charm, growing down close into the blue sea. The palm trees too sometimes added a little to the scene when in favourable situations, standing for instance against the sky on a projecting rock, or overtopping the olives and lemons. At the Bagni we were tempted to stay, by finding friends there: the views from the heights are certainly delightful, but then the heat forbad these being climbed except in the evenings, and these were scarcely long enough for such excursions. All day we looked out on a high hill clothed from top to bottom with chestnuts:

every side we looked, if we stretched our heads out of the windows, there were similar green hills all clothed with chestnuts, so that I fear my husband's time was rather lost here. Thence we went to Pisa: its famous buildings charmed us most under the bright moon: thence to Florence, an enchanting city. Thence to Bologna and the Lombard cities: continual rain all our way: still we continued to visit and admire the old Lombard cities, the Churches especially. I have got to think no Church inside perfect without a dome: no Church indeed I think quite perfect without its five aisles and arches reaching near the roof, and no triforium nor clerestory, but all the three tiers of windows seen one above another, and the windows of the dome above these: such is Milan Cathedral. Perfect it seems to me in the conception of its internal parts, imperfect in those of the outside: very likely Mr. Ruskin would tell me I am egregiously wrong but I should only say I care not: to me this is the most glorious of all temples inside. From Milan we went to the Lake of Como: very beautiful: then to Chiavenna on our way over the Splugen; also very beautiful, with an imperial kind of beauty. We came home by Zurich and the Rhine; went out of our way to Heidelberg and afterwards to Antwerp; but I will say no more except that my husband looks thin and is not, I fear, the better for his journey, though not so much the worse that he does not talk of Rome and Naples next year. Had I been a good sea-traveller, we should, I think, have done this; but the sea was stormy, and he would not hear of my braving it, and people told us it was as much as our lives were worth to go by land to Rome and Naples before Nov. and he wished to be home for the winter. So we are come back, I am sorry to say to rather a melancholy house. I hope you are all well. Have Mr. Patmore and his brother been out anywhere this year? Does our little godson get on well? and Mr. Woolner, how is he and what is he doing? I will not add to my list of questions, but trust to your kindness to tell me all that is likely to interest us, or to beg Mr. Patmore to do so if you should be otherwise engaged. Alfred does not know I am writing, or he would as you know send affectionate messages to you both.

Yours most sincerely,
EMILY TENNYSON.

Woolner's bust of Tennyson, now in the library

of Trinity College, Cambridge, was executed in 1857. This approximately dates the following letter.

Farringford,
March 19th, [1857?].

My Dear Mrs. Patmore,

I have been waiting to answer Mr. Patmore's kind letter in the hope that I should be able to tell you we had a comfortable room to offer you if you might venture upon our rough climate, but it seems there is no chance of it, as our Mother and Matilda[1] are likely to come soon, and for how long a time I cannot tell, certainly until after Horatio's marriage, which is at present fixed for Easter week. Have I told you he is about to be married to Miss Charlotte Elwes, a girl about twenty-one living in the next village to my Father and the Turners? My sister knows her well and likes her. But I am wandering a long way from what I meant to have said. Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Patmore and yourself on your having recovered so far, and most sincere wishes that you may soon be perfectly restored.

I am very glad Mr. Patmore likes the bust so much. It is really delightful. Mr. Woolner should reap something of his due meed of praise, as he is doing; I only hope something more may come to him.

I cannot write more than our love and best wishes,

Most sincerely yours,
Emily Tennyson.

The next two letters refer to the work which Mrs. Patmore was doing in copying at the British Museum material for the "Idylls of the King" (see vol. i., pp. 178-179). The first letter was probably written shortly after the Patmore's visit to Sir John and Lady Simeon in 1857 (see vol. i., p. 156).

Farringford,
Nov. 6th, [1857].

My Dear Mrs. Patmore,

I cannot bear to think of Mr. Patmore and yourself toiling away for us. I do hope we may get a copy of

[1] Tennyson's sister.

Geraint ap Ærbyn, and so stop you. It is the Elegy on Geraint Ally wants, you know. You speak as if there were several Elegies that you are copying. I hope not. How are you both now? We have the same continuance of splendid weather, only colder.

The Simeons spent Monday evening with us alone and much we enjoyed having them. They were as well pleased with you as you with them, which was very pleasant hearing.

Pray, pray do not over-work yourselves. You belong to each other and your children first of all remember, and you have both a great deal to do of your own work. All kindest remembrances and best wishes from us both,

Most sincerely yours,
EMILY TENNYSON.

Farringford,
Nov. 8th, [1857].

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. PATMORE,

Accept our best thanks for the Elegies so beautifully written. Directly we are alone we hope to begin studying it; at present Dr. and Mrs. Mann are with us, and we have no opportunity. I shall write or get Ally to write the history of your having done it, for it seems to me a proof of friendship worthy of record in these days. I am writing in the midst of talk; but I will not let a post go without some acknowledgment.

Our kindest remembrances to you both,

Most sincerely yours,
EMILY TENNYSON.

Most of the following letters from Carlyle were published in the "Athenæum" of July 17, 1886. The first, containing Carlyle's encomium on "Tamerton Church Tower," is alluded to in vol. i., p. 114; the second, referring to the "Betrothal," the first instalment of the "Angel," is summarised in a letter from Patmore's first wife to Mrs. Gemmer, printed vol. i., p. 167. It is clear from a letter of Patmore's to Rossetti, printed vol. i., p. 87, that Carlyle had read the Odes, and though he seems to have given

their author no opinion of them in writing, probably because their personal intercourse was at that time frequent, it may be inferred (see vol. i., p. 281) that his judgment of them was not less favourable:

Chelsea,
7 June, 1853.

My Dear Sir,

Accept many thanks for the beautiful little volume you sent me. I have read "Tamerton Church" and had surely no difficulty in detecting a great deal of fine poetic light, and many excellent elements of valuable human faculty, in that delicate and brilliant little piece; nor am I so intolerant as to give such qualities a stingy welcome on account of the vehicle they come in! I am glad of such in any vehicle. Nor in fact (except for my own private use) do I take upon me to prescribe, or forbid, any particular kind of vehicle for them. Go on, and prosper, in what vehicle *you* find, after due thought, to be the likeliest for you.

For the rest, I hope you mean to come and see me again. I am often at home in the evenings: 7 o'clock, or a little after, is the time of Tea.

With many thanks and regards,

Yours always truly,
T. Carlyle.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.
&c., &c.

Chelsea,
18 Jany., 1855.

My Dear Sir,

Cannot you and Woolner come down to us some evening again,—say Monday Evng. next, unless you prefer some other? I have read your fine new volume long ago,—and I never thanked you for it, ungrateful that I am!—a most cheery, sunshiny, pleasant volume (pure, fresh, quaintly comfortable,—like a Cathedral Close, with its old red-brick buildings and trim lawns): truly I could not but perceive *good* talent there;—and regret, in my heretical way, that you did not strike boldly with it into the rough field of Fact (getting so dreadfully rough, and even hideous and horrid, for want of the like of you so long), which

seems to me the real field of the poet too, in so far as *he* is a "real" one!—Forgive me for my heresies, if you can do nothing more with them.

Woolner's address I have lost; and he has not been here this long time. I am terribly busy and to little purpose; sinking ever deeper in confused dust-vortexes which seem to have no bottom,—and have time left for nothing, hardly even for a walk or run in the winter dusk. At night I read,—but will, with pleasure and advantage too, *suspend*, on the night you come. Monday at half-past 7, if you *say nothing*, we will count on your telling Woolner, and appearing with him.

Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

Gill, Cummertrees, Annan, N.B.,
31 July, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had received your beautiful little Book, "Angel in the House," Book II., some time ago; and reserved it for a good opportunity, which I saw ahead. I brought it with me into these parts, the only modern Book I took that trouble with; and last night I gave myself the pleasure of a deliberate perusal. Upon which, so favourable was the issue, I now give you the superfluous trouble of my verdict—prior to getting into the Solway for a little swim, the *sound* of which I also hear approaching.

Certainly it is a beautiful little Piece, this "Espousals"; nearly perfect in its kind; the execution and conception full of delicacy, truth, and graceful simplicity; high, ingenious, fine,—pure and wholesome as these breezes now blowing round me from the eternal sea. The delineation of the thing is managed with great art, *thrift* and success, by that light sketching of parts; of which, both in the choice of what is to be delineated, and in the fresh, airy, easy way of doing it, I much admire the genial felicity, the real *skill*. A charming *simplicity* attracts me everywhere: this is a great merit which I am used to in you.—Occasionally (oftenest in "the Sentences") you get into an antique *Cowleian* vein, what Johnson would call the "Metaphysical," a little; but this too, if well done, as it here is,

I like to see,—as a gymnastic exercise of wit, were it nothing more. Indeed, I have to own, the whole matter is an "ideal"; soars high above reality, and leaves the mud of fact (mud with whatever *stepping stones* may be discoverable therein) lying far under its feet. But this you will say is a merit, its poetific certificate—well, well. Few books are written with so much conscientious fidelity now-a-days, or indeed at any day; and very few with anything like the amount of general capability displayed here. I heartily return many thanks for my share of it.

I am here in a kind of "retreat" for four or three weeks, in the most silent country I could get, near my native Solway, and apart from all mankind,—really a kind of Catholic "retreat" *minus* the invocations to the Virgin, etc. I am about 10 miles from my Birthplace, know all the mountain tops 50 miles round since my eyes first opened; and I do not want for objects of a sufficiently *devotional* nature, sad and otherwise. But the "tide is in" or nearly so: time and tide will wait on no man!

Yours with many thanks and regards,

T. CARLYLE.

Gill,
9 Augt., 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Public of readers, now that everybody has taken to read, and whosoever has twopence in his pocket to pay into a Circulating Library, whether he have any fraction of wit in his head or not, is a sovereign Rhadamanthus of Books for the time being, has become more astonishing than ever! Probably there never was such a *Plebs* before, entitled to hold up its thumb with *vivat* or *pereat* to the poor fencers in the Literary Ring. The only remedy is, not to mind them; to set one's face against them like a flint: for they cannot kill one, after all, tho' they think they do it: one has to say, "Dull, impious *canaille*, it was not for you that I wrote; not to please *you* that I was brandishing what weapons the gods gave me!" Patience, too, in this world, is a very necessary element of victory.

It is certain, if there *is* any perennial running Brook, were it the smallest rill coming from the eternal fountains,

whole Atlantic Oceans of froth will *not* be able to cover it up for ever; said rill will, one day, be *seen* running under the light of the sun, said froth having altogether vanished no man knows whither. That is the law of Nature, in spite of all blusterings of any Plebs or Devil; and we must silently trust in that.

Unhappily the reviewer too is generally in the exact ratio of the readers, a dark blockhead with braggartism superadded; probably the supreme blockhead of blockheads, being a vocal one withal, and conscious of being *wise.* Him also we must leave to his fate: an inevitable phenomenon ("like people, like priest"), yet a transitory one, he too.

You need not doubt but I shall be ready, of my own accord, to recommend this Book by all opportunities for what I privately perceive it to be. I am considering also whether there is not some exceptional reviewer, whom I might endeavour to interest in it, with some hope of profit; shall perhaps hit on such a one by and by: unhappily my connexion with that guild of craftsmen is almost *null* (or less) this long while. You may depend upon it I will neglect no good occasion—recommending perseverance in the mean time and at all times, and what the Scotch call "a stout heart to a steep hill," I remain always

Yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
22 July, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thanks for your two Essays; both of which I have looked over, and find to abound in studious exactness, discernment and ingenuity: two Papers very welcome indeed, I should think, to all architects and critics of architecture. To myself, as to every one, the spiritual qualities, manifest in what you say are very welcome. Unhappily I have next to no knowledge of architecture; and in late years (must I blush to own?) absolutely no care whatever about it,—except to keep well out of the way of it, and of the twaddle too commonly uttered upon it! So that, except on general grounds, I am a very bad reader for you.

On Friday unluckily I am not to be home : do not come that day. Your best time is about 3 in the afternoon, —almost any afternoon ;—in the evening also about 7 o'clock, there is free ingress, and little chance of a disappointment.

Believe me
Yours with many thanks and regards,
T. CARLYLE.

The essays on architecture sent to Carlyle must have been those alluded to vol. i., p. 109. Carlyle's disclaimer of any knowledge of architecture is probably true in a merely technical sense; but he was undoubtedly sensitive to architectural effect, and especially to the moral qualities which it evinced. I remember his speaking to me of Sir Christopher Wren's Chelsea Hospital in some such words as these : "I had passed it, almost daily, for many years without thinking much about it, and one day I began to reflect that it had always been a pleasure to me to see it, and I looked at it more attentively, and saw that it was quiet and dignified and the work of a *gentleman*, and I have always thought highly of Sir Christopher Wren since then." This was followed by a characteristic tirade against the ordinary run of design and workmanship and its perpetrators, concluding with "But there is a certain Bottomless Pit to which they will all have to go, they and their works." In the "Life of William Morris" this passage occurs: "This brought Carlyle out with a panegyric on him (Sir C. Wren), who was, he said, a very great man, of extraordinary patience with fools; and he glared round at the company reproachfully."

Chelsea,
14 Oct., 1860.

DEAR SIR,

I am very glad to be reminded of you in this glad and victorious way ; and return you many thanks for your

welcome Gift. Last night I read the new Poem (First part of "Victories of Love"), I can truly say with a great deal of pleasure;—and, as you know my aversion to that form of composition when *not* inexorably necessary, and with what horror I avoid the things commonly entitled "Poems," you may fairly take to yourself a very considerable credit out of that fact alone! The question whether it had not been better that a man of your powers had trained himself to *prose* as exquisitely as you have to verse, and stood by the rigorous *fact* as the gods have unalterably made it, instead of floating, in this light beautiful way, rods and miles above it; the question whether, even in verse itself, with this admirable power of execution, you should not now take some more robust class of subjects, and close the *Troubadour* Enterprise as well finished—these and other questions are still open with me (and I hint them to you at a venture, and because you are no common object to me, nor to the world's interests in this time): but the above truth is beyond question with me, That I spent such an evening over your Book as I have not had for a long time from any other. Refinement of feeling, purity, tenderness, mild magnanimity,—seasoned too with a dash of fine humour, and with plenty of discernment, acuteness, picturesqueness:—these are a pretty element and an unusual, to pass one's evening in! I admire the cleverness with which you have made a few touches tell your story: the style is wrought to the highest pitch (in this age of slovenliness), and fills a fellow-workman with respect; keeps wisely unshackled, too, and with wonderful dramatic aptitude for the several characters each with his proper dialect. In short there is a great deal of talent in this book; the execution of it nearly perfect; and the sentiments and doctrines set forth in it generally exalted and noble:—what a pity they went soaring miles above the rugged, contradictory facts, instead of standing amid them, toilsomely constraining *them* into melody.

Good be with you always,
T. CARLYLE.

The interest of the following letter from Robert Browning turns largely on the question of date. This however may be approximately fixed by the

following considerations. It cannot be later than 1861, in which year Mrs. Browning died. It was evidently written when there had been a considerable interval between Patmore's publications. But he published in 1853, 1854, 1856, and 1860. The date therefore must be earlier than 1853. Browning was in London in 1851, 1852, and 1855. Consequently 1851 or 1852 must be the date of the letter, and it must refer to the early poems, published in 1844.

Patmore's answer to the second letter is printed in vol. i., p. 193.

[1851?]

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I had the favor of your call some time ago—the miserable hurry in which the few weeks of my stay here have been spent must be the only excuse to your kindness for having failed altogether in more than one honest intention to get to you and acknowledge it in person. But I hope ere very long to return to England (which I leave tomorrow) and to enjoy that and many other pleasures that circumstances have made impossible now. My old admiration for your genius continues unabated of course; but why, *why* have you not ere this turned it pale, as only yourself could, by the side of some as genuine new delight at some as unmistakable manifestation as the first? So wonders my wife, too, who is as truly your well-wisher, dear Mr. Patmore, as yours ever faithfully

R. BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W.
Oct. 12, '84.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Through the kindness of Mr. Gosse, I was put in possession yesterday of the very interesting and pathetic little collection of Poems.[1] I had heard of, and sincerely grieved for the calamity which prevents fruit from being matured from the delicate blossoms of such promise.

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[1] Henry Patmore's Poems. (See vol. i., p. 294.)

On any other occasion, I should have felt happy at the opportunity of assuring you that the many years which have gone by since I first became acquainted with you have in no way altered my impression of the genius which came on us all by surprise in your first volume.

With all best wishes, believe me ever,

My dear Patmore,

Cordially yours

ROBERT BROWNING.

CHAPTER XVIII

LETTERS FROM HOLMAN HUNT, THOMAS WOOLNER, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, D. G. ROSSETTI, AND E. BURNE-JONES.

THE part which Patmore had taken in instigating Ruskin's defence of the Præ-Raphaelites is explained in vol. i., pp. 85, 86.

5, Prospect Place, Cheyne Walk.
[May, 1851.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I am delighted to hear that Ruskin has taken the field in defence of Millais and myself, for I had almost despaired of overcoming the violent opposition to our style which the example of the "Times" and other influential papers were breeding. If they had merely confined their remarks to a just spirit of criticism it would have been all fair; but, when they endeavoured to ruin our interest with the Academy and the patrons, it was necessary that some notice should be taken, and to have that done by Ruskin is of all things what I could most desire.

With most respectful compliments to Mrs. Patmore and sincere thanks to yourself for your kind exertions,

Believe me to be
Yours most faithfully,
W. HOLMAN HUNT.

Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.

[May, 1851.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I have thought, as there is a promise of a second letter, that it would be better not to thank Mr. Ruskin until that has appeared, so that he would, if necessary, be able to say that he is not in communication with us, which fact, it

is evident, gave his first letter so much more importance than if it could have been said to result solely from friendly motives. If you think it will be better to write at once, send me one word, and I shall consider it a kind of privilege to be allowed to thank him for his able defence—which already I perceive has had a great effect in our favour, and without which I feel certain we should have been positively ruined.

Yours faithfully,
W. HOLMAN HUNT.

Monday night, Dec. 1853,
Chelsea.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I doubt not in any case I shall be able to call upon you before I leave: should it be impossible however, you will I am assured not the less accept my unaccomplished desire to thank you in person for the great service you have been to me as a friend, and to say how anxious I shall always feel to be held in your good esteem and affection.

By chance I went to Reilly's last week, and was induced to purchase a small revolver which I have sent off to Cairo. I am sorry, now that it makes it unnecessary to accept your most considerate and friendly offer, that I did so. Without this to remember you by I must feel driven to cultivate Christian virtues in my absence that I may not be entirely without a present of yours. With kind remembrances to your wife and children—trusting that she will not forget me,

I am, my dear Patmore,
Yours ever truly,
W. HOLMAN HUNT.

Jerusalem, March 26, 1855.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Let me spend a line or two in explaining that the author of this missive was once intimately known to you as an eccentric artist living in a house on the water-side at Chelsea, who, after some six or seven years experience of desert life in London, was led by a truant disposition to turn nomad in a less limited circle and for a time yet unexpired. Not to last much longer however: if all goes according to my plan, in another month or two I am to pack up my tent, etc., and move to the seaside on a circuitous journey

homeward. Tho' that last word stamps me for a dweller in a city, I must tell you that I have lost a great many of my few social aspirations in a twelve months' journey. I could tell how I had to smother childish longings after familiar corners and habits when I was first away, and how difficult it was to persuade myself that such yearnings did not come from the voice of deliberate prudence, and how these abided with me through my quiet day to be tired out at night, but to rise refreshed and strengthened for the morrow, to sit with me at work and draw more vivid pictures of England than I could do of Egypt or Syria, and so make my subject seem unworthy. Beautiful as the hills might be as I left off tired at sundown, or gentle as the plain on which I walked—but these all fell away one by one like the clothes I have worn out, and now I think I could remain away for many a year, were it not that certain family attentions trouble my conscience to return. This blue sky, this hot sun, and the graceful mountains make me rejoice as with new wine, and deafen me to all that comes merely to my outer ears. Yet there is din enough in the world, and truly more than enough to leave one for long in such a mood; and to be honest I must confess my peace is only a sort of intoxication which I caught to escape the great confusion. I wonder whether you try your skill at this great riddle—whether it is the same riddle to all, or a different one to each. Shall we take it to pieces? or give it up and wait the sequel? or each work according to our best interpretation to an end? Why do we live so darkly? work and think so vainly? There is a key to all God's secrets, given to make His servants privy to His course; and yet we know nothing, perhaps because we believe nothing; for truly I think the world has come to this. I see myself always intending, hoping to believe and do; but always excusing myself for the present: and thus I find all others. There is nothing serious in the world—Religion, Politics, and—yes—even War, are only played at.

April 23rd.

I have several times heard news of yourself and family which have served to let me know that affairs were going on peaceably and well with you. I have been expected to write to everybody, while they kept silent at home—and

sometimes I have felt rebellious ; but most generally unequal to this arrangement of etiquette. It seems to me unfair that, between friends at home and abroad, the latter—amid all the confusion of railway-stations, *douaniers*, steamboat-wharves, *douaniers*, steamboat-ports, *douaniers*, etc. etc., and a thousand objects at each stopping-place which demand investigation and study—should be expected to open the correspondence with the former, who is all the while snug at home with his pen and ink always at hand and every material for delighting the poor wanderer. You have a good rule never to write excepting about some real matter of business, which saves you from any reflection in this case, and myself from any charge of forgetfulness, I hope. I heard with much pleasure of your brother's marriage to Miss Andrews[1] and I must take this late opportunity of paying my proper compliments. I have heard also of a poem which you have published, the title of which delights me very much.[2] I have made many guesses as to the manner in which you have illustrated the subject, but am quite abroad in all but the general purport as told by the name. When I began this epistle I hoped to send a picture home to the forthcoming exhibition at the R.A., but I had miscalculated ; and, when the time came, it was so far from finished that it has lasted even till now, and even yet not quite done. As a year will go by before it will be exhibited, I must not let the subject get very well known, but I will tell to you—as no great favour of course—for I should not be surprised if you had already heard—that the picture on which I have been working of late is the "Scapegoat"—with the background painted from the Dead Sea at Sodom, if the name of Oosdoom, to the further end of the sea, identifies the place. There are a thousand things here in which you might feel great interest, but I could not choose any one spot—out of the many beautiful places—even if I felt that I could convey any idea of it by words. One important event occurred here on April 7th. The Duke of Brabante was here with a firman to enter the Mosque built in the Temple grounds. Since the taking of the city by the Moslems under Omar, no Christian had been in but by stealth or deceit, and only about half a dozen by such means.

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[1] See vol. i., p. 132.

[2] "The Betrothal."

On this occasion however all the other Franks in the city demanded a similar sight, and I amongst others—altogether there were perhaps fifty—men, women, and children a few. I was extremely charmed with the beauty of the situation and the great care in which all is preserved. The buildings were originally built by the Greeks about the time of Constantine, as churches, and these have only been converted into mosques by external alterations. Inside the Moslems have not dared to lift a tool against the work of such superior architects as their predecessors. I find stronger reasons every day to deny the hackneyed assertion that the Arabs taught the Christians architecture. One thing I am compelled to say, that they in principle are much better Christians than either the Greeks or Latins. In the morning I had been in the Holy Sepulchre, viewing the distribution of the miraculous fire from heaven by the Greeks, and truly the contrast between the two places as houses of God did not tell in favour of the Primitive Apostolic Christians; the *Holy* Sepulchre being a chamber of imagery crammed full of trumpery pictures of old saints, and decorated throughout in that bad taste which Roman Catholics have all to themselves in Europe, but which here the modern Greeks share with them—while the mosques were so free from any offensive feature that they might serve at once for the purest Christian form of worship. I left the grounds reluctantly, but better satisfied that the place was in such good hands, until it could be made over to the care of better Christians—a future act which that day's humiliation to the Moslems in our privilege seemed to have prepared them for—if one could judge from the expression of displeasure on the faces of those Moslems who had been kept out by force, in fear that they would have made a disturbance, as they threatened to do. . . .

I am yours ever truly,
W. Holman Hunt.

2, Warwick Gardens, Kensington,
April 27, 1880.

My Dear Patmore,

Since I have been back from the East a succession of difficulties have made me feel that I should do nothing to divert my attention and strength from my work as the

one way of getting into a state of use again. I had in mind the intention of repairing my omissions when I had achieved this right to peace, and I looked forward to finding you out again as a real satisfaction. It was a great pain to me a few days since to learn, while I was working and waiting, the great sorrow [1] had come upon you which could not allow the pleasure of meeting you again to be anything but a cruel one. I cannot attempt to find any source of comfort that you do not yourself fully feel the value of, but I should be sorry not to appear with your other old friends who take the occasion to assure you of their lasting affection. I wish to add my strong expression of esteem for your late wife, and to say that, with the pain you bear in her loss, I pray that you may escape that kind of bitterness which takes away the hope of the full ripeness of later days.

Yours affectionately,
W. HOLMAN HUNT.

The following letter from Woolner seems to refer to the illustration in the "Children's Garland." Patmore may have spoken of it as his wife's book, as she took considerable part in the selection. He also speaks of it as his daughter Emily's. (See vol. i., pp. 200-201.) The second letter refers to the same subject.

27, Rutland Street,
Hampstead Road, N.W.
Oct. 6, '61.

DEAR PATMORE,

I saw Macmillan, who wants me to do an idea for Mrs. Patmore's book, which I confess will not be easy. I told it him merely as a thing I should like to do if space on page permitted, etc.: but both he and Masson were so tickled with the notion that they scorned to admit any other could be more appropriate as regards Art: the consequence is that I shall have as much study of composition for this trifling thing as I should have in designing a group for marble—but we must take the world as it goes.

Ever yours,
THOS. WOOLNER.

[1] Mary Patmore's death.

Farringford.
Jan. 17, 1862.

DEAR PATMORE,

Kindest thanks, but I shall not be back in London till some time next week and I only came here last evening. I was glad to find A. T. much better than I expected, for he had been very ill again: Mrs. Tennyson is fairly well and the children as well as possible, and wonderfully grown since I saw them last.

I did not think it of sufficient importance to indicate a roof or projection above the swallow's nest, but thought, as it was at the edge of the vignette, it might be taken for granted, if demanded by the spectators; and, had I thought it necessary to put the roof, I should have left out the nest altogether, as it would have destroyed the balance of colour by making the nest far too important.

I hope Mrs. Patmore is going on well: please give her my kindest remembrances: the Tennysons desire me to say kind things for them.

Ever truly yours,
THOS. WOOLNER.

It is horrible cold here—a fierce north wind. A. T. has written a dedication to the late P. Albert, which has delighted and soothed the Queen and Princess Alice.

The following letter from Woolner shows his anxiety that Patmore should take steps to get his poems favourably noticed, as an antidote to the attack by "A. K. H. B." on the "Children's Garland." (See vol. i., pp. 201-205.)

29, Welbeck St. W.
Feb. 19, '63.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

. . . Altho' a good thing will inevitably make its own way, yet a good husbandman takes care to stir the soil, that his young crop may flourish more readily and abundantly; and the reason why great men usually succeed during their lives is because they omit no possible contingency of ensuring their triumph. The great Sir Chas. Napier remarked in his journal, when he was compassing the

conquest of Scinde, that he had taken every precaution that forethought could suggest to conquer, "for" said he, "when everything has been done, there will always arise on the battlefield new difficulties enough to give ample work to the most fertile genius." I am anxious this poem of yours should be handsomely received by the public, for, now that you have lost the highest joy of life, I want to see your name grow great and splendid, that you may get some kind of interest in the growth among your countrymen of that which was consecrated to her who was your happiness.

I do not know if you are acquainted with Thompson the Greek Professor?[1] He is well worth knowing, for he has the loftiest kind of mind, and his word carries great weight. He comes to spend to-morrow evening (Friday) with me and would feel pleased, I am sure, to meet you, for I have heard him, at Spedding's rooms, speak very highly of your writings; therefore if you can so soon spend another evening pray come. I asked him to take a chop at 6.30 p.m. but do not know if he comes so soon yet; but, if you can, come at that time, for there will sure to be enough to eat.

Ever truly yours,
THOS. WOOLNER.

The correspondence does not explain to what proposal of Patmore's the following letter alludes. Probably he desired that Woolner should execute a full length figure of Cardinal Newman.

Rapkins, Broadbridge Heath,
Horsham,
Nov. 1, '90.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

If your friendly interest is officiousness I can only say that I like officiousness. I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble for me, and especially as I cannot do so for myself; for the truth is, I never could tout, for myself I mean. Tho' I regard Newman as only a little lower than the angels I cannot; and indeed I could not, to be commissioned to do the Archangel Michael in pure gold and priceless gems.

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[1] William Hepworth Thompson; afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

I should like very much to present a copy of my bust to the Duke of Norfolk, could I do so with propriety, for I know it is a good likeness which would accordingly speak for itself.

I shall never forget how beautiful the dear old man looked, once when I went down to Birmingham to see him, in a rich silk gown that fell in the most graceful folds over his thin elegant figure; and he wore a magnificent gold chain richly ornamented to hold a cross. I quite longed to do him as he sat, and on my return to town I consulted with Sir —— —— as to whether he thought I should obtain support in the event of my trying to carry out my idea. He did not encourage me, so that I kept my desires to myself. Now I wish I had done so, as I am sure such a work would have interested not only Catholics but all the good and wise who knew and admired his unselfish soul.

I am down here planting, or rather getting the ground ready for doing so, and have not a spare moment scarcely; but when I have used the season up I will use your kind invitation and run down to Hastings for a chat.

Truly yours,
THOMAS WOOLNER.

Millais painted the portrait of Emily Augusta Patmore in 1851 (see vol. i., p. 85), and exhibited it at the Royal Academy in 1852.

Kingston, Friday.
[1851.]

MY DEAR MRS. PATMORE,

I am now painting the background for the Ophelia, so shall be detained from letting you have your portrait: the frame has returned, but there are a few touches to be given before you can have it.

Hunt is staying here with me, also painting a background . . .

The first thing when I return to town will be to complete the likeness and send it to you.

With kind regards to Mr. Patmore in which Hunt joins, believe me,

Very faithfully yours,
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

Worcester Park Farm,
Cuddington Nr. Cheam,
October 22nd., 1851.

. . . . .

P.S. I was delighted to hear of your full satisfaction at Mrs. Patmore's portrait. I am very anxious that Tennyson should see it, that he may give me leave to paint his wife's.

C. Patmore, Esq.

The date of the following letter is conjectural. Rossetti's "The Early Italian Poets, from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri," was published in 1861.

Wednesday night.
[1856 or 1857 ?].

DEAR PATMORE,

Before sending you the translations, I looked again over Allingham's notes, and want to apprise you that all instances of varying metre, missing rhymes, etc. are close adherence to the originals, and not carelessnesses. He suggests rightly in one place that titles are wanted to the different poems—should any strike you in reading, I wish you'd jot them in the margin. I consider myself that descriptive headings—brief arguments—to the poems, would perhaps be best, but leave all classification till the end. I can't say I always agree with A. in his preferences. For instance, there is one poem *at page* 39 which he has not marked at all, and which seems to me almost the loveliest of the lot. I name this as occurring to me—but there are others. By the bye, at page 156 is one copied out since I saw you, and which I think you'll agree with me in liking. It is by Cino da Pistoia (though generally attributed to Guido Guinicelli), and I believe it myself to be addressed to Dante on the occasion of the death of Beatrice. This is rather strengthened by Dante quoting it (though only in an argument on language), in his treatise *de Vulgari eloquio*; and there are various undoubted pieces of correspondence in rhyme (some I have translated though not yet copied) between Cino and Dante. *Pray remember that all notes or suggested alterations of any kind whatever from you, will be most thankfully received in the margin;* especially suggestions as to any of the poems—*if any*—which you think the ones to be left out.

With thanks beforehand for the trouble I'm thus saddling you with, and with a request for *one line to tell of safe delivery of MSS.*, when they reach you—believe me, yours very sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S. There are a good many more not yet copied, which you shall have in due course, if you care.

The Mr. Woodward mentioned in the following letter is, no doubt, the architect of the Oxford Museum. He was probably introduced to the Præ-Raphaelite circle by Ruskin, who greatly admired his work. The letter seems to indicate that Patmore's leaning towards Roman Catholicism was known to Rossetti.

Friday [1857 ?].

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I met last night at Woodward's a Mr. Pollen, who, talking of poetry, asked if I knew you at all, and is most anxious to know you himself. I thought you would be glad to know him too, as he is a man of the highest power—the only man who has yet done good mural painting in England. It is possible you may have seen his interior paintings at Merton Chapel, Oxford, or have heard of him in connection with them. Since then, he has become a seceder to Roman Catholicism, and is (of course) in consequence a furious admirer of yours. He lives in Dublin, but will be in London again for three days at beginning of next week. I told him I would ask your leave to bring him to the Grove on Tuesday evening next. Monday is my College night. If you would like him to come, and Tuesday does not suit, perhaps Wednesday night might be managed, if you could let me know at once. Should it be inconvenient to you at your house, we might make it here if you liked.

Yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Patmore had, through his Præ-Raphaelite friends, made the acquaintance of Mr., afterwards Sir Edward Burne-Jones. At a later date he thought he discerned in the painter's work some similarity of

thought to that which was the inspiration of his own work, and hoped that the sympathy thus intimated might be developed by personal intercourse. About 1883 or 1884 visits were exchanged between them.

Patmore presented to Sir E. Burne-Jones a characteristic drawing of Rossetti's, in return for which he was to receive an original drawing from the painter. This was long in coming, and this delay explains the second letter.

The Grange,
West Kensington, W.
Sunday.

MY DEAR COVENTRY PATMORE,

Will this ever reach you?

Your letter is headed Hastings only—and to that vague and large address I must send this—for lack of better information.

Yes: do come on Tuesday morning—and all I have I will show you.

Do you know what an uncivilized brute I am—and that I can't—can't write letters?

Weeks ago came two lovely volumes sent from Macmillan, and I could have written to you there at least, but did not—for which no reviling is bad enough for me; but come and be welcomed on Tuesday, and glad I shall be to see you.

Yours very truly,
E. BURNE-JONES.

The Grange,
49, North End Road,
West Kensington, W.

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . There is a drawing I put by for you long ago—but it needed a little work upon it—and, in the press of things that had to be done, I delayed it and forgot it, and, if I remembered, it was always at some impossible hour for me to redeem my promise in; but I will send it to you, and shall be very glad if you will accept it as a sign of admiration and friendship.

As to the D. G. R. drawing I had no idea it was one you set special store by for its association sake—only for its artistic interest—so I shall be uncomfortable if I keep it any more, and will return it to you. Our friend Stephens, I think, wishes to have it photographed for some work, and I promised that he should have it for this purpose. When he has done with it, I will take care it is safely sent to you again.

Believe me,
Always yours sincerely,
E. BURNE-JONES.

CHAPTER XIX

LETTERS FROM AUBREY DE VERE, RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., AND THE REV. GERARD HOPKINS, S.J.

I HAVE put together in this chapter the letters of the friends who were Patmore's principal advisers in the revision of his poems (see vol. i., p. 175).

Patmore's connection with Mr. Aubrey de Vere has been frequently mentioned in vol. i. On page 142 will be found extracts from Patmore's diary referring to Mr. de Vere's efforts to convert Patmore and his first wife to the Roman Catholic faith; on page 175 I have recorded his criticisms on the "Angel;" on page 206, Patmore's work of editing a selection from Mr. de Vere's poems; and on page 209, his connection with Patmore's visit to Rome which resulted in his conversion. On page 317 I have alluded to Mr. de Vere's views on three of Patmore's odes, which subject is also touched on in Patmore's letters to Mrs. Bishop. The following letters appear to call for no further comment.

Curragh Chase,
Adare, Ireland,
Nov. 30, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

. . . A thousand thanks for your volume. I had already read it more than once; and, now that I possess a copy, shall read it many times again :—for I do not flatter you in saying that it is (so far as I may venture to judge) one of the most beautiful of modern poems. It has four qualities which especially distinguish it, I think; its sound-

ness and geniality, as well as elevation of sentiment; its descriptive power. Its power of *reasoning* (I do not mean *arguing*) in verse, and its singular beauty both of diction and of metre. But after, the praise of such a man as Tennyson, nothing that I can say is of much importance. I should be anxious to know what kind of sale it has found; though the sale is no index of the success, much less of the merit. I hope you will be able also to say that you have made good progress with the rest of the work, and that we shall see it soon. . . .

Believe me, yours faithfully,
AUBREY DE VERE.

50, Piazza di Spagna, Rome.
Feb. 14, 1857.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Yesterday evening I was at a party of Americans, all of them very much devoted to Literature and especially to Poetry. They spoke with enthusiasm of yours in particular, saying that there was "quite a rage for it in America," and that its success there was something quite remarkable. They remarked also, on my mentioning that you thought of continuing your Poem in two more books, that, if you chose, when bringing them out, to apply to some American publishing House (Story and Field, or perhaps Ticknor and Field, I forget which, Boston, were especially named), you would probably be given a handsome sum down for the edition and could also make an arrangement by which a considerable annual profit would come to you from the future sale of the book. I resolved to lose no time in informing you of this, as such an arrangement might enable you at once to proceed with the third and fourth parts of your Poem, the composition of which you told me depended on the success of the portion of the work already published. An arrangement might probably be made at once, *prospectively*, which would enable you to see your way. Another effect of such an arrangement might be that the American Publisher might give you also a share of the profits on the American republication of your Poem so far as already written and at present in circulation in the United States. Mrs. Browning

told me that the American who is re-publishing "Aurora Leigh" volunteered to give her £100 for it.

Mr. Burns has not yet found an opportunity of sending the copy of your book you so kindly left with him. Many thanks for your letter. I earnestly trust that nothing will induce you to remit or postpone the great duty of Religious Enquiry. It is almost self-evident that, supposing God to have *given Man a Revelation at all*, the first of Man's duties must be to ascertain, at any cost, what is the *Authentic* Version of that Revelation as distinguished from the spurious. Not less evident is it that this is an Enquiry which all conscientious Protestants are *on their own Principles* bound to pursue by every law of Religion, Morality and Interest; and that since it is especially "to the Poor" that the Gospel is preached, no *educated* man, however modest, can account the enquiry beyond him. But these things are Truisms; and our realizing the simple fact that Truisms are *true* depends not on argument but on Divine Grace, and our co-operation with that Grace. . . .

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
AUBREY DE VERE.

Monk Coniston, Ambleside,
Oct. 10, 1862.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Your note has a very sad sound; but I ought to be all the more obliged to you for having, notwithstanding, remembered your promise of writing: for it is when we are most out of spirits that we find it most troublesome to write in general. I am not at all surprised at your return to your home having a very depressing effect on you. It is most sadly natural that this should be the case; and, alas, the more so when a house already left empty is made more empty still by your children being away from it, though fortunately not far away. I believe that, when we begin to lift up our heads again after any great bereavement, the progress we make, even under the most favourable circumstances, is far from being an even or equable progress. There must needs be occasional checks, and occasional apparent retrogressions, accompanied by a feeling

that perhaps we are going back rather than forward. Such aggravations of our distress would have no place if the erring wishes of an earthly friend could shape our Destiny: but it is far better for us that that remains in the hand of a Heavenly Friend Who alone knows what is best for us, and Who loves us so much better than our earthly friends do that, comparatively, nothing weighs with Him but our Spiritual Well-being. The more He has in store for any Soul the more He makes it acquainted with the great Realities both of Sorrow and of Joy. There are many who seem to elude both of these, and especially Sorrow. They just graze along its surface for one moment, and the next they are afloat again in the brimming stream. They learn nothing except superficially: the arc of existence through which they swing is so narrow a one that they are never swept into those regions in which they see the wonders of God. It is to those from whom God expects much that He gives much; and among His Gifts are the Afflictions which He sends us, and especially those depressions which are among our heaviest afflictions. I believe therefore that it was in the spirit of a rather unworthy friend that I was at first disposed to regret so much the sadness indicated in your note. We must try to bear in mind that we are not, relatively to God, each of us half lost in a crowd. In His eyes each of us exists as the whole universe exists, or as He would do if the universe contained no creature but Himself. We cannot see our way, for not even the Angels can fathom the wonderful process by which God fits each Soul for the glories reserved for His own. We have often to learn God by *feeling* His mighty arms beneath us, just because we cannot yet learn Him by the way of *Light;* and we feel the uplifting of those arms the more in proportion to the depth of those gulfs of gloom from which They lift us up at the appointed season.

There are times when He seems to deny us all spiritual fruitions, leaving us but Faith. These are the very times in which Faith is rendered capable of gaining ten-fold the strength which it could gain at other times. We must remember however that *Courage*, as well as spiritual discernment, is an attribute of Faith. To exercise Faith in the midst of spiritual or earthly fruitions never removed is like swimming in water so shallow that our foot is always touching the bottom or tangling itself in the weeds. It is

when the soul is carried far out into the great Deep and taught that there remains to it nothing but God that it learns to realize the great truth that God is all, and that everything in His Creation is designed only to draw us to the Creator. It does seem to me a help to us in maintaining our courage in time of conflict if we remember, not only that with His help we are sure of ultimate Victory, but also that the Victory, when won, will not only replace us on the eminence we seemed to occupy at our best moments but also will lift us to a height incomparably higher and otherwise unattainable. All will go well if we can but learn to trust God *enough* and serve Him with an absolute disinterestedness. We fail most often because we make reserves and conditions with God in place of serving Him with that generous and limitless Loyalty which He requires. He will not traffick with us ; but if we give ourselves to Him *wholly* (that is with the wholeness of a *sincere* Intention despite the inconsistencies of mortal infirmity) then, in return for this nothing, He gives us Himself, and, in Himself, all things.

But I must not go on writing these things which, in as far as they are Truths, read like Truisms ; and which, so far as they carry any look of novelty, are often but barren declamations. Doubtless you know these things as well as I ; and it is from God alone that any one can gain the Strength and spiritual Sincerity and Oneness necessary to render such knowledge fruitful, nay to prevent its becoming our condemnation. What I have tried to write will at least show you how strongly I sympathise with you, and how strong are my hopes that in proportion to present suffering will be your future consolation.

Ever yours,
AUBREY DE VERE.

P.S.—Since I began this note your two later notes have this day reached me : and I trust I may infer from them that things are already brightening about you once more. . . . We talk much of you here ; and the other day, when we effected the ascent of the "Old Man", everyone of the party expressed more than once the feeling of regret, which we all shared, at your absence. It was a glorious day, the mountain peaks rising like islands above a vast ocean of shining, white mist. . . .

Mount Trenchard, Foynes.
Jan. 10, 1863.

My Dear Patmore,

I am a few days later than I had hoped to be in sending you back your proofs; but the season is so little advanced that I trust this will not have been an inconvenience to you. The fact is that I never can venture on criticism or suggestions without having time to give the subject my very best attention and consideration. My counsel may well be "bad at the best:" but to give it "at the worst," *i.e.*, without due reflection, seems to me a great stupidity and impertinence (except when the suggestions relate but to trivial matters of detail): I have therefore taken time to read your poem many times, and compare part with part carefully, before sending you any hints on the subject.

I have always been one of those who thought that "Faithful for Ever" had not had justice done to it; and I rejoice much to find that the effect of the whole poem is now so much elevated by the addition of those "Victories of Love," which you always regarded as its completion. The sadder and loftier character of this concluding portion was necessary to impart due *dignity* to the whole; and the *variety* given to the whole work (counting "The Angel in the House," and "Faithful for Ever" as the two portions of a common *design*, if not common poem) is immensely increased by representing thus Love in Shadow, as well as Love in Sunshine. Indeed, Domestic Love is hardly a sufficient subject for a long and elaborate Poem, unless the theme is made to include the lonely and dark Valleys as well as the sunny slopes of the Love Land. The omissions which you have made in the earlier section of "Faithful for Ever" (amounting, I think, to about twenty pages) are a considerable improvement. On the whole, I can honestly congratulate you on a work very greatly improved, and by which, *when it is brought to perfection*, your entire Theme will have been worthily completed. But to bring it to this state of perfection a good deal remains, in my opinion, to be done; and if I am right in this, the present seems the opportunity for doing it, as the Public Opinion will probably be made up, as regards the Poem, when the second Edition, put forward as a revised one, has been published. After that, it will be very difficult to make more than a few

very devoted Students of Poetry pay attention to any further alterations.

You will perhaps remember (to go to the subject of my suggestions) that, from the time I had heard the plan of "Faithful for Ever" described, I was strongly impressed with the difficulties, as well as opportunities, of a theme, the apparent and superficial facilities of which constituted its chief snares and temptations. There was first the easy flow of the metre, which does not, like some other metres, compel the Poet to write his best. It is like driving a horse who goes so steadily that the driver is tempted occasionally to take a nap and let him go on by himself. Secondly—there was the homely nature of the subject, which, by making familiarity a merit, makes over-familiarity, especially in the form of incorrect or conversational language, a snare. Thirdly, there was the danger of prolixity in a subject which furnishes an infinite number of details on much the same level, each of which *might* indeed be treated in a thoroughly poetical spirit; but more than a very limited number of which would involve at least a *virtual* repetition. . . .

The Poet, I felt sure, would have always to keep in mind the old saying, "be bold, be bold, be bold, but *not too bold*", to avoid excess of familarity in details which commonly have their ludicrous, as well as their touching side; and he would be called on constantly to remind himself that, as Coleridge has said,

> "Too much of one thing is for nothing good,—
> A matter mighty seldom understood;"

and cancel passages, not for being unskilful or unpoetical, but for being superfluous.

In your first edition there appeared to me to be faults of the kind I have named: nor could it have been otherwise, considering the rapidity with which the poem was written and published. . . . Many of the criticisms on it that I have heard had taken the same view in this respect; though some of the criticism has been very unjust in neglecting the great compensating merits of the poem, and the degree in which the faults were palliated by the nature of the theme.

These faults are certainly diminished by your omissions in the Proofs you have sent me. The Poem is still more

improved by most of the additional matter. But the very circumstance that this additional matter is so much more elevated than the average of the earlier portion renders it necessary (as I think) for the harmony of the poem that the earlier portion should be brought more near to the higher level of the later portion. Still larger omissions may be required, owing to the higher qualities of the portion now added; or else the poem will be less consistent, though much more striking and touching than before. . . .

Another improvement which I would suggest is one that would cost you little labour, though careful attention, as it is to be effected chiefly by omission. Condensation seems to me quite necessary. . . . The omissions would of course often require some slight change in the preceding or following lines. I was often nearly deterred from suggesting such considerable omissions by the apparent presumption of such advice, and often by the merit of the passages marked for omission, or of many lines included in them. You will however clearly understand that, without dogmatizing on the subject, I have only wished to indicate what I should myself do, if the poem were mine. . . . A fresh poem of our own is often like print held too near the eye to be distinctly seen. Moreover some of the passages are marked for omission, not because they do not contain much that *I* read with pleasure, and that would have a high value if placed elsewhere, . . . but because, by supplying too much intersticial matter, they impair the total effect which would otherwise remain on the reader's mind from those portions of the poem of which the theme is graver and the style nobler. The Greeks used to say, "Art is long, but Life is short," and omitted many details in their poetry in order to give more projection to its more important parts, just as they omitted the bridles to their sculptured horses. We moderns run riot in detail, forgetting how much that costs us labour has interest only as seen from our especial point of view. "*We* cannot see the wood for the trees"; and it has been well said that every one should thin his neighbour's trees. Posterity will prove rich and idle, and will attend only to memorable things treated in a consummate manner.

Besides avoiding too much detail, it is of immense importance to avoid repetition. In high Art the effect should

be produced, not by many strokes, which are always confusing, but by a few, but strong and right. . . . The effect of the change would be as when a Balloon makes a bound upwards on the sand being thrown out; or as when a dissolving view catches a sudden clearness, and the mist seems to melt away. . . . Yours ever,

AUBREY DE VERE.

Curragh Chase, Adare,
Jan. 22, 1890.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

. . . I continue often to read your book "Principle in Art" and find it the more interesting and instructive the oftener I recur to it. I do what I can to increase the benefit it is calculated to confer by pointing out its merits to correspondents and people I meet; and I have asked the Editor of the "Irish Monthly" to have a careful criticism on it in an early No., as a thing that may be seriously helpful to literary aspirants and youthful readers: I only wish I had time and eyesight to review it myself.

The book shows how much may be effectually done in *short* criticisms. The brevity makes an Author who has a real perception of Principle go to the heart of the matter at once, and not throw a mist about that Principle by superfluous details. . . . Principles in Criticisms, as elsewhere, are things that should be strongly and plainly affirmed, though doubtless cautiously applied. . . . Everywhere in these Essays there is "a gift of genuine Insight" which Wordsworth besought of the Muse, but which is as needful for the Philosophic Critic as for the Poet: and with that gift your *Affirmative*, as distinguished from *Demonstrative* Method well corresponds; for in matters in which the Imagination has a large place, as in matters of Faith, there is little place for technical Demonstration; and Affirmations, when they rest on true Insight, find a ready access to capable minds and well-disposed tempers, which have always the gift of at least a *tentative* docility, and will commonly allow an Affirmation to step easily over the *threshold* of its intelligence, and thus be regarded from more sides than one.

The power of your book seems to me greatly enhanced by the remarkable vigour and eloquent conciseness of your Style, while it expresses in the most forcible way what it

wants to express. For that reason it is a book which a man may *go out thinking with*, as he goes out walking with a genial companion. The force of your book's style does not interfere with its temperance, and is never ostentatious, like that of some popular authors who, from lack of intellectual Self-possession, are forced to think, as well as to write, through a process of mental *Declamation*, and have to think in a passion or not think at all. Your style seems to me in this work eminently to combine dignity and grace, and that, in a large part, from its blending of long with short sentences. The long sentences are always well steered along the windings of the stream, and meet no mischances; and in their progress the meaning advances with the on-flowing current, and throbs beneath it. It abounds also in singularly felicitous expressions, which however are not showy or self-applausive.

In p. 5, you speak of the German Critics in a way that makes me regret that I never learned German. You say that to put together such materials as they present would do much for Art, but that no one among us exists . . . who is equal to such a work. You seem to me yourself the person who is fully equal to it; and you have leisure for it. You could execute such a work quite at your ease, and, if you pleased, in the form of such brief Essays as those you have recently published; and the completed book would be all the more valuable because you would have doubtless yourself to criticise your German Critics as well to illustrate their conclusions where you approve them.

I ought not to send these remarks without adding that the very *personal* Essay "what Shelley *was*" seems to me not in the same character as the rest, and therefore not in its right place: besides which, Shelley was, at least in his earlier years, so far from a condition of perfect sanity that what his character inwardly was, or might, when consolidated, have developed itself into, appears a matter as hard to reach conclusions on as the future Fauna and Flora of Planets that have not yet cooled down sufficiently to produce genuine vegetation. . . .

Yours very sincerely,
AUBREY DE VERE.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I have just come on a letter of Henry Taylor's, dated 7 Feb. 1856, in which he speaks thus of your "Angel in the

House," (part 1st) then recently published: "I have read it, and it seemed to me a poem of rare, and peculiar amenity and grace. I know not where else in these days one can find that easy, gentle, and ingratiating temper in poetry, so free from false stimulus and false allurement." This is much stronger commendation than H. T. often gave to modern Poetry.

Have you heard of the subsequent sale of your "Angel" in the cheap form since that during the first fortnight? If it had then sold 40,000 copies, surely it may since have sold twice as many more. . . .

Yours ever,
AUBREY DE VERE.

Curragh Chase,
Jan. 26, 1890.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

In the hope of gaining a post I send you a hurried line to tell you how glad I am to hear that you are about to publish an Edition of your later Lyrics at once cheap and "sumptuous."

I think it quite possible that such a volume may suddenly make an immense addition to the circulation of your works, —but on one condition viz., that it does not include the three "Psyche" poems.

I am of course not going to repeat the remarks which I made to you on that subject many years ago, when contemplating it from the moral and the philosophical as well as from the poetical and artistic point of view: but I believe that even then I expressed also my belief that those three poems would *greatly* impair the circulation of *your* poetry, and thus diminish its power of benefitting well-disposed readers, although doubtless the poetry of many writers owes much of its fame to what we should regard as the least commendable part of it. I said then that those three poems would be almost always least liked by those who most appreciated the rest of your poetry, and that they would be absolutely misunderstood by the many, some of whom, whether through dullness or malignity, would probably confound you with the Poets to whom you bear least of real resemblance, and with whose works your Poetry ought to stand in the most *obvious contrast*, if it is to take the place it deserves. In a

recent letter you quoted a passage from some hostile critic which quite confirms this opinion; which is further confirmed by what you say in your latest letter respecting Ruskin's report of S.'s mode of commenting on you. You may be certain that the more you rise in general estimation the more will those three poems be turned against you, and that by *more than one* class of hostile readers; and also that the most appreciative admirers of your poetry will be rendered by them less able to do for it what was done for the poetry of Tennyson and Wordsworth by the frankly expressed admiration of those who understood these Poets. The reviews [1] lately republished by me were reviews of your earlier vols., which did not include these three Poems.

I am greatly pleased to hear of that other prose volume which you think of writing.[2] It is just the sort of book calculated to be of spiritual value at a time when people are sick of mere *controversy*, and yet take a deep interest in religion, and perceive that the fallacy of "No Dogma" is as stupid as an aspiration that the Sun should continue to minister heat and light to our planet, but discard its light because Light is often hurtful to sore eyes. . . .

I hope you will soon be able to send me a better account of your Wife's health. As you have so much influence over Ruskin, I think you might do him good if you wrote to him seriously respecting the claims of the Church on men who see as much as he does, when not in perverse moods, of its character and its *Work*.

Yours very sincerely,
AUBREY DE VERE.

The last paragraph of the following letter from Dr. Garnett evidently refers to the illness of Emily Augusta Patmore, who in 1860 was in extreme danger (see vol. i., pp. 132-133).

[August 1860?]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

According to your request, I have read your poem quite through, with as little interruption as possible. Of

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[1] See vol. i., p. 172.

[2] "Religio Poetæ."

the effect it produced on me while I was reading it, I can in general only speak as you would like to hear. There are one or two rather flat passages of considerable length, but by much the greater part appears to me not only very interesting but written with a vigour and vividness, a sustained energy and concentrated fervour which rivets the attention and leaves no room for minute carping criticism. The earlier cantos, more particularly, convey beyond everything else the idea of Power—the cardinal virtue in which so much of the very best contemporary poetry is so grievously deficient. Yet in subtlety of thought, precision of observation, and depth of feeling it appears to me fully equal if not superior to "The Angel in the House," with the great advantage that the fine things occur naturally in the course of the narrative, instead of being imported in an appendix. Some of them seem to make the brain actually thrill with the intensity of their meaning, which it realizes in a manner without fully comprehending. Pp. 73-75 are a case in point. These are wonderful single touches, "standing about in stony heaps" is quite equal to "that wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame,"—the moon of "Epipsychidion."

When I lay down the book and endeavour to consider it as a whole, I must own that I am a little confused by the difficulty I find in discovering whether Jane or Honoria is your heroine. You have quite overcome my scruples about the first, and my only complaint is now that we have not enough of her. I think it will strike most readers that the change effected in her character is not sufficiently accounted for,—that you are requiring them to take too much upon trust, and that, in slurring over her domestic history between the birth of her child and the picnic, you are throwing away a psychological study of no small interest, and one to which you of all men are best qualified to render justice. Perhaps this is your own view, as I understood you to say that you regarded this volume as fragmentary, and it does not appear that there is anything wanting either at the beginning or the end. I am afraid, however, that Honoria has exercised a disturbing influence upon you, and prevented your writing of poor Jane *con amore*. I wish that you had selected an entirely new scene and set of characters: this cannot be helped now, and I must admit that Honoria's re-appearance in the third book is indispensable; but for

heaven's sake let us have as little of her domestic arrangements as may be, and I would certainly advise you to expunge her letter to the Dean. This has, in my eyes, the double fault of contributing nothing whatever to the progress of the story, and of quite failing to confirm the idea of the lady we have been led to form from the enthusiastic description of her lover. Frankly, it is the poorest passage of the poem, and Honoria's taking up the pen for the first and last time to write *it* reminds me rather forcibly of Coleridge's anecdote of the silent man and the apple-dumplings. Mildred's first letter also appears to me "a dead leaf in the bay-tree crown": the second, which I formerly disapproved of, I now like very much. Generally speaking, the objections I may have felt to particular passages on hearing them read have been dispelled by more attentive consideration; so it is highly probable that where I still disapprove I am equally wrong. I must persist however in disliking the latter part of Mrs. Graham's third letter. When I have added that one or two of the letters seem to me to end rather abruptly, I believe I shall have said everything that has occurred to me in the way of criticism. You will have gathered that I regard the poem on the whole as a most powerful and remarkable work, requiring nothing but the fuller elaboration of one character and a little pruning here and there to be absolutely perfect. I do not recommend you to defer the publication with a view to further revision, conceiving that there is already enough and far more than enough to enlist the sympathies of all who are likely to care for it in any manner. I should expect it to succeed best with thoughtful, scrupulous men, accustomed to reflect deeply on the conduct of life and the rights and wrongs of ethical questions, like Hutton, and de Vere, and Brett. Men of this stamp will, I am persuaded, take to the book immediately: readers like myself, accustomed to regard poetry from the æsthetical point of view, will find less to gratify their tastes, and have many prejudices to overcome, but you will lay them all within five or six years. I do not think the general public will find this poem nearly so attractive as the "Angel in the House," and I look to the result of the publication with much curiosity, as a fair test of the amount of taste at present vouchsafed to this favoured nation. I should think you might count on disposing of at least one edition. I

hope you have no very bitter enemies on the press at present, for there are few books easier to parody; and, though it will be quite fair criticism to comment on the obvious superiority of the earlier to the later portions of the work, I hope the critics will have the candour to recollect that, though the artist may display as much skill on working silver as gold, it is impossible for him to give it the same intrinsic value.

Excuse the numerous blunders, if your charity will reach so far. It has just gone 2 a.m., and I am very drowsy and stupid.

I have no more to say now, except God bless you and yours, and may I find when I return that a greater blessing than any literary success, however splendid, has been bestowed upon you during my absence. Adieu, my dear Patmore, and believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

RICHARD GARNETT.

For a note concerning the writer of the following letters the reader is referred to my introduction to Patmore's letters to Robert Bridges.

Father Gerard Hopkins's letters to Patmore are numerous, long, and of great interest. A large proportion of them are concerned with technical criticisms of Patmore's poems, which he submitted to his friend for revision (vol. i., p. 175). These I refrain from printing here, as being too technical for the general reader, though they would be most serviceable to any one who undertook to draw up a complete *variorum* edition of Patmore's poems. I have confined myself to those which contain more general criticism of his work, or otherwise bear upon my main subject. The letters, however, are so excellent, so full of the writer's individuality, of acute, if sometimes whimsical, judgments, that they are all worthy of preservation, though, in these pages, many of them might appear irrelevant.

Stonyhurst, Nov. 23, 1883.

My Dear Mr. Patmore,

In your son Henry you have lost a mind not only of wonderful promise but even of wonderful achievement. In the poems you have kindly lent me there may indeed be found some few immaturities, many expressions the echoes of yours and one or two perhaps of those of other poets, and the thought, both in its spontaneous play and also from the channel of reading and education it had of course run in, such as well to mark the writer for his father's son; still the general effect of their perusal is astonishment at a mind so mature, so masculine, so fresh, and so fastidiously independent: "*sed erat*" as the Breviary says of St. Agnes, "*senectus mentis immensa.*" It is no disparagement to see in this (what I have seen in a remarkable degree in a young child) the unnatural maturity of consumption and the clear-sightedness of approaching death, forestalling by the refinement of the body what would otherwise have come with years.

What first strikes in the poems is the spontaneous thoughtfulness, the utter freedom from the poetical fashion and poetical cant of this age, and all that wilderness of words which one is lost in in every copy of magazine verses one comes across. Your example was however here a natural safeguard. The love of paradox, carried even to perversity, is due also to his birth or his breeding. The disdainful avoidance of affectation and vulgar effect leads sometimes to the ineffective, as in the last couplet of the line "O for that afternoon": he would have come to feel this. To me the three most beautiful pieces seem to be the Sunset-poem, the lines on Flora's violin, and the Prologue.

But, if the poems have a shortcoming beyond points of detail, it would be in flow, in the poetical impetus, and also in richness of diction; they are strong where this age is weak—I mean Swinburne and the popular poets and, I may say, Tennyson himself,—in thought and insight, but they are weak where the age is strong. He might have strengthened in this respect with growth, or have compensated for the want by weight and mastery of thought; but I have an impression that, had he lived, he would have laid his chief stress elsewhere than in poetry. Naturally, being who he was, to write poetry came to him first,—his mind had been cradled in it; and even the metres he employs are those

he was familiar with in you. But it seems to me, though it may look strained, that nowhere in these poems is there such a stroke of genius as the title of the piece on sunset.[1] I should say he had, and would have found himself to have, a command of prose style by which he could have achieved more even than by that of poetry. The finest prose style is, in English at least, rarer, I should say, than the finest poetical. . . .

Believe me, dear Mr. Patmore,
Yours very sincerely,
GERARD M. HOPKINS, S.J.

The poems alluded to in the following letter are the "Psyche Odes" to which Mr. de Vere objected.

Stonyhurst,
Jan. 3, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

. . . This poem and the two next are such a new thing and belong to such a new atmosphere that I feel it as dangerous to criticise them almost as the "Canticles." What I feel least at my ease about is a certain jesting humour, which does not seem to me quite to hit the mark in this profoundly delicate matter. . . . A single touch in such a matter may be "by much too much." I repeated to someone what I had read in the life of St. Theresa or Blessed Margaret Mary, that the saint had been at one time believed possessed, and was exorcised and drenched with holy water: our Lord comforted her, telling her that the exorcisms were not directed against him, and could do her no harm, and that he liked holy water. This, for a great familiarity, is credible. But I heard my friend repeat it "that he rather liked" etc.—which is shocking. . . .

Yours very sincerely,
GERARD HOPKINS, S.J.

University College,
85, 86, Stephen's Green,
Dublin, Easter Eve, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

It is very long since I wrote to you: I now take the opportunity of holidays and wish you a very happy Easter.

[1] See vol. i., p. 304.

Some time back I wrote you a longish letter, but repented of it, as I often do, and did not send it.

Part of it was to spur you on with your poem, and to that I return. You will never be younger: if not done soon it will never be done, to the end of eternity. Looking back afterwards you may indeed excuse yourself and see reasons why the work should not have been done—but it will not have been done: what might have been will not exist. This is an obvious and a homely thought, but it is a good one to dwell on. You wait for your thoughts voluntary to move harmonious numbers. That is nature's way; possibly (for I am not sure of it) the best for natural excellence; but this poem was to be an act of devotion, of religion: perhaps a strain against nature in the beginning will be the best prospered in the end.

You think, as I do, that our modern poets are too voluminous: time will mend this, their volumes will sink. Yet, where there is high excellence in the work, labour in the execution, there volume, amount, quantity tells and helps to perpetuate all. If you wrote a considerable poem more it would not only add to your works and fame its own weight or its own buoyancy, but it would bulk out and buoy up all the rest. Are Virgil's Georgics and Bucolics read more or less for his having written the Æneid? Much more. So of Shakspere's and Dante's sonnets. It was by providence designed for the education of the human race that great artists should leave works not only of great excellence but also in very considerable bulk. Moreover you say in one of your odes that the Blessed Virgin seems to relent and promise her help to you to write in her honour. If this is not to be followed, it is but a foolish, scandalous saying. You will not venture to say heaven failed to do its part, or expect others to say so; either then you deluded yourself with groundless hopes or else you did not take the pains of correspondence with heaven's offers. Either way the words would better have been left unsaid. This is presumptuous language on my part, yet aimed at the Blessed Virgin's honour and at yours. . . .

Believe me,

Dear Mr. Patmore,

Very sincerely your friend,

GERARD M. HOPKINS, S.J.

University College,
Dublin, May 14, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

Thank you very much for the "Angel in the House," which reached me the night before last: to dip into it was like opening a basket of violets. To have criticised it looks now like meddling with the altar-vessels; yet they too are burnished with washleather. . . .

Your very sincere friend,
GERARD M. HOPKINS, S.J.

University College,
Dublin, Aug. 21, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

. . . I write to give you and Mrs. Patmore and the Miss Patmores my best thanks for your kindness to me during my happy stay at Hastings.

I am glad you let me read the autobiographical tract;[1] it will be a valuable testimony. . . .

Believe me very sincerely and gratefully yours,
GERARD M. HOPKINS, S.J.

The Royal University of Ireland,
June 4, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I have been meaning and meaning to write to you, to return the volumes of Barnes's poems you lent me and for other reasons, and partly my approaching examination work restrained me, when last night there reached me from Bells' the beautiful new edition of your works. I call it beautiful and think it is the best form upon the whole for poetry and works of pure literature that I know of, and I thank you for your kindness in sending it. And I hope the bush or the bottle may do what little in a bush or bottle lies to recommend the liquor to the born and the unborn. But how slowly does the fame of excellence spread! And crooked eclipses and other obscure causes fight against its rise and progress.

Your poems are a good deed done for the Catholic Church and another for England—for the British Empire, which now trembles in the balance, held in the hands of unwisdom. . . .

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[1] The "Autobiography," printed pp. 40-56.

What marked and striking excellence has England to show to make her civilization attractive? Her literature is one of her excellences and attractions, and I believe that criticism will tend to make this more and more felt; but there must be more of that literature,—a continued supply, and in quality excellent. This is why I hold that fine works of art, and especially if like yours, that are not only ideal in form but deal with high matter as well, are really a great power in the world, an element of strength even to an empire.

Believe me your sincere friend,
GERARD M. HOPKINS, S.J.

University College,
St. Stephen's Green,
Dublin.
Oct. 20, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

. . . During the summer examinations, one of my colleagues brought in one day a "St. James's Gazette," with a piece of criticism he said was a rare pleasure to read. It proved to be a review by you of Colvin's book on Keats. Still, enlightening as the review was, I did not think it really just. You classed Keats with the feminine geniuses among men; and you would have it that he was not the likest, but rather the unlikest of our poets to Shakespere. His poems, I know, are very sensuous,—and indeed they are sensual. This sensuality is their fault, but I do not see that it makes them feminine. But at any rate (and the second point includes the first) in this fault he resembles, not differs from Shakspere. For Keats died very young, and we have only the work of his first youth. Now, if we compare that with Shakspere's early work, written at an age considerably more than Keats's, was it not? such as "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece," it is, as far as the work of two very original minds ever can be, greatly like in its virtues and its vices; more like, I do think, than that of any writer you could quote after the Elizabethan age, which is what the common opinion asserts. It may be that Keats was no dramatist (his "Otho," I have not seen), but it is not for that, I think, that people have made the comparison. The "Cap and Bells" is an unhappy performance, so bad that I could not get through it; senselessly planned to have no plan, and

doomed to fail; but Keats would have found out that. He was young; his genius intense in its quality; his feeling for beauty, for perfection, intense; he had found his way right in his Odes; he would find his way right at last to the true functions of his mind. And he was at a great disadvantage in point of education compared with Shakspere. Their classical attainments may have been much of a muchness, but Shakspere had the school of his age. It was the Renaissance: the ancient classics were deeply and enthusiastically studied, and influenced directly or indirectly all, and the new learning had entered into a fleeting but brilliant combination with the mediæval tradition. All then used the same forms and keepings. But in Keats's time, and worst in England, there was no one school, but experiment, division, and uncertainty. He was one of the beginners of the Romantic movement, with the extravagance and ignorance of his youth. After all, is there anything in "Endymion" worse than the passage in "Romeo and Juliet"[1] about the County Paris as a book of love that must be bound and I can't tell what? It has some kind of fantastic beauty, like an arabesque, but in the main it is nonsense. And about the true masculine fibre in Keats's mind Matthew Arnold has written something good lately. . . .

Believe me very sincerely yours
GERARD M. HOPKINS.

Oct. 24, 1887.

Milltown Park,
Milltown, Dublin.
May 6, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

Your news was that you had burnt the book called "Sponsa Dei,"[2] and that on reflexion upon remarks of mine. I wish I had been more guarded in making them. When we take a step like this we are forced to condemn ourselves: either our work should never have been done or never undone, and either way our time and toil are wasted—a sad thought, though the intention may at both times have been good. My objections were not final: they were but considerations (I forget now, with one exception, what they were): even if they were valid, still if you had kept to your

[1] Act I., Sc. 3.

[2] Cf. vol. i., p. 318.

custom of consulting your director, as you said you should, the book might have appeared with no change or with slight ones. But now regret is useless.

Since I last wrote, I have re-read Keats a little, and the force of your criticism on him has struck me more than it did. It is impossible not to feel with weariness how his verse is at every turn abandoning itself to an unmanly and enervating luxury. It appears too that he said something like "O, for a life of impressions instead of thoughts!" It was, I suppose, the life he tried to lead. The impressions are not likely to have been all innocent, and they soon ceased in death. His contemporaries, as Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and even Leigh Hunt, right or wrong, still concerned themselves with great causes, as liberty and religion; but he lived in mythology and fairy-land, the life of a dreamer: nevertheless, I feel and see in him the beginnings of something opposite to this, of an interest in higher things, and of powerful and active thought. On this point you should, if possible, read what Matthew Arnold wrote. His mind had, as it seems to me, the distinctly masculine powers in abundance, his character the manly virtues; but, while he gave himself up to dreaming and self-indulgence, of course they were in abeyance. Nor do I mean that he would have turned to a life of virtue—only God can know that—but that his genius would have taken to an austerer utterance in art. Reason, thought, what he did not want to live by, would have asserted itself presently, and perhaps have been as much more powerful than that of his contemporaries as his sensibility or impressionableness, by which he did want to live, was keener and richer than theirs. His defects were due to youth—the self-indulgence of his youth, its ill-education, and also, as it seems to me, to its breadth and pregnancy, which, by virtue of a fine judgment already able to restrain but unable to direct, kept him from flinging himself blindly on the specious liberal stuff that crazed Shelley, and indeed, in their youth, Wordsworth and Coleridge. His mind played over life as a whole, so far as he, a boy, without (seemingly) a dramatic but still with a deeply observant turn, and also without any noble motive, felt at first-hand, impelling him to look below its surface, could at that time see it. He was, in my opinion, made to be a thinker, a critic, as much as a singer or artist of words. This can be seen in certain reflective

passages, as the opening to "Endymion," and others in his poems. These passages are the thoughts of a mind very ill-instructed and in opposition; keenly sensible of wrongness in things established, but unprovided with the principles to correct that by. Both his principles of art and his practice were in many things vicious, but he was correcting them, even eagerly; for "Lamia," one of his last works, shows a deliberate change in manner from the style of "Endymion," and in fact goes too far in change, and sacrifices things that had better have been kept. Of construction he knew nothing to the last: in this same "Lamia," he has a long introduction about Mercury, who is only brought in to disenchant Lamia, and ought not to have been employed, or else ought to be employed again. The story has a moral element or interest: Keats was aware of this, and touches on it at times, but could make nothing of it: in fact the situation at the end is that the sage Apollonius does more harm than the witch herself had done,—kills the hero; and Keats does not see that this implies one of two things, either some lesson of the terrible malice of evil which, when it is checked, drags down innocence in its own ruin, or else the exposure of Pharisaic pretence in the would-be moralist. But then if I could have said this to Keats I feel sure he would have seen it. In due time he would have seen these things himself. Even when he is misconstructing one can remark certain instinctive turns of construction in his style, showing his latent power—for instance, the way the vision is introduced in "Isabella." Far too much now of Keats.

You sent me also a paper of yours in the "St. James's."[1] But I did not like the text of it, from Newman, and so I could not like the discourse grounded on that. This was a paradox, that man is not a rational or reasoning animal. The use of a paradox is to awake the hearer's attention: then, when it has served that end, if, as mostly happens, it is not only unexpected but properly speaking untrue, it can be, expressly or silently, waived or dropped. But this you do not do with the paradox in question: you appear to take it in earnest. I always felt that Newman made too much of that text: it is still worse that you should build upon it. In what sense is man contemplative, or active, and not

[1] "Real Apprehension," January 20, 1888. Republished in "Principle in Art."

rational? In what sense may man be said not to be rational, and it might not as truly be said he was not active or was not contemplative? He does not always reason; neither does he always contemplate or always act—of course human action—not merely go through animal or vegetable functions. Everyone sometimes reasons; for everyone arrived at the age of reason, sometimes asks Why, and sometimes says Because, or Although. Now whenever we use one of these three words we reason. Longer trains of reasoning are rarer, because common life does not present the need or opportunity for them; but as soon as the matter requires them they are forthcoming. Nor are blunders in reasoning any proof that man is not a rational or reasoning being: rather the contrary: we are rational and reasoners by our false reasoning as we are moral agents by our sins. I cannot follow you in your passion for paradox: more than a little of it tortures.

Now, since writing the above, I have read the paper again; but indeed I cannot like it at all. The comment makes the text worse; for you say contemplation is in this age very rare indeed: is then reasoning in this age very rare indeed, or none? Other paradoxes follow; as that "persons like General Gordon or Sir Thomas More could stare if you called anything they did or suffered by the name of sacrifice." Did they then make no sacrifice? And if their modesty shrank from that word (I do not feel sure that it would) is the word not true? And do we not speak of Christ's sacrifice? and they were following Him.

Also the "truly sensible man never opines," though "many things may be dubious to him." But the definition of opinion is belief accompanied by doubt—by fear of the opposite being true; for, since many things are likely only but not certain, he who feels them to be most likely true knows also that they may possibly be untrue, and that is to opine them—though in English the word *opine* is little used except jocularly. Here no doubt you did not want to speak with philosophic precision (and in the same way say that "to see rightly is the first of human qualities": I suppose it is the rightness or clearness or clearsightedness of the seeing that is the quality, for surely seeing is an act); but then the matter is philosophical: the title is so: the reference is to a philosophical work, and therefore philosophical precision would be in place, and I in reading crave for it. But you

know best what comes home to the readers you are aiming at. Yet after all there is nothing like the plain truth: paradox persisted in is not the plain truth, and ought not to satisfy a reader. The conclusion, about the unpardonable sin, is on dangerous ground; but I do not understand it, and few readers, I think, will. You see, dear Mr. Patmore, that I am altogether discontented with this paper, and can do nothing but find fault.

And now, with kind regards to all your circle, I am, my dear Mr. Patmore, yours very sincerely,

GERARD M. HOPKINS.

Glenaveena, Howth,
Whitsunday, 1888.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

. . . About the "tyke," you did not altogether understand me. If I had said you had less than anyone else of the Bohemian, though that is not the same thing, the meaning would have been plainer. As there is something of the "old Adam" in all but the holiest men, and in them, at least, enough to make them understand it in others, so there is an old Adam of barbarism, boyishness, wildness, rawness, rankness, the disreputable, the unrefined, in the refined and educated. It is that that I meant by tykishness (a tyke is a stray, sly, unowned dog), and said you have none of; and I did also think that you were without all sympathy for it, and must survey it when you met with it wholly from without. Ancient Pistol is the typical tyke: he and all his crew are tykes, and the tykish element undergoing dilution in Falstaff and Prince Hal appears to vanish, but of course really exists, in Henry V. as king. I thought it was well to have ever so little of it, and therefore it was perhaps a happy thing that you were entrapped into the vice of immoderate smoking, for to know one yields to a vice must help to humanize and make tolerant.

I am very sincerely yours,
GERARD M. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XX

LETTERS FROM W. ALLINGHAM, W. B. SCOTT, W. BARNES, B. W. PROCTER, ANNE B. PROCTER, H. TAYLOR, F. AND MRS. LOCKER-LAMPSON, AUSTIN DOBSON, W. J. COURTHORPE, ALFRED AUSTIN, ST. CLAIR BADDELEY, AND R. BRIDGES

THE following letter from William Allingham to Emily Augusta Patmore is evidently an answer to that printed vol. i., p. 155-156. The portrait alluded to is that by Millais (vol. i., p. 85).

Ballyshannon,
30th of May, '52.

DEAR MRS. PATMORE,

I am much pleased to hear from you; and also by the subject of your note.

I enclose a line by which your messenger will obtain a copy of my Poems at Chapman and Hall's: I am not sure that they have a bound one, but, if not, I suppose there will be time enough for binding. My rank and title of Poet lie so dormant here that a sudden external recognition of them never fails to give me (at the first instant) a little shock of half comic surprise: beyond this, it is often very delightful, and, I think, beneficial.

I have written very little during the past winter and spring, yet have not, I trust, been standing still. My published volume though has been standing quite still: I paid off the remainder of the cost lately, and at foot of the account (which was a year removed from the preceding one) occurred this pithy memorandum: "no copies sold since last account".

The slip of paper which I send to be pasted into the volume would doubtless have said a little more if I knew the lady better. I think it a good rule to strive against

forming an opinion of a person until after three interviews; but, although I had only once an opportunity of seeing Miss Van Bremen, I have not strictly adhered to my rule, especially as I was not left wholly unacquainted with her previous life.

I hope your boys are well. I observe your Portrait in the Academy Catalogue, and deduce that *you* are well—or at least were looking well not very long ago: because exactness is the creed of the P. R. B., and a lady would never . . . &c., &c. The logic is perfect!

I remain, Dear Mrs. Patmore,

Very truly yours,

W. Allingham, Jr.

William Bell Scott to Coventry Patmore.

Newcastle,
8 January, 1855.

My Dear Sir,

I would have written you before had I not been in Scotland the last fortnight, taking the opportunity of my Xmas recess to refresh my remembrances of sundry old friends. By this means I ran some danger of bringing in the New Year in an "ancient and fishlike" manner; but the habits of the old country are certainly suffering a modification.

On a fuller and more careful consideration of your book, it does not appear to me expedient to offer any remarks following up those in my former note. Your poem is certainly homogeneous, and is so evidently tempered to your own pulse, that no remarks or advice could or should be influential to the author. At least, for my own part, I can't see how such could be of any service. There is an idiosyncratic difference that causes men to view life and marriage every one in a different aspect. Your poem presents them in a lovable and delectable form very complete in itself, the amount of passion and exaltation being commensurate with the circumstances in which you place your actors. What strikes one at first however is the continual recurrence of dainty speculations—the emotional portions and the motives of the history losing themselves everywhere [each] in the other, so to speak. But this impression is the result of the "Accompaniments" and "Sentences" you have placed

between the leaves of the history, no doubt with forethought.

On returning I found my wife had lent it to a little dove of a quaker, who seems to be making love to you in her heart,—"But thou knows he hath a wife," she says.

Is the next part in shape yet?

Yours,
WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

C. Patmore.

THE REV. WILLIAM BARNES TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Dorchester, 22 Dec., 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am ashamed that my first thanks for the pure pleasure of the reading of your new volume of sweet-fancied poems should have been again sent you on the receiving of a copy as a gift, as I guess, from your kind hands. I had hoped to have it in our reading club for which we order a year's books next week; and it has been a frequent thought with me that, if I found my way to a good magazine, I might write a paper on Petrarch and woman's mission of refinement, and take up your muse as the representative in our times of that of Petrarch.

Your former volume has been well handled here; but I find, what I daresay you already know, that it is appreciated in direct proportion to the reader's refinement.

I have not written anything for twelve months, in which I have had many great cares, but I hope that by Divine goodness I may next year invite back my muse to a more quiet heart. I am,

My dear sir,
Yours ever truly,
W. BARNES.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

The review alluded to in the following letter was by Patmore, and appeared in ("Macmillan," 6, 144). See Patmore's letters to William Barnes, pp. 238-240, to some of which these are answers. In the same year, 1862, Captain Seymour Dawson Damer presented Barnes to the Rectory of Came.

Dorchester, 7 June, 1862.

My Dear Sir,

I thank you very much for your kind thought of me in the sending to me the notice from "Macmillan's Magazine." It is, I am fearful, too kind, though I know not the writer. I am very happy with your permission to call on you in London, whither I think I may go before the summer is over, as I have an invitation to spend a week with a London friend; and, as I hope to retire about August to a rectory lately given me near this town by Captn. Damer, I may have a little more time to see a friend at home or abroad, and hope you may come down and spend a few days with me. I grieve for the cloud of sickness that overcasts the presence of your Angel of the House, and should very much like to see the wife of our English Petrarch.

I am, my dear sir,
Yours very truly,
W. Barnes.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

Dorchester, 11 June, 1862.

My Dear Sir,

God bless you! I was quite misled as to the writer of the paper in "Macmillan's Magazine," as Mr. Macmillan had told me, on writing some time ago on one of my papers in his magazine, that Mr. Venables meant to review my rhymes, and then afterwards I was told by a neighbour, who knows one of the Macmillan staff, that Mr. Venables, he thought, would leave it for Mr. ———, or somebody else; so that while I was drawn quite away from the source of the kindness I did not know where to refer it. I can only thank you again as I thanked you unknown in my note to the editor; but certainly I rate higher than ever the praise of your notice, since *a laudato viro laudari* is a high honor, as it is to find one's work approved by a perfectly good workman.

Did I not feel that the judgment of most of my favorable reviewers, and of you especially, could not be dictated by friendship, I could at times fancy that their praise was that of kindness rather than truth, though I rejoice to find that I have found, where I feel myself that I have found, poetry in homely life. Now I am writing to you I cannot help

sending a bit of criticism from the Cambridge paper (supplement) of last week. The word *outlandish* for a form of English not spoken out of the land, and without foreign words, seems to me a rather odd one. I hope, it is true, to make another edition of the first volume a little more English in spelling, but Dr. H——, lately of St. John's College, Cambridge, once told me that he could understand my book perfectly well, and so I was told a few weeks ago by an American gentleman and lady who were travelling in England and found me out as the writer of the Dorset rhymes.

I have usually not taken notice of either the praise or condemnation of reviews, and not of the praise because not of the condemnation, but your paper was too mighty for my indifference.

I have pieces for a third collection such as the second.

If country air would do good to Mrs. Patmore, my daughters want me to say they should be glad to see her here after the 22nd.

I am,
My dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
W. BARNES.

The following letter of condolence on Emily Patmore's death is addressed to Georgiana Patmore, Coventry Patmore's sister-in-law. (See vol i., p. 132.)

Dorchester, 12 July, 1862.

MY DEAR MADAM,

The news of Mr. Patmore's great loss has certainly come to me much sooner than I had feared I should hear it. Will you kindly give him my most earnest love and sympathy as from a man who has been led by the same way of trial as he is now called to pass.

I would beg you to tell him that while I can measure, as no inexperienced soul can measure, his trial on the withdrawal of God's greatest worldly gift, yet I have no fear from my own experience, that, while he abides in faith his Heavenly Father's work, he will be at all forsaken, or unconsoled, or unrewarded. I was left with six children and

wondered greatly how I could ever bear my twofold charge —father's and mother's—and now I wonder more than ever at the complete wisdom and love of God's leading; and your brother must bear in mind his wife's blessedness, and that the great love that sorrows here will be great joy where there is no more death.

I own that I have lost a great hope that I should see here in the body the wife of the man who could write "The Angel in the House." I have often wondered whether your brother had any children. If you could kindly let me know in a week or so how your brother is, you may recollect to tell me.

Would your brother come down here for a week?

I am,
My dear madam,
Yours very truly,
W. BARNES.

Mrs. Georgiana Patmore.

Dorchester, 17 July, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

We shall not flit to Came (only a mile-and-a-half from hence) before about the middle of August, and we shall be very glad to see you if you can come down next week and share our quiet life and homely entertainment, for I have not been rich enough to live otherwise than as a poor curate or schoolmaster. Though I do not keep a carriage, we can take a few nice little walks which will do you good, and I can show you a fine British earthwork.

I am,
Dear Mr. Patmore,
Yours very truly,
W. BARNES.

Coventry Patmore, Esq.

Caine Rectory,
Dorchester,
8 Feby., 1879.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I have lately received from an unknown hand, but I suppose from kind will, the welcome gift of a copy of your "Unknown Eros." I have lately been driving so hardly

through some work of my own (not poetry) and for the parish that I have not had a good time for the enjoyment of your poetry, for which I want, as I want for that of Petrarch, the still hour of peaceful leisure. Yesterday, however, I read some pet pieces of my daughter's, among them the mightily touching "Toys" and "Tired Memory." I am happy to find the harp of "The Angel in the House" still in tune, with the wonted skill to play it. I hope you are well.

I wonder what like and where is that to my mind pretty little girl[1] your daughter, who was here with you?

I am, dear Mr. Patmore,
Yours very truly,
W. BARNES.

Some letters of Mr. Procter's (Barry Cornwall) to Mary Patmore have been already given. (Vol. i., pp. 221-222.)

The letter of July 7, 1868, shows that the writer had been one of those who had failed to appreciate the nine Odes (vol. i., p. 243), of which Patmore had sent him a copy.

32, Weymouth Street,
Portland Place, W.
12 or 13th Oct., 1867.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

My wife has shewn me your pleasant letter. To my thinking, I have not seen so happy a one for a long time. Men are so troubled by Cares—and business and other vexations—which almost always give too grave a colour to their writing.

Thanks for your invitation to Buxted—which I should greatly like *if* I were younger; but I am dwindling into the figure of nought (0)—I am a double senex. My movements depend on a donkey—or on a chairman, who is half a donkey. By a strenuous effort I have been as far as Hampstead for a month, but whilst there I was continually dreaming of the labour of the return.

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[1] The daughter was Emily. (See vol. i., pp. 208 and 266.)

If I live till the 21st of next month I shall be 78—that is to say *in my 79th year.* I suppose I'm about as old as *Lear.*

Do you remember my dining with you when you became 21? At Highfield,[1] was it not? It seems but the other day; yet I dare say you fancy that your curls were crisper then than at present.

Now—altho' a little older—you live in a fine bracing air, you have children about you, and that crown of all—the "placens uxor"—to whom I send my love, which I hope she will receive (at the kitchen door) altho' she sends *no* message to me. I care less about the Madeira than the Mary; 86, however, is a good age—even for wine.

(If you can't make out my writing—which I confess is scarcely legible—perhaps Mrs. Patmore will help you; my hand, rather than my head, fails me.)

I hear nothing—I see nothing—except the weathercock which is faithless, and the sparrows on the housetop; and even they fly away.

My wife wishes to write a line or two to you, so I will end my tediousness. I saw Browning yesterday, otherwise I have not set eyes on a poet since you called in the summer.

Always your sincere,

B. W. PROCTER.

I find that the Muse has descended from her height lately, and has touched (just touched) the foreheads of humble people. There is a foolish boy at Hampstead—of the name of Draper—who has been spoiling paper. His fame was *on its road* towards London, but could not get further than Haverstock Hill. There, as you will readily see, it must remain, "For bad and all."

The following lines, by a draper's apprentice at Hampstead, will shew you that flowers (and weeds) are cultivated far from Buxted. I cannot say much for them. They are manifestly a humble imitation of Horace's "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, etc.*"[2]

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[1] Highwood Hill. (See vol. i., p. 35.)

[2] Epodes, Carmen II.

"Happy the man who, far from care,
Can saunter in his country air
(Just as the folks did in old time
Ere poaching was pronounced a crime)
And send a present to his friends
By th' aid the Brighton railway lends.
No bray of trumpets, nor the din
Of wild sea-waters vexeth him.
He lops his woods—he feeds his kine:
He grafts new buds upon his vine,
And sits down, tired, and hungry too,
When supper his evening senses woo.
Patmorris! such is now thy lot:
Yet, are the muses quite forgot?
Perhaps—and here I can but praise
Your disregard of former days—
You boast you have a brighter life,
A placens uxor (charming wife)
And plead excuses—Well, you' re right.
You see things in their proper light:
What couplet 's equal to a goose?
What stanza to a lamb let loose
For frolic on a sunny day?

But, as I talk, your present steams
Near me, and I have pleasant dreams—
I see life in its brightest phase,
And dream I'm lord of Buxted Place."

"JOHN HENRY DRAPER."
(Barry Cornwall.)

32, Weymouth Street,
Portland Place, W.
July 7, 1868.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I was very sorry to miss you to-day. I am out each day, from about *four till six*—dragged out in a chair; not, thank God, as yet, on men's shoulders. I am sorry, because your visits to London are so short and few.

I should have liked to hear of your wife—for whom I profess a tender regard. If it be not offensive pray give my *Love* to her. A message of this sort from a man old enough

to be her grandfather can surely cause nothing more than a good-natured, contemptuous smile.

Touching your book, for the gift of which I thank you, I scarcely know what to say. Imagine me very laical and stupid, and in several ways grown impervious to the good things which reach me. My memory has become so bad that I am continually perplexed about names and things.

Some day when I see you, you will not refuse to explain parts of the Ode which confused me when I read it—and I read it twice, with the respect due to your intellect and with the willingness which belongs to a friend.

But I fear I am growing too old for anything. The other day (when Longfellow called) I had been *crying* all day for no reason on earth. But I am not depressed now.

With (*again*) my Love to your Wife; and I add a shake of the hand for yourself.

I am,
Your very sincere,
B. W. PROCTER.

32, Weymouth Street,
Portland Place, W.
Monday, July 13, 1868.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Many thanks for the Trout—which were very delicate. I felt some remorse—but is the sin of killing them vested with you?—I succumbed and yielded to the temptation. You are a sort of St. Peter, I suppose. This conjecture, at last, satisfied me.

But what can I say of my dear Mrs. Patmore's message? I shall hoard it up. I imagine that, next year, I shall probably be with my ancestors—and if so, I shall brag of it to them. I always liked the name of Mary, and now—

But my days for writing poor verses are past. Otherwise—

I must in candour tell you that these blanks in my letter are partly owing to my inability to write at all. I have been—how long?—in writing this letter—which I fear is scarcely legible.

Give my humble respects (which in the Troubadour Language means my Love) to Mrs. Patmore. Ask her to think

of me now and then as a young Scapegrace in London. And with kind regards I am still,

Very sincerely yours,
B. W. PROCTER.

If I live till the 22 November I shall enter my 80th year! I mention this to quiet your apprehensions.

It is not clear what was the kindness for which Mrs. Procter thanks Patmore in the following letter; but the "gift of the hundred pounds" may be explained with some certainty. Patmore relates in his life of Procter how he had generously offered money to a young man in temporary difficulties. It is perfectly clear that the young man was Patmore himself, and the difficulties those caused by his first wife's illness. The money, though offered as a gift, was punctually repaid, as were *all* advances made by friends during this time of strain. Patmore's opinion of Mrs. Procter is given in letters of his to Mr. Dykes Campbell. Mr. Proctor died on Oct. 9, 1874.

Nov. 30th, 1874,
32, Weymouth Street,
Portland Place, W.

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND,

I feel great difficulty in answering your Letter—because not holding the Poet's pen, I cannot express to you how deeply I feel your delicate kindness—your summing up the very small services I did you—the gift of the hundred pounds, of which I knew nothing until to-day—all this, to make me easy and happy to take from your willing hand. I sold the books—my dear husband wished me to do so—and in the small house, or lodging, I and Edith shall share the books would have been sadly in the way. I have kept all we cared for, amongst them one bound in Blue Velvet, that you gave me.

Your letter is so charming that I long to publish it. We are not rich, but we have enough. Should I want help I shall come to you, and in doing so I shall, I know, gratify

you. I both cried and laughed at your Letter, when you say "I dread I shall never hear from you again."

Yr. grateful old friend,
ANNE B. PROCTER.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Roost,
Bournemouth,
17 Sept. 1868.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I send you by Book post a little volume wh: you may like to see though without the personal interest for which it is chiefly to be valued.

I ought to have thanked you long ago for sending me the "Odes" & I sh[d]. have thanked you had I not wished to say more than I knew how to say. I have read them more than once or twice & with a full sense of their peculiar significance & grace, not always perhaps knowing how to construe & develope unerringly the sublime sense, but never failing to find the poetic power which awakens thought & sends it on its way rejoicing.

Believe me, Yours Sincerely
H. TAYLOR.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Travellers' Club,
for 91 Victoria Street, S.W.
30 March, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

It is more than two years since I heard from you, and I do not know whether you are in England, but I take my chance. The last I heard of you was (& that was through Mr. de Vere) that you were revising your poems for a new Edition. I hope that this is going on, for, however good a work may be, judicious pruning must add to its force.

I now write one line to say that I am going to present a copy of your poem to a very dear friend, on her birthday, and it is to be bound by Bedford, and I want you to be so kind as to write hers and your name on the title, as you once so very kindly did for me.

If you are able to oblige me in this matter, I will send for

the volume before it is bound, as the Post is rather unkindly to such things. I hope you are well and that your Pen is not altogether idle ; but as regards fame if you care for *that*, you have already done enough to secure your niche in the Temple of Fame.

Yours very sincerely,
F. LOCKER.

I hope you will understand that if what I ask is in any way disagreeable to you you will frankly say so, and think no more about it.

Newhaven Court,
Cromer,
17 July, 1889.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Your kind letter of the 11th has followed me from one place to another, till it reached me here yesterday.

I wish I could make out a visit to you, but I shall not be in the South till November, when I hope we may meet. I am much pleased with your suggestive and in other ways, most interesting Essays. I profited by your card & saw your daughter's beautiful drawings. What I had already seen at Hastings had prepared me for them. I believe, as you say, they surpass anything done by living hand. I remember seeing some exquisite drawings by Derrick, but which I do not compare to your daughter's, if I remember aright they not being so minute. I hope we shall persuade you and yours to come to Rowfant in the Autumn, or rather early Winter.

Ever truly yours,
F. LOCKER. L.

MRS. LOCKER-LAMPSON TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Newhaven Court,
Cromer,
September 11th,
[1895.]

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

The gift of your last volume from the Publishers arrived after my dear husband had been taken ill. I told

[1] "Principle in Art."

him it had arrived from you, and he said "dear fellow, give him my love." I feel that you ought to have this message, for I know you will value it. . . .

Believe me, dear Mr. Patmore,
Yours very sincerely,
JANE LOCKER-LAMPSON.

AUSTIN DOBSON TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Porth-y-Felin,
Ealing, W.,
Nov. 13, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,

I do not know that I have often been more pleased than at the receipt, through Messrs. Bell, of the latest edition of your poems; nor can I conceive of any gift which, in my eyes, does me more honour. My fondness for them is of long date; and it has never declined. To possess them with your autograph makes them doubly valuable; and I hope you will believe that they will be carefully preserved and cherished by

Your faithful admirer,
AUSTIN DOBSON.

75, Eaton Rise,
Ealing, W.,
March 8, '90.

DEAR MR. COVENTRY PATMORE,

I hope you will not think me neglectful of your kind present. But it was not until the day before yesterday that I could go through it, which I did to my great delight, reading anew "The Toys," "The Departure," "Alexander and Lycon," and other old favourites. If I had been by you, I should have petitioned, I think, for the addition of "Olympus." But they who get so much so good for a shilling may not complain.

With renewed thanks,
Yours faithfully,
AUSTIN DOBSON.

W. J. COURTHOPE TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Manor Farm,
Merton, Surrey.
26 July, '86.

DEAR SIR,

I am asking Mr. Greenwood to forward to you a copy of verses [1] reprinted from "The National Review," the subject of which is one of the old towns described in your delightful papers in the "St. James's Gazette." A Sussex man myself, I know all the ground you speak of with such true taste and feeling, and with a delicacy of touch worthy of Gilbert White. I much hope that you will republish the papers in a separate form.[2]

It will give me great pleasure if you will accept the verses I send herewith.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. J. COURTHOPE.

ALFRED AUSTIN TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Swinford Old Manor,
Ashford, Kent,
Jan. 7, '90.

DEAR MR. COVENTRY PATMORE,

It was a true pleasure to receive the two volumes which contain your best work. I will be frank enough to say that in "The Unknown Eros" I have found myself and my full enjoyment in some degree trammelled by the irregularity of the verse, which, though I may be wrong, seems to me not quite to satisfy the happy compromise between expectation and surprise, which I suspect lies at the root of the felicity of rhyme.

But "The Angel in the House" strikes me as better and finer even than I thought it when I first read it many years ago.

"About it blow
The authentic airs of Paradise."

---

[1] "The Country Town. A Reverie," by W. J. Courthope.

[2] These papers were reprinted in 1887 as "Hastings, Lewes, Rye and the Sussex Marshes. By C. P."

I know no modern poem where the attention is so often arrested by the complete fusion of thought and expression concerning matters that touch us all. It abounds in couplets that register themselves in the memory by virtue of their terse and original embodiment of a familiar truth—familiar yet too often overlooked; and there is hardly a page that has not its verse appropriate to the emotions and experience of all mankind. Thus you say what belongs to us all in your own peculiar way, satisfying the canon [1] of Horace respecting what is really "difficult" in literature. In an age somewhat enamoured of spurious originality, I gladly note how real and sincere is yours. Selecting the oldest of forms you have made it, by your treatment, absolutely new.

Thanking you very warmly for your kind and valued gift, I am

Yours very sincerely,
ALFRED AUSTIN.

Swinford Old Manor,
Ashford, Kent,
Jan. 12, '90.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I thank you for your kindness in sending me your volume of Essays.[2] I have read enough, even now, to perceive that we are substantially in accord on all matters of taste and judgment. Indeed, as we both enthrone reason and judgment in their proper seat, we can but differ in matters of detail. . . .

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
ALFRED AUSTIN.

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

5, Albert Hall Mansions,
Kensington Gore,
2. 3. 90.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

Your very valued gift needs a much fuller acknowledgment than it will find on this piece of paper; and, when

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[1] "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*" (Arts Poetica.)
[2] "Principle in Art."

I have carefully enjoyed it once more, it shall have a warm corner among the peers of Poesy. I very well foresee many editions of the "Unknown Eros." It is as sure to grow in estimation as the tide is to rise: for the growing force is in it. The Imagination in it is richer, deeper, more abundant throughout than in your earlier volumes, and the art—masterly. You have given yourself full wings of Freedom here, for your subject offered a scope so almost illimitable that nothing is unrelated to it: it goes far beyond the "perturbed moon of Uranus": and your wings seem just as evenly sustained in the rarest atmosphere as in that more dense and tearful one of our life. What a high pleasure it is to read this work! just as it is to grasp some delicious music which fascinates, fills us, but never cloys us: that gathers with its unseen hand all the good things in us, and keeps them together in our hearts. I shall always return to it.

Believe me,
Yours very gratefully,
ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

5, Albert Hall Mansions,
Kensington Gore,
20 June, '93.

DEAR PATMORE,

Most hearty thanks for a volume[1] of real Benefits. Everywhere the thought is so crisp and sappy, the expression so refreshing, that one can scarcely say there is a choice spot. A reviewer in one of the papers made a capital failure in appreciating the Work. Indeed he said you were out of touch with the time. On the very contrary, I find you constantly feeling with absolutely professional fingers the actual pulse of it. Your work is crammed full of spontaneity, and will exert fertilising powers in many directions. I, for one, shall continually be returning to it, and I am certain of my reward. Thank you very much!

Yours very sincerely,
ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

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[1] "Religio Poetæ."

31, Montpelier Square, S.W.
June 4th, '95.

My Dear Patmore,

I have waited for quiet hours wherein I might grow richer by discoveries in your volume:[1] but now I find there are no discoveries to be *made*, for it is all first-rate ore, if read reflectively: and, if not read in that manner, it is still, all, beautiful prose. *Thank you* very heartily for your valued gift! Your thoughts are as original and far-reaching as Jean Paul's best; your style, however, is crisp, like that of Goethe,—a truly happy "fusion." I shall always treasure it, and find comfort in its healing leaves. My dear wife was delighted with some of the "perceptions" I read aloud to her. She also adds her thanks to my own.

Alas! my friend, we have lost Dykes Campbell. He died on Saturday at Tonbridge Wells. I shall be at his grave-side to-morrow, truly mourning the loss of a dear, kind friend, who, not least among his many kindnesses, introduced me to you and Mrs. Patmore. He is the fifth old friend lost to me during these three months: pray heaven I lose no more! else I shall become as a *Passer Solitarius*, for all my friends are much my seniors: they are the freshest minds: in my eyes they are young, and all that is lovable. They can none of them be replaced. Heaven's best blessing on those who remain!

Yours ever,
St. Clair Baddeley.

Robert Bridges to Coventry Patmore.

Yattendon House,
Newbury,
Oct. 30, '94.

My Dear Patmore,

We got home safely yesterday afternoon both of us much the better for our pleasant visit to you. . . . .

After I got home, I took down "The Unknown Eros," and read about half of it again; and I wondered again, since you can write such poetry as there is in the best of these Odes, how you could interest yourself in my humble per-

[1] "Rod, Root and Flower."

formances. Certainly your great power makes your praise of my work the best thing which I ever had or am likely to have in that kind. It struck me when I was with you, that you thought that I was indifferent to the poetry of your "Unknown Eros." The only point on which I could be; is that it makes me rather sad. . . . . I should never hope to write any thing so beautiful as, say, the end of "Wind and Wave," and when I read it last night it occured as familiarly to me as a beauty of Shakespeare or Milton. . . . .

. . . Thank you very much for your warm friendship, which you have allowed me to see, and which I feel very deeply. According to promise I tell Bell to send you the last edition of my lyrics, in which you will find the new ones, and among them a verse here and there which will please you; but you must really understand that I am loth to trouble you with them, and I do not consider them for their own sake worthy of your acceptance.

Believe me yours very sincerely,
R. BRIDGES.

CHAPTER XXI

LETTERS FROM CARDINAL MANNING, R. MONTEITH, CARDINAL NEWMAN, AND FATHER ANGELO

MR. WILLIAM RALSTON SHEDDEN-RALSTON, the well-known Russian scholar, was for some years Patmore's colleague at the British Museum. The following letter was written to him not long after the publication of the "Betrothal."

75, South Audley St.,
March 4th, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. RALSTON,

I have at last found time to read part of Mr. Patmore's poems, and with great pleasure.

I am no critic. The little I knew of such matters I have forgotten long ago; but my reasons for thinking very highly of his poetry are:—

1. That he is not afraid to use pure, simple, monosyllabic English, which is a relief to the mind and the eye, like a green field, after the gaudy harlequin diction of modern writers.

2. That there is a predominance of imagination over fancy. I mean the grave rational creative power over the freaks of the mere eye of sense.

3. That there is a predominance of the intelligence over the imagination which gives a masculine tone.

4. And a very pure and noble sentiment over all, by which he has redeemed and elevated a subject which I seldom see treated without wishing that it had been left alone.

It is a Christian and chivalrous book and must purify the thoughts of many.

You see I am but a dry critic and end in a sermon.

Always yours affectionately,
H. E. MANNING.

Mr. Monteith is mentioned in vol. i., p. 285. Patmore had paid him a visit at Carstairs after leaving Brantwood. This letter refers to the privately circulated edition of the first nine Odes (see vol. i., pp. 243-5).

22, Half Moon St.,
June 21st, '68.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

You know I left home without having an opportunity of looking at the Odes, and forgot to take them with me. Now I have succeeded in borrowing a copy, and have just had a quiet read of them to my *very* great satisfaction.

I will not trouble you with praises—but will only say—for God's sake or your soul's sake, *write*. Do not leave any of the reproach of poetic sterility unremoved which it lies with you to remove from the children of the Church. You have a call as distinct to *my* ear as if I heard it delivered to your guardian angel for you.

You are very grimly bitter against sun, moon and stars. And you sometimes seek a curious *sting* in the style in preference to beauty: and you perhaps like the intricate too much: and . . . . . but what are fifty such perhapses when the Divine gift is there vivifying such a breadth of mental muscle? You are one who cannot fail to be true and living, and intensely interesting to any but the quite shallow.

I trust to see many score of pages quickly follow this little prelude. With the slightest diminution of the occasional *odd* and *obscure* you may educate the Catholic mind of England to things yet unimagined by it. You *can* write on divine things—truly, deeply, and beautifully—how then will you dare *not* to write?

Pour out—not merely in the spirit of soliloquy, as if indifferent whether understood or not—but at the same time not aiming to be *easily* taken up by the crowd. As some Saint bade a Grandee of Spain do—throw yourself every morning on the floor of your room and offer your gifts to God, and then every day *pour out*. I would not be always theological—only very often so—and I would make some great Religious theme your *pièce de resistance*, and your life work!

You will not have patience to read this, but your wife will, and she will interpret for me. I do hereby pray God that you may not fall short of your vocation.

Ever yours,
R. MONTEITH.

CARDINAL NEWMAN TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Nov. 16, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I hope you have not thought I neglected your present of St. Bernard's work (so sacred from its association, and so welcome to me, as coming from you) because I have not thanked you for it.

I believe the simple reason is that what one is not obliged to do right off at once is hustled aside by those duties that cannot be delayed, and my fingers are so stiff just now that I cannot write on one day as many letters as I would wish.

Hoping you will make allowance for me, I am,
Most truly yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The Oratory,
Dec. 8, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE.

Thank you very much for the present of your Volume.

Thank you also for pointing out to me your poem "The Child's Purchase."

But it needed not that to make me feel the original and beautiful colours which you can throw over themes sacred and secular. Wishing you all the blessings of to-day's Feast, I am, my dear Mr. Patmore,

Sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The following letter from Father Angelo, who, as a "contemplative," was in close sympathy with Patmore's religious ideas, discusses the theological aspect of "Rod, Root, and Flower."

Franciscan Monastery,
Olton,
Birmingham.
[1895 ?]

DEAR Mr. PATMORE,

I must thank you exceedingly for the copy of the "Rod, Root, and Flower," which I received not long ago. Such a work has been to me an *opus desideratum* for some time. It gives in clear expression resulting from personal experience what the Catholic Church, in the first place, offers as so many verbal propositions or theses. The meaning of these truths, unlike the meaning of the truths of science, is not exhausted in their general significance. Their meaning as it were grows to fulness and completion in the individual soul, and the fruit of their attainment should be concretely renewed in each individual life. You have so to speak penetrated into the ultimate form, neither old nor new, but permanent, of many Christian dogmas. When this true perception is reached, faith can hardly afterwards be lost, for the soul in that case finds itself, and finds too its essential aptitude for the ways of God.

It has been my duty lately to write a "dissertation" on the Incarnation, and I may therefore venture to say that your "dicta" on this subject seem in perfect accord with the mind of the Church on the Incarnation, though I have not met many who, as you express it, have faith to believe what they see. A great deal hinges on such Aurea Dicta as LXXII. In my dissertation I had occasion to write thus on the Incarnation: "Its object was the sanctification of the facts of life—as first, the Motherhood of Mary was a sacred Motherhood, the Sonship of her Son a sacred Sonship, and the friendship of the beloved disciple the truest product of religion" . . . "The object of the Incarnation was the atonement of life by the sanctification of the elements of human life in their simplest form," etc. I dwelt at some length on the real identity of the divine with the human and sensible in the facts of the Incarnation—hence their perfect intelligibility as a revelation; and I concluded by saying:—"The life of the Incarnation is never realized without that perfect contentment in this present life which the God-man found or desired to find in His earthly surroundings. The ideal of Christianity is found in perceiving the presence of God here below, and in the attainment of

beatitude and peace on this earth, which ought to be the Kingdom of God and perfectly like the Kingdom of Heaven."

If I understand you rightly, you infer that a Christian in faith may apprehend the Deity on account of the Incarnation in the simplest forms of individual life and character, which are not vulgarized by forsaking their divine simplicity of growth. If the object of religion may thus be obtained here below, a soul's spirituality may develop without the artificial incumbrances and "Spiritual terrorism" which are so often used by directors in their attempt to guide souls; though, as to preaching, I am not unmindful of the truth of "Knowledge and Science," No. XXII. A director should in truth enable each one to find their individuality, be faithful to themselves, and nothing more. If a man concentrates his aim on the distinctive simplicity of character in relation to his ordinary and earthly surroundings, he need not fear about the future; for, after the Incarnation is revealed, God is only absent through unrighteous self-limitation on our part; and if He truly informs a soul on this earth He does so for evermore.

The book is full of sayings of the greatest use and importance. But I cannot refer to more at present.

With my best and sincerest wishes,
I remain,
Yours most truly,
FATHER ANGELO.

CHAPTER XXII

LETTERS FROM J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, RICHARD H. HUTTON, R. W. EMERSON, MRS. GORE, G. S. VENABLES, JOHN FORSTER, HENRY SIDGWICK, SIDNEY COLVIN, F. GREENWOOD, W. E. HENLEY, J. DYKES CAMPBELL, AND H. D. TRAILL

THE following letter from Mr. Garth Wilkinson refers to the poems of 1844. Mr. Wilkinson was, like Patmore, a student of Swedenborg, and it is believed that they corresponded on the subject. No other letters on either side are forthcoming.

Sussex Lodge,
24 Finchley Road,
St. John's Wood,
Oct. 31, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been (for the first time) reading your Poems, —with rare delight. Nothing that I have read for long has so surprised me. I fancy it is Shakespeare lyrical. The place you occupy also is your own, & no whit Tennysonian, or dating from any mortal god-father.

Your faithfully,
J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON TO EMILY AUGUSTA AND COVENTRY PATMORE.

2 Brick Court, Temple,
Tuesday night.
[1856?]

DEAR MRS. PATMORE,

I ought sooner to have answered your kind note. But I have been fagged and very late at night and I wanted to see my way clear as to time.

May I accept your kind offer for Thursday (the day after to-morrow) of a walk with Mr. Patmore? I have just been reading his first portion of the poem—a true poem indeed, I think, and something more than a poem only, at least something more than an expression of the imagination or the fancy merely. Scorn the critics, and be proud of it, as I would be *indeed* if I could have written it. There seems to me to be in the poem what a man might be satisfied and grateful to have lived to say, and to have lived so that he could say it, which is perhaps more; and there is thought, fancy, and unity of subject throughout,—which I seldom have seen in our modern poetry—the few great poets excepted.

It is a real pleasure to have read it: and I am sure I shall recur to it. I think the second part quite worthy of the first, but the first the best.

Most books of poetry give one so much pain, with their jarring affectations of phantasmal inspiration, that I seldom read one without an effort.

Believe me,
My dear Mrs. Patmore,
Very sincerely yours,
RICHARD H. HUTTON.

A letter by this post from a friend to whom I had recommended Mr. Patmore's poem, after very severe and deserved criticism of another gentleman, says to-day in a letter, "I forgive you the troubles of . . . for the delight I have taken in reading 'The Angel in the House' and 'The Espousals.' I wondered I had been so long without knowing it. I claim the poem as my own by admiration and experience. Can I say more?"

Mrs. Patmore.

The following letter refers to Mr. Hutton's "Life of Cardinal Newman," and to Patmore's "Odes."

The "Spectator" Office,
1, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W.C.
12 Oct., 1890.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

You are very kind indeed to my little book and you must not think that my not answering your letters was due

to any want of heartfelt friendship. I have been for the three last years under a heavy cloud of trouble and find myself very unequal to everything but a poor attempt at politics. It is due to my wife's serious illness, an illness from which I fear it is hopeless to look for any recovery.

Your poetry in that last book of yours touched me greatly. It has been one of the few books, except Newman's, that I have been able to read, though I can from habit read my politics and write my articles much as usual.

I am very much pleased that you think my account of Newman not a failure. A good deal of hard work is sunk in it, though it is with slight effect.

With heartfelt thanks,

Believe me,
My Dear Patmore,
Yours most truly,
RICHARD H. HUTTON.

Patmore had made the acquaintance of Ralph Waldo Emerson, when the latter was in England in 1847-1848.

Concord,
October 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have once [and] again strained my slender claim to your acquaintance, for the benefit of my friends, when they were lovers of your genius, and now am emboldened by my regards for the traveller to do the like again.

My friend Miss Elizabeth Hoar (who should have been these many years my sister), desires to see you, as few have read your poems better, and I could not easily send you a more descerning and more cultivated person. Miss Hoar travels in Europe for a year with her brother and her friend Miss Pritchard, and, though they stay in London but a short time, mean, of course, to see the Museum; and I must rely on your kindness to point out to them precisely those things which you value most. Miss Hoar will give you at least the satisfaction of a clear intelligence and a correct taste.

I confide that you will find your acquaintance with my friend self-rewarding. And I hope you will impart to her

some good news of yourself and your literary designs, which may arrive at last at me.

With grateful regards,
Yours
R. W. EMERSON.

Mr. Patmore.

For an account of Patmore's relations with Mrs. Gore and her daughter, see vol. i., p. 42.

Linwood, Lyndhurst, New Forest.
Thursday [Dec.], 30,
[1858?]

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I am very glad to have obtained your address, which I have often vainly asked for, for it enables me to add, per rail, some game to your New Year's dinner. I have resided many years in the Country, in absolute seclusion; the last I heard of you was about eight years ago; when, visiting the Museum with a party of Mr. Panizzi's friends, I inquired after you, and heard you thoroughly commended. But it was holiday time, and he said you were gone to Ramsgate. I also saw with pleasure your wife's portrait by Millais: and when the "Angel in the House" first appeared, anonymously, not only recommended it to all my friends, but wrote up to a London publisher to ascertain the name of the Author, which I heard, some time afterwards, with real satisfaction.

I am much annoyed by the reprinting of my stale novels. But the copyrights belonged to Colburn, and at his death were sold by his Executors. I have revised them from good-will to the publisher.

My daughter and her husband are staying with me, and she has just been confined with a third dead child,—a great disappointment to them. She is beginning to distinguish herself much in oil-painting. Perhaps you noticed a "Sybil" from her brush last year in the Female Artists' Exhibition. Her name (Lady Edward Thynne) was in the catalogue. I hope some day to see your wife and children.

And am truly yours,
C. J. GORE.

The following letter from G. F. Venables refers to "Faithful for Ever," published 1860:

Fryston,
Oct. 16, [1860?].

DEAR PATMORE,

Thank you for the revised volume which I shall find on my return to town. Sooner or later I shall review it in the S. R., but my literary articles only come with exceptional leisure. My own opinion is quite formed, but I shall have some difficulty in making it intelligible to those who have not read the poem. I think it very original. In the "Angel in the House" I thought there was a trace of "In Memoriam," which is eliminated here. The observation of character and motive is very subtle, and the expression of it singularly fanciful and ingenious. The metre is also characteristic, though I should be glad to see you trying a metre of more compass and resource. What is much more important, I am glad to hear that your domestic anxiety is relieved or mitigated. I am staying here for a few days with Milnes, who admires the poem.

Yours truly,
G. S. VENABLES.

Mr. John Forster had been a friend of P. G. Patmore, to whom he had written favourably of Coventry Patmore's earliest poems (see vol. i., p. 58). The "last volume" was "Faithful for Ever."

16 Montagu Square, W.
15th. April, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

Do not think me indifferent to your kindness in sending me your last volume, because I have delayed my acknowledgment of it.

Believe me, it gave me true pleasure to receive this book from yourself,—for I have never lost the interest you taught me to feel in you, or the hopes you associated with yourself in my mind, now many years ago.

I cannot frankly say that I agree with you altogether in the views you seem to have definitely adopted as to the right sphere of poetry and its legitimate object and aim—but most truly and sincerely can I say that I acknowledge

in your new work a mastery of language and other materials of your Art which has my highest admiration.

The ease, unaffectedness, perfect naturalness, and yet, with all this, the subtleties and graces of your versification in many parts of this poem—it would be difficult, in my judgment, to praise too highly.

Again most truly I thank you, and I beg you to believe me always, with best wishes,

My dear Mr. Patmore,
Most sincerely yours,
JOHN FORSTER.

Coventry Patmore Esq.

HENRY SIDGWICK TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Hill Side,
Chesterton Road,
Cambridge,
Jan. 24/77.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I have just received the "Florilegium Amantis" and the "Unknown Eros." It is very kind of you to think of sending me them. The volumes contain many pieces which have given me much delight—and, I hope, some of the wisdom that may come through the inlet of delight—and it will be an additional pleasure to me to keep them as the author's gift.

It is impossible to please every one in such a selection as "Florilegium Amantis": and therefore I feel it unreasonable in me to complain of the omission of "Love in tears." Still I am sorry not to have it; I have always thought the lines

> And Love in tears too noble is
> For pity, save of Love in smiles,

unsurpassed in their simple felicity and sweetness. However, as I said, it is impossible to include every one's favourites.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
HENRY SIDGWICK.

SYDNEY COLVIN TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Trin. Coll., Cambridge,
Nov. 27th. [1878?]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Many thanks for your kind proposal. I shall be honoured in receiving the book; please send it here: the alma is and is likely to remain my permanent head-quarters. . . .

I have wanted to write to you or talk with you ever since your last book. I don't mean about the poetry, a great part of which I love, and all of which seems to me on the classical level of literature. But to say what I should have to say would be too long, if I began about that; and what I do want is that you should recast and develope into a regular treatise your essay on English metres and the structure of verse. It seems to me already much the most luminous thing that has been written on that puzzling subject; but it wants to be worked out at much greater length, and with examples, for the ordinary reader, or even for readers who have given some thought to the subject, to be able to follow the analysis properly. Besides, I think the analysis itself wants to be carried further. The kind of phenomena of verse which that curious person, Sylvester, has observed, and classified in his monstrous nomenclature (you know his "Laws of Verse[1]") want to be rather observed and classified in proper English by some one who is at once an artist and capable of analyzing the operations of his art. That some one is you, above all men living. I do wish you would think of this, and confer a great benefit on letters.

I am,
Yours very truly,
SIDNEY COLVIN.

British Museum,
June 17, 1887.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I am delighted that you think so kindly of my Keats. But I should be dismayed if the effect of your finding me in agreement with your own opinions about him

[1] Dr. J. J. Sylvester's "The Laws of Verse as exemplified in Translations."

were to put you from your purpose of writing apropos of my little book in the St. James's.[1] I hope I do not rightly understand you that it is so? Your first letter had made me look forward with the keenest interest to a criticism from one whose work and judgment I value as highly as those of any living man of letters.

Thanks, I did receive your final edition, and was grateful to you for thinking of me. I should have acknowledged it at once, but waited till I could do so in kind—a far unworthier kind, but since you like it I will be content. I wish . . . I could accept your invitation to Hastings, but my occupations have not to be put aside.

Yours sincerely,
SIDNEY COLVIN.

In my account of Patmore's later prose writings, I have recorded (vol. i., pp. 319-332) his association with Mr. Greenwood as editor of the "St. James's Gazette." The following letters show in further detail the connection between the writer and the editor.

King's Head Hotel,
Richmond, Yorkshire,
Wednesday.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

. . . . . If I can get up to town I most certainly will. In many years I have not had much of talk so good as yours at a certain hotel and a certain club. By good I mean grateful and *restful*; a sort of quality in conversation for which I have not got the right word.

Yours very truly,
F. GREENWOOD.

The articles alluded to in the following letter are "Old English Architecture," "Ideal and Material Greatness in Architecture," Oct. 12 and 18, 1886, and "In the Sussex Marshes," Aug. 20, 1886. The inn alluded to is that at Alfriston near Lewes.

[1] Patmore's review of Mr. Colvin's "Keats" appeared in the "St. James's Gazette," June 28, 1887, and was republished in "Principle in Art."

Whitefriars, E.C., Oct. 14th,
[1886.]

My Dear Patmore,

Your first article on Architecture I thought good—the second admirable: sound, true, convincing criticism. . . . . I've a boy who made the round of your Sussex Marshes on the inspiration of your account of them, and now I sha'nt be content till I've seen that inn in which a monarch down on his luck might find a fitting abode.

Yours, F. G.

It is not possible to ascertain what was the article alluded to in the following letter, which Mr. Greenwood returned. The paper on "Dreams" appeared on May 7th, 1887; that on the works of John Marston on May 28th, the same year.

May 7th,
[1887.]

My Dear Patmore,

This, then, I return. Of course I see its value; but at no time have there been many minds capable of moving with intelligence and comfort amongst the mystical things with which you deal either here or in "Dreams." It is not only that your thoughts but that your experiences are strange to all but a few in this region; though you may not be inclined to credit that.

With Marston, what you will. Neither had I read him since I was twenty. But when I peeped at a page here and there the other day again came back the thought of how much the earth has cooled since Marston's time, how much farther we are from the volcanic centre.

Ever yours,
F. Greenwood.

Patmore's article, "Courage in Politics," appeared on May 19, 1888. This dates the following letter. I do not know to what paper the second paragraph alludes. The postscript evidently refers to Patmore's letter, "The Revanche, Sedan or Waterloo," printed vol. i., pp. 322-324.

Monday,
[May 19, 1888.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Your straightforward article on "Courage in Politics," appears to-day, and is sure to do good. You will see that I have taken out one or two lines near the end. These I have cut out not so much as Editor as friend. There will be plenty of people to snarl at your paper, and I thought that in the lines excised dishonesty might find enough of plausible occasion.

Herewith I send you back the paper which I don't call "high-falutin," please observe, for that is what I don't think it: too high, without any manner of falutin' is nearer the estimate of F. G. . . . .

In London here we are all being blizzarded again to-day, and for Mrs. Patmore's sake especially I hope the scourge is not flying round the Mansion. "Blizzarded." Don't you think it would make a pretty winter oath or objuration? "You be blizzarded!" "May I be blizzarded!" Tremendously emphatic, and yet a lady might use it.

Truly yours, F. GREENWOOD.

Lots of people are now talking of our danger from France. I was about a good deal yesterday, and was addressed a dozen times on the subject of C. P.'s letter.

Patmore wrote but little for the "St. James's Gazette" after Midsummer 1888. An article of his on Clough, reprinted in "Principle in Art" appeared on Aug. 10, 1888.

Whitefriars, July 12th, 1888.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

There is a whisper in your letter that I musn't expect any more matter from you. If that is so, I shall be very sorry indeed. Such help as yours is too considerable not to be missed; and I have missed it. But I'm not without understanding of your feeling, and know that lack of friendship and helpfulness is not to be imagined. You have a world of your own to live in, from which I can well believe you are never willingly withdrawn. So I suppose I must give up the notion of seeing Patmore on Clough or on Lamb

in the "St. James's"; and yet shall I keep an expectant eye open for your MSS. too. Occasion will prompt; the mood will sometime return. . . . . .

Ever yours,
F. GREENWOOD.

July 20,
[1888.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

A new edition of Clough's prose and verse has lately been issued. I send you a copy of it, with downright satisfaction that you may be able to write something about that author. The letter in which you give me permission to send the book is a relief to me as Editor, and a vast deal more as friend. I'll most certainly try to get down to you between now and the middle of September; and though Mr. Dykes Campbell is a man I like very much, I shall find at the Mansion light enough of a sort that is sweetness too, even if he does not bring in *his* candle. It will be a blessing indeed to get out of this place for a while. For a year I have not had a clear twenty-four hours holiday—(yes, one;) and at the end of it I'm working, not like one man, but a man and a boy: not to go the length of two grown-ups exactly. I suppose, if I come down, there is no chance of my seeing Piffie in br—ches? If so prepare me for the shock. . . .

Faithfully yours,
F. GREENWOOD.

19, Argyll Road, Kensington, W.,
June 28th, '90.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Your little book[1] came yesterday. I've been looking into it this evening pretty closely, and find what I have read quite beyond my recollection of its merits. There is more in it than I expected to find,—more in every way; and I looked for a good deal. In short, it's no overstraining of compliment to call it a truly first-rate book of criticism—close, plentiful, and the real thing, of which there is less in the world than of poetry, so far as I am able to judge. . .

Thine, F. G.

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[1] "Principle in Art."

I have recorded in vol. i., pp. 386-387, Patmore's idea of founding a newspaper which was to deal ironically with political, social and other questions. Mr. Greenwood was one of the few who were consulted about this project, and the following letter is the only written allusion to it which comes to hand.

Sunday,
[1891 or 1892?]

My Dear Patmore,

. . . . These political disintegrations and dissolutions, and the very evident way in which we are losing our own in the world without the home-island, do suggest indeed that it is time to get a few sure voices into harmony again. "Tom o' Bedlam" appears more appropriate to the time than when you started the idea; and I see clearly that what you intend, and what you could do in making good the intent, would be just the thing that is wanted. I wonder how many spirits could be got together to keep up the game well? Five or six men, true brethren, are needed, and I declare that looking about, I cannot see as many. What I must do is to run down to see you presently and talk over these things at large and deep. . . . . Thine,

F. G.

"Garrick Club,"
June 10, 1893.

My Dear Patmore,

Your new book[1] by your kind direction, came to me a week ago or thereabout; to my great pleasure. Though I must have seen much of it before, it comes as quite new; and—one at a time—I read each essay as we view an entirely new scene. As you found out long ago, some of the matter is above me: I have to strive to it. With just flight enough to get to the gate, I stand there and look in at the lower heaven of your meanings without ability to enter and partake as liberally as you intend. . . . But that is only as to some, or some part of these little essays, which I am inclined to think a better volume than the last.

Ever yours,

F. G.

[1] "Religio Poetæ."

19, Argyll Road, Kensington, W.,
March 13th, '94.

My Dear Patmore,

The success of your republished essays should, I think, urge you to spend on the public more of your fine critical prose; or prose not of the order commonly called critical, perhaps, though that it will still be in some measure and in some kind. Think of a subject for the "New Review": it has a wide and a good circulation. Or if you write at greater length than 12 or 14 pp., there is Knowles of the "Nineteenth Century" ready to jump at you, no doubt.—Did you see that a first edition copy of your poems sold for £3 the other day?—Yes, my dear Patmore. Come out of your hermitage a little more. I see abundant welcome for you, and you must see it also. And don't you go scorching the people too much. Enclosed is your little paper on "Dreams"; for the loan of which my thanks to you. . . .

Yours ever,
F. G.

St. Leonards, Sunday, 1895.

My Dear Patmore,

Bell sent me a copy of your new book,[1] according to your instructions. I read a score or so of pages at a time, taking the proper intervals of reflection (*not* taking, but being forced into them, is the right expression) between the paragraphs. I find it a bag of nuggets, this book—and of polished stones; with here and there something which is I don't know what. The firm and quiet audacity and courage of a good deal of it is an admirable particular. I prophesy a larger and quicker sale for it than your other prose books have had: which will quite content you on that score. . . .

Ever yours,
F. Greenwood.

The following letter may be compared with one of Patmore's to Mr. Gosse on the same subject, the essay on "Distinction."

[1] "Rod, Root and Flower."

Kensington, Friday.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

The humorous ironical *is* most dangerous to handle. I've not been able to see the *Guardian* on your "Fortnightly" article, but the "Spectator" I read, not without pleasure; for the attitude of that journal to you is certainly one of awe-full respect. I too took your paper more seriously than it was meant, to tell you the truth, though the banter of it was not so entirely lost on me as on the gentlemen who have replied to you in print.

Yours ever,
F. GREENWOOD.

St. Leonard's, Aug. 27, 1896.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I have waited to thank you for that most welcome little book[1] till I had looked all through it. This I have done; and it seems to me a very good selection indeed; as strong a testimony of Mrs. Meynell's taste and judgment as I have yet encountered. I think that you might perhaps, in looking to the later sale of your books, put something down to the spontaneous appreciation of the new generation of readers; and yet it would be remarkable if the circulation of this little volume (which you will remember is a sample-budget from your own writings far more than anything else) did not send many of its readers to the bookseller for your poems in bulk.

Meanwhile I rest,
Ever yours,
F. GREENWOOD.

The following letter from Mr. W. E. Henley is written in answer to Patmore's letter printed on page 272.

1 Great College Street,
Westminster, 11/11/92.

MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

I should have answered your first letter, but there are days when I can do nothing at all, and on them when I can do anything, I have of necessity to do too much.

I am sorry indeed that the N. O. is no longer to be read

[1] "Pathos and Delight," see vol., i. p. 342.

chez vous. But perhaps I could have looked for nothing else; I confess, however, that the offence does not appear to me so offensive as all that. It is a romance—impossible, unreal—fantastical all: a failure, as I believe, but the failure of a very clever man; an error in taste, but the error of an exquisite artist *à ses heures.* I feel as though I myself, and not he, had written and were responsible for the effect. Which, as I have said, I am the first to regret.

What you say of my own verses does both please and interest me. I am sure you have excellent grounds for saying what you say; but to defend or rather to explain my position would be to write a volume about myself; which cannot as you know be done by letter. Someday we may meet and talk it out. Till then . . . !

Ever sincerely yours,
W. E. H.

I hope some day, to hear that a sobered and abashed N. O. is still tolerated at Lymington. Indeed to be plain, I am rather sorry for Lymington this week. For Greenwood (once more with us) is in his best form, & Blank & Dash & Three Stars & the others are "equal to themselves!!" However—!

The following letter alludes to an article in the Edinburgh Review for October 1893, entitled "Contemporary Poets and Versifiers." Patmore used as I have already related (p. 263), constantly to take his friends, or his youngest son, to visit Mr. Dykes Campbell on Sunday mornings. This explains the "Causeries des Sundries," in the second letter, the allusion being to M. Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries des Lundis."

40, West Hill,
St. Leonards,
21.10.93.

My Dear Patmore,

I have been amusing myself this evening over the new number of the "Edinburgh," which contains an article on living poets and poetasters, which I recommend to you. It is many a day since the venerable periodical attained its dotage—but I did think it would always preserve the good

breeding if not the ability of its middle-age. I am disillusioned. It is well to tell the public that Austin and Lewis Morris and Edwin Arnold are not poets—but it is also well to say it in decent language, and not in the manner of the very newest journalism of the gutter. You will be sorry to find yourself patted on the back by such a creature as this Reviewer, even though he counts you only a little lower than such angels as —— and —— and —— etc., (you will see the names—I can't write them for laughing). The very touch of the dirty fingers will make you grieve. Almost the only consolation you will find is—that he rates Christina Rossetti as inferior to —— whom do you think? —— Jean Ingelow! Mrs. Meynell is not mentioned, or she would doubtless have been recommended as equal to mending Mrs. Webster's pen, and taking Mr. Le Gallienne's contribution to the pillar-box. What a comfort to be ignored by a person who cannot do away with the "element of the grotesque and disproportionate" in the "Goblin Market," whose two girls, "like the figures in Dante Rossetti's pictures, are unhuman and unreal,"—*so* unlike the unfailing sweetness of verse and sentiment of Miss Somebody Else. O Trumpery! O Morris!

I am deep in the final reviews of my big print "Life of S. T.C."[1] which of course is only the Old Obadiah expanded by say 20% to 25%. I am hoping to be able to read the thing myself in this big print—and see if I can detect any of the merits my partial friends like yourself see in it. I don't think I've watered it. We want news—the best possible news, of you all—especially to learn that Mrs. Patmore is herself again—and that long, long ago. I have been literally *driven* for three months past beyond observance of the courtesies of life, or I should have written to thank Mrs Patmore for so kindly sending me a copy of the "Guardian, which contained a certain review.[2] I read every word of it with admiration for the gallantry with which the writer tried to iron out the creases in his mind which your book had brought about. I think I understand your Essays, and I am keeping the "Guardian" by me to read over again in the hope that I may understand it too. I have no leisure

[1] Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

[2] This refers to a review of the "Religio Poetæ," entitled "Mr Patmore's Philosophy," Aug. 23, 1893.

for it just now—but I promise you to find and make enough to read anything you will print. Meantime, I am mumbling your last book for the third time, and always with increasing pleasure and profit, and wonder that somebody does not say the truth about it—that it shows you to be the deepest thinker and best writer of English extant.

Yours ever,
J. DYKES-CAMPBELL.

TO MRS. PATMORE.

40, West Hill,
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
March 7, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. PATMORE,

We were very sorry to get your depressing news of Mr. Patmore, and a day or two ago Mr. Greenwood told us that later letters gave no better account. I shrink from adding a feather's weight to your burthen, dear Mrs. Patmore, but would you mind putting *a word or two on a post-card* to say how your patient progresses? We are anxious —but hopeful, for the weather is better on the whole—a little. How I wish you were still at Hastings, or I at Lymington, that I might look in on you all!—How I miss too those Causeries des Sundries! with Piffie on the rug here in the library—his big collar lighted up the dingy room. How big *he* must be himself now—big enough to dwarf the collar—which of course he has now to leave in its drawer. We long to see you all. You would be delighted to see Mrs. Campbell now—up to walking a mile twice a day—her only weakness and danger is that she wants to walk *two, à la fois.* And you (happily) could not be jealous—for you too are the strong one of the pair now, like Mrs. Campbell. I am "not myself at all"—not ill, but only kept from that by strictest dieting. We are both looking forward almost desperately to our change of air and scene—which will come, we hope, immediately after Easter—when we pack off our furniture to London, and betake ourselves to Tunbridge Wells. The mildness of this place is killing me —and Mrs. Campbell needs bracing too. But, the "flitting," is a "Lucy's flitting" in a measure, and not pleasant to forecast in its details. Our love and sympathy to you all.

Yours sincerely,
J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

The following letter refers to an article by Mr. Traill in the "Nineteenth Century" entitled "Our Minor Poets," (Jan. 1892) in which a list of sixty-five contemporary poets is given, Lord Tennyson being excluded as above rivalry. Patmore had overlooked Mrs. Meynell's name, which occurs in this catalogue, and had protested against the omission in the letter to the "Saturday Review" (Oct. 26, 1895), the same letter in which he advocates her claims to the laureateship (see vol. i., pp. 341-342). The title of the article was certainly misleading.

47 Gordon Square
W.C.
Oct. 28, '95.

DEAR MR. PATMORE

Mrs. Meynell's name *was* in my list of poets in the *Nineteenth Century*. May I add, in correction of a much too persistent misconception, that, though the subject, as also the title of the article, was "Our Minor Poets," that is not an accurate description of the *list* contained in it, which, with the exception of the then Poet Laureate, enumerated or aimed at enumerating *all* living poets of every degree. If you should ever come across it again you will find that none of the greater names are omitted from it.

And perhaps I may be allowed to say that I could even correct the misconception I refer to by an appeal to an admission in your own letter to the "Saturday Review." "I think," you say, "that Mr. Traill does not mention Mrs. Meynell, but he does me." Had the list in question been a mere *limbus minorum* I at least should not have ventured to consign to it the author of "The Unknown Eros."

Believe me faithfully yours
H. D. TRAILL.

CHAPTER XXIII

SOME TRIBUTES TO COVENTRY PATMORE

IN this concluding chapter I have put together a few tributes paid to Patmore during his life and after his death. The first of these was called forth by Cassell's publication of a cheap edition of "The Angel."

O pure and lofty Bard! thy song
So sweet and true has made me long
For Heaven, where my spirit may
Meet thine, and in some sort repay
My hopelessly deep debt to thee
For thy seraphic melody,
And to the Father-Spirit, Source
Of all thy glory, grace and force,
For His great gift of thee. What though
I cannot hope on earth to know
Thee face to face! At home above,
With intuition of deep love,
My soul, poor kinsman to thine own,
Shall know thee, and of thee be known.
But shall I wait till then to tell
How thy transcendant strains impel
My heart and mind to lofty ways
Of broader love and purer praise?
No! let my words be ne'er so weak
And vain, I feel that I must speak.
And thou, I do not doubt, wilt take
My simple thanks for Love's sweet sake.
I read thy pages o'er and o'er
And know thee better, love thee more.
I share thy hopes, thy creed believe,
For as I read, Sir, I perceive

Thou art a prophet, making clear
The ways of God. If this appear
To some, profanity of praise—
For men, alas! refuse to gaze
On Truth near by, but strain their eyes
To distant days and other skies—
I can but speak the things I know,
And all my soul affirms it so.
And why not? Is our God without
Sure witness in an age of doubt?
Or has He sworn to speak no more
To man through man? No! as of yore
He lifts the pure in heart to see
The glory of Divinity;
To hear the still small voice that thrills
All nature, and to climb great hills
Of knowledge, high above the reach
Of merely human thought and speech.
And lo! the inner harmony
Of all things fills with ecstacy
Their soaring souls, until they sing
Perforce, as skylarks on the wing.
O minstrel! happy in thy theme!
Surely a very special beam
Of Heaven sunned thee in thy flight
From finite things to infinite.
Thy song, as deathless as thy soul,
With growing influence shall roll
Throughout the world, throughout all time,
And men shall hear its notes sublime
When, like the lark in Heaven lost,
Thy soul, uncaged by Death, has crossed
The limit of our mortal sight,
To sing for ever, in the light
Of God's unclouded face, above,
The perfect song of perfect love.

J. H. GORING.

222 New North Rd., N.

Patmore's strong regard for Mr. Frederick Greenwood has been mentioned in many parts of these volumes, nor is it much less easy to discern from what has been recorded that this friendship was

fully reciprocated. I print the following letter as additional testimony to this.

Brittany Road,
St. Leonard's-on-Sea,
Nov. 27 [1896].

DEAR MRS. PATMORE,

This morning's papers bring the grievous news which after yesterday's telegram was only too surely expected. It is a great blow to us who were his friends—to me certainly, who from first to last had for him a fast affection as well as a profound respect.

But it is on you at home, of course, that the blow falls most sharply, and I am most deeply grieved for you.

I do wish I had known of his illness half a day earlier. As it was, there was no chance of seeing him (if that could be allowed) once more before he went; which I shall ever regret as long as I live. But I see that his illness was sudden, and understand.

My most heartfelt sympathy with you and his children—if that matters. Believe me, dear Mrs. Patmore,

Ever sincerely yours,
F. GREENWOOD.

Bertha's letter has this moment come in. On Monday afternoon I hope to see you.

Mr. Doman, the Lymington poet, is mentioned in vol. i., p. 383. Patmore had presented him with the "Florilegium Amantis," and this was the occasion of the earlier tribute; the later was written after Patmore's death. Mr. Doman survived him little more than a year.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "FLORILEGIUM AMANTIS."

As into some cathedral dim and pure
I enter with hush'd heart and lowly tread,
Where round me sleep the great and holy dead,
Amid memorials ever to endure,—
The rude rough world shut out and far away,—
With awe-filled love deep in my spirit's core,
I kneel at the high altar's steps and pray—

"Lord, I would dwell herein for evermore,
"And Thy great Name continually adore!"—

So, thou great Singer, thus my soul would stay
In that sweet book of yours from day to day,
Wherein such pure and holy thoughts abide
That mine would dwell for ever at their side,
Nor from their tender teachings turn away.

I am not one of those who may not feel
The music and the beauty of your lays.
Though simple and unlettered, let my praise
My love and reverent gratitude reveal.
Much have you taught me, though I some things knew
Before, but could not speak: you gave them speech,
And life, and loveliness; and all were true.
Your songs, from some high source beyond the reach
Of common minds, fall as the gentle dew
On drooping lilies, and sweet wisdom teach.

Fain would my heart be one with yours, and know
That through life's path with kindred thoughts I go,
Wiser and holier for your sake, and taught
To thank you and to love you as I ought.

HENRY DOMAN.

Lymington.

IN MEMORY OF MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

In the sweet light of love that cannot die,
He lives, the friend whom we have lost awhile,
Unseen for evermore by mortal eye,
Yet unforgotten, and for ever nigh.
We miss the face, the old familiar smile,
The gentle voice we lov'd, no longer by:
But love's clear gaze sees through death's mystery
Beyond the gloomy grave, the cloudy sky
Of time, its deserts and tempestuous sea.
It hears no more the mournful funeral bells,
Where in eternal blessedness he dwells;
And ever in secret lands of memory
His spirit is with us, like some heavenly breath
From realms wherein there is no sin or death.

Poet of love, God's chosen son of song,

Whose harp was tuned in heaven for sinful men,
Though thou hast pass'd away from mortal ken,
Thy tender teachings still to us belong.
Thou, being dead, yet speakest, and shalt be
A voice amid the ages, in all days,
To lead pure souls in high and lofty ways,
With thy clear strain's perpetual melody.
Oh, voice of sweetness that shall never die,
Thou hast our love, our sorrow, and our tears,—
A love that deepens with the deepening years,—
A tear that hallows every passing day,—
A grief too deeply set to fade away,
Till heaven gives rest, and death's dark mystery clears.

HENRY DOMAN.

Feb. 14th, 1897, Lymington.

The friendship between Patmore and Francis Thompson has been mentioned in vol. i., p. 342. The great similarity between the two poets both in thought and style must be manifest to all readers. Patmore's appreciation of Thompson is shown by the article on him which he contributed to the "Fortnightly Review" (January, 1894), while Thompson's reverence for Patmore is sufficiently recorded in the following tributes. The verses which I have placed first were printed after the obituary notice of Patmore ("Athenæum," December 5, 1896). Mr. Thompson's own notes explain sufficiently the times and circumstances in which they were severally written.

A CAPTAIN OF SONG.

(*On the portrait of Coventry Patmore by J. Sargent, A.R.A.*)[1]

Look on him. This is he whose works ye know;
Ye have adored, thanked, loved him—no, not him!

[1] As the meaning of this poem cannot be appreciated without the knowledge that it was written to a living man, and bears reference to spiritual experience and not to death, the reader has now to take note of its date—the summer of 1895. [Note by Francis Thompson.]

But that of him which proud portentous woe
To its own grim
Presentment was not potent to subdue,
Nor all the reek of Erebus to dim.
This, and not him, ye knew.
Look on him now. Love, worship, if ye can,
The very man.
Ye may not. He has trod the ways afar,
The fatal ways of parting and farewell,
Where all the paths of painèd greatness are;
Where round and always round
The abhorrèd words resound,
The words accursed of comfortable men—
"For ever"; and infinite glooms intolerable
With spacious replication give again,
And hollow jar,
The words abhorred of comfortable men.
You the stern pities of the gods debar
To drink where he has drunk
The moonless mere of sighs,
And pace the places infamous to tell,
Where God wipes not the tears from any eyes,
Wherethrough the ways of dreadful greatness are:
He knows the perilous rout
That all those ways about
Sink into doom, and sinking still are sunk.
And if his sole and solemn term thereout
He has attained, to love ye shall not dare
One who has journeyed there:
Ye shall mark well
The mighty cruelties which arm and mar
That countenance of control,
With minatory warnings of a soul
That hath to its own selfhood been most fell,
And is not weak to spare:
And lo! that hair
Is blanchèd with the travel-heats of hell.
If any be
That shall with rites of reverent piety
Approach this strong
Sad soul of Sovereign Song,
Nor fail and falter with the intimidate throng,
If such there be,

These, these are only they
Have trod the self-same way;
The never-twice-revolving portals heard
Behind them clang infernal, and that word
Abhorrèd sighed of kind mortality,
As he—
Ah! even as he!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The following is an extract from the Preface of "Sister-Songs, an Offering to two Sisters," by Francis Thompson, 1895:

One image in the *Proem* was an unconscious plagiarism from the beautiful image in Mr. Patmore's "St. Valentine's Day:"

"O baby Spring
That flutter'st sudden 'neath the breast of Earth,
A month before the birth."

Finding I could not disengage it without injury to the passage in which it is imbedded, I have preferred to leave it, with this acknowledgment to a poet rich enough to lend to the poor.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

1895.

In 1897 Francis Thompson inscribed his "New Poems" to Patmore:

DEDICATION[1] TO COVENTRY PATMORE.

Lo, my book thinks to look Time's leaguer down,
Under the banner of your spread renown!
Or if these levies of impuissant rhyme
Fall to the overthrow of assaulting Time,
Yet this one page shall fend oblivious shame,
Armed with your crested and prevailing Name.

[1] This dedication was written while the dear friend and great Poet to whom it was addressed yet lived. It is left as he saw it—the last verses of mine that were ever to pass under his eyes.

F. T.

On hearing of Patmore's death, Francis Thompson wrote to Mrs. Patmore as follows:

Creccas Cottage,
Pantasaph,
Holywell,
N. Wales,
Monday, Nov. 30, '96.

DEAR MRS. PATMORE,

I am shocked and overcome to hear of your—and my—bereavement. There has passed away the greatest genius of the century, and from me a friend whose like I shall not see again; one so close to my own soul that the distance of years between us was hardly felt, nor could the distance of miles separate us. I had a letter from him but last Monday, and was hoping that I might shortly see him again. Now my hope is turned suddenly into mourning.

The irrevocableness of such a grief is mocked by many words: these few words least wrong it. My friend is dead, and I had but one such friend.

Yours, in all sympathy of sorrow,
FRANCIS THOMPSON.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

PETER GEORGE PATMORE'S LITIGATION WITH COLBURN

IN "My Friends and Acquaintance" P. G. Patmore has alluded to a law-suit which turned out unsatisfactorily to both parties and left him, for a time, in straitened circumstances. The other party to the suit was Colburn, the publisher, and the story, so far as I have been able to recover it, is as follows:

On May 28, 1831, Colburn engaged Patmore to do for him certain literary work at a salary of £6 6*s*. a week. This, however, was not the first connection between Colburn and Patmore, but a reduction of a previous understanding to a more business-like footing. It is evident that Patmore was in Colburn's employ at least as early as 1824 (see vol. i., p. 6).

On October 14, 1831, Colburn engaged Patmore to edit the "Court Journal," and to give to it, with certain specified exceptions, all his time, at a salary of £10 a week.

On January 28, 1832, the following paragraph appeared in the "Court Journal:"

> "Rumours of a most painful nature, and, as we have reason to fear, too well founded, are in circulation relative to the elopement of a lady of high rank and distinguished beauty, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, with a Captain in the army. We shall abstain from saying more on this subject at present."

On February 4, 1832, the following note appeared:

> "The rumour which was so confidently propagated at the latter end of last week, relative to an alleged elopement in high life, happily turns out to be wholly without foundation."

The same number of the "Court Journal" contains, in another part, a compliment to the Duke of Richmond, for his action as an officer in the Peninsular.

This rather comically forced attempt at conciliation came too late, for elsewhere in the same number it is reported

that on "Feb. 1 the Attorney-General moved to file a criminal information against several newspapers for the publication of a gross and unfounded libel on the Duchess of Richmond."

Although the libellous paragraph mentioned no names, it had been easy, by a process of exhaustion, to discover at whom it had been pointed, and the Duke of Richmond had taken prompt action against the "Court Journal" and other papers which had copied the libel. It was, however, remarked at the time that it was the papers which represented the political party opposed to the Duke which were made to suffer.

It is also clear from subsequent admissions that P. G. Patmore had not merely edited but had written the libel.

The papers attacked were each fined £100, and Colburn had to pay this sum for the "Court Journal." This he attempted to recover from Patmore, who responded by suing him for arrears of salary, claiming that the two agreements given above were several and independent, and that salary was payable on both; whereas Colburn maintained that the later agreement included and superseded the earlier.

I have not been able to follow out this litigation in all its details. On June 24, 1833, both cases were heard before Baron Vaughan and a special jury, and were referred to the arbitration of "Mr. E. L. Bulwer," who was a friend of both parties, and who, as is shown by his letters to P. G. Patmore, had attempted to reconcile the litigants. The arbitration must, however, have broken down, as the case came back into court and was heard before Lord Lyndhurst at Westminster at a date which I cannot ascertain. At this trial Patmore was awarded £177 for balance of salary, the court adopting his view of the contracts with Colburn; while Colburn recovered from Patmore the fine for the libel.

Both parties appealed, and the appeal was heard in the Court of Exchequer on May 29, 1834, before Baron Alderson, Lord Lyndhurst, and Baron Gurney. The Court held that the contracts between Colburn and Patmore were not independent, but that the later superseded the earlier; also that Colburn *was* guilty of the libel, and as a "tort-feazor" was not entitled to throw the consequences of his crime on another. Both the decisions of the lower court were accordingly reversed.

APPENDIX II

LETTERS FROM MRS. SCOTT TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

Wednesday night.

I HAVE been endeavouring to answer your anxiously looked for letter at length, but I find I have not power to command sufficient calmness for the occasion. I therefore merely send you a hasty note, which must serve till I can see you, which I hope will be very soon. You have been unjust towards me, and I would fain have convinced you of your injustice; but a spark of your pride withholds me making any display of my feelings at the present moment. If that moment of agony had been impressed upon your mind as it was upon mine, (I mean when I left you to return to my dying husband) I should not, I think, have now to tell you that you may command me in any way that can be of service to you. Nothing will give me greater satisfaction than that all the world should think of you as I do. The public opinion has had no influence upon me; and however blamed you may have been by others, I could not for a moment harbour an idea to your prejudice, and if I have appeared backward to serve you, it was that I feared my own partiality blinded me in regard to you. Mr. Reynolds must have ill understood me if he could not observe that my own sorrows were almost forgotten in my anxiety for your safety, and I fear, from the tone of reproach in which you have written to me, he has failed to impress that idea upon you. I wish you had written to me, as I expected firmly you would, immediately after my poor John's death;—you would have relieved me from much anxiety—I would say, if I did not think your calmness affected, more than you can have any conception of; but I must not forget *that* which I ought to have most at heart. Do all you can to clear yourself—but at the same time be careful of our poor John's memory—for I am certain he never—never meant to hurt you. He was too sincere a man to have received you as he did, or allowed *me* to receive you, had he been conscious that he was acting a double part. He could not have done it—did you not know enough of him to feel convinced of this?

In justice to myself I must say a few words more. I only allowed myself to be led by others as long as I conceived that a trial would be a mere matter of course, and that a few months'

imprisonment would be the penalty you would suffer—which I was led to believe was necessary as a warning to others; but when I found you were in a more dangerous situation, I immediately acted for myself—and yet you reproach me. I have thought since then of but little else except what I could and would say for you when you should require me to appear for you. God bless you my poor friend

Believe me most anxiously yours
CAROLINE SCOTT.

23, Cockspur Street,
April 26th, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR

I have not had an opportunity of being in town till to-day —to make any further enquiries of Mr. Montague—the family did not keep their promise with me, of paying me a visit on Tuesday last as I expected,—but I went to breakfast with them this morning in order if possible to have something to tell you that would gratify you. Unfortunately Mr. Montague had gone out early this morning, and I was disappointed of seeing him. Now do not exclaim "*true woman, always too late,*" the fact is as I tell you—and you will I hope believe me.

I do not know whether I ought to write to you, since I have nothing particular to tell you—for you only ask me to write if I should hear any thing that I think you would be anxious to know. I venture however, at all hazards, to scribble you a few lines, because I think common civility must induce you to reply to my letter—and I feel very happy to hear from you, whether it may give you pleasure or not. How selfish! yet such is the case. I would say I am gratified to hear that you are comfortable—nay almost happy,—if I could say so in perfect sincerity—but I cannot —I do not think you ought to be quite at ease at the present moment when so many of us poor ladies are suffering pain for you. Do not forget our pale faces, even for a moment—it would be treason against us if you did. I have just come from seeing your Mother and Miss Robinson—I found them both at home to-day—the former looking better than when I saw her before,—the latter looking delicate, but very sweetly. She is indeed a charming girl;—is it possible that you do not love her? I cannot believe it possible that two persons like yourselves, should live so much together and be insensible to each other—it is quite against my creed—but I must live and learn. They both complain loudly that you have not written to them since your departure:—Miss Robinson has sent you three letters—and to none have you replied. Is not this unkind? If you were to behave so unpolitely to me,

much as I regard you, I should lose my patience. I tell you this by way of notice. Your young friend left Ludgate Hill with me to-day to go to the country, I think she said Battersea; she is to be in town again next week, and we shall then meet again, to talk about you, and to know each other better. From what took place between us to-day, I am led to believe that I have formed a very correct opinion of you—I think her ideas and mine will coincide exactly. I told your Mother I was going to write to you this afternoon—and asked her if I should scold you for not having sent to her. "Oh! no," was her reply, "tell him I am pleased to hear that he is happy." How *far* above every other love is the affection of a mother for her children. I have not time now to reply properly to your letter, for I wrote in great haste and with the room full of people, but when I write again I will endeavour to set you right with regard to the opinion you entertain of my poor husband's character. I do not think *distrust* was in his nature; on the contrary he was in my opinion too confiding—where he loved: he *distrusted* himself, and his talents, I grant: the feeling most prevalent in his mind against others was *disgust*, but not *distrust*. He used often say of myself that with all my faults I never disgusted him; that he never saw any woman but myself who would have managed to do this. This was his common way of expressing himself—and I often saw that he took *disgusts* at persons—but I never knew him to be suspicious. Can you not remember how little he looked like a suspicious man? But, I fear it is a hopeless task to endeavour to do away the impression that late events have stamped on your mind—I own you have reason to doubt him—but I am certain that he never doubted you. Oh! that I had foreseen what was to happen: he should not have left such a stain upon his character. Poor fellow he was I am sure quite unconscious of what he had said: but I have repeated this over and over again to you—and yet you will not believe me, I know. Do not however cease from expatiating upon the subject to me whenever it may be necessary to you—I know how requisite it is to be able to ease our hearts of oppressive feelings by communicating with those who understand us and regard us—I would wish to be one of those friends towards you if you would like me to be so. Write to me as you feel inclined. I shall not be hurt if I cannot convince you that with regard to poor John you are in error. I shall be sure that you will not form an opinion without consideration, and that what you say will have truth for its foundation. My husband taught me to think thus of you. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that the idea of a statement is to be abandoned. I am unable to judge;—like yourself all I can do is to wait with patience for the moment of trial.

When you have written to your good Mother and Miss Robinson

let me hear from you—let it be soon, for I am a most impatient person—and always fancy when people do not answer my letters quickly, that I have offended them—or written like a fool.

Believe me ever My dear Sir
Your affectionate friend
CAROLINE SCOTT.

Saturday. Kew Lane, Mortlake,
April 28th, 1821.

What am I to say to you, Mr. Patmore, in reply to your last letter? I believe I must begin by asking you a few questions. Did you not love my husband? Did you not do all in your power to prevent him, on a previous occasion, from acting with the rashness natural to his character? Did you leave anything undone in the *late* unhappy meeting which you ought to have done? If you could have saved his life, would you not, almost at the expense of your own, have done so? I only ask these questions because I am sure of the answer they will receive from you: I will suppose that I have received them, and proceed accordingly. With the firm conviction on my mind of your devotion to poor John—and of the sorrow his death must occasion you—particularly when you reflect that had Mr. Trail acted as *he* ought to have acted it would most probably have saved the life of your friend: with these feelings deeply fixed in my heart—and looking upon you as the next sufferer to myself in this cruel affair—is it to be a matter of wonder that I act with the common feelings of humanity towards you? There is no generosity in my kindness: if I thought you to *blame* —and acted as I do—my conduct might be construed into something like nobleness; but as it *is*, in writing to you, or reading what you write to *me*, I am only alleviating my own griefs by sharing them with one who I think feels deeply for mine, and his own loss and disappointed prospects. To how little purpose have I talked to you, if you are still to be convinced of the cause of my conduct, if you continue to persist that I make any sacrifice of myself to alleviate your sufferings. But if I did even, would it not be right that I should do so, when I consider that you are suffering, when you might have been happy? I cannot understand you—I have been *almost* led to fancy, by what you have written, that you think I ought *not* to write to you—that you would think more highly of me if I refused to communicate with you—if I refused to receive consolation for my sorrows—if I gave myself up blindly to misery—and shut every kindly ray from my sight—if I allowed myself to dwell upon nothing else but the dreary, desolate prospect that is before me! Can this be the

case? If it is, you are bound in *truth* to tell me so—and I demand it of you, since you have commenced that system with me. I shall consider any thing you say as well meant—and endeavour not to be angry at it. The accusation you bring against me of changeableness brought the blood into my cheeks, because I think it unmerited, for I cannot charge myself with *one* act of that nature towards yourself; in my *own* opinion I have never varied. If you intend that your accusation should refer to my conduct in regard to you, during the time that I was *prevented* from seeing your friends—I should have thought that the explanations I had given you must very satisfactorily have done away with that impression; but if it relates to the statement which I concurred with you in thinking you ought to make, when you were here—and then advised you not to make, by letter, did I tell you that *my* opinion was *changed* in regard to it? I gave you the opinions of others only, which I thought of more weight than my own, and entreated you rather to follow their advice than mine. This may be weakness—but can it be called variableness? I yield to you however since I perceive you will not be convinced—for I have found out that you are obstinate like all other men, and when you have once said a thing you will persist in it, for the sake of appearing consistent, whether you are right or wrong. There was nothing whatever in your first letter, from your present abode, to me, that could displease me. I feel *sorry* that you should think you have cause not to cherish my poor husband's memory as you would have done—had Dr. Darling's evidence never been brought forth. I feel all the pain that statement must cause you—all the doubtings and regrets you must feel for having brought trouble upon yourself for one whom you think was unworthy of such a sacrifice; but I have told you over and over again that the poor fellow's mind was not in a state to judge of what he said to anyone—supposing he did actually utter the words that he is reported to have used. I am bewildered when I think of this circumstance—and vain regrets agitate me for neglecting to have had the whole affair properly explained at the time. From what my husband said to me, when first I reached him on that fatal night,—from the unsatisfactory answers he gave to my questions, I soon perceived that he had not the power to recollect correctly what had taken place on the field, and I forbore to press him on the subject in consequence. My sanguine hopes of his recovery made me think all recurrence to the subject unnecessary for the first week: but when the last days of hopelessness came, he was unable, and had lost all power of thought, from fatigue and anxiety, to do that which ought to have been done—and which would have been done had I supposed he had made any statement of the transaction to anyone save myself. It is a melancholy circumstance for us both that there should have

arisen anything of this kind to disturb the sacred devotion to his memory on your part. I should have had a melancholy satisfaction in recounting to you under different circumstances what he had said and what he had written in the cause of truth and justice—in proving to you that he had never written a word that "dying he would have wished to efface." But this will be denied to me now—for you think him *untrue* and *unjust*—and you would hear anything in his favour with suspicion. This is one of the bitterest drops in my cup of wretchedness.

The "Memoir" will be done carefully—at least with as much care as I have power to bestow upon it—and not hastily. I propose printing it with what letters I have of my poor John's which may be thought worthy of publication. From what I feel at present, I fear it will be some time before I shall be able to do it. I feel so incapable of writing even a private letter, that the thought of doing any thing for the public terrifies me beyond measure—yet they say *I* must do it. I do not contemplate doing anything for the Magazine.

If I understand your metaphysical reasoning rightly, I should be disposed to say that I disagree with you—at least as far as I can judge from myself and my own feelings. I think many persons are not happy—who would be so if they possibly could—*desert* out of the question. Happiness or misery depend so much upon the temperament of the individuals—I am almost a believer in the doctrine of *necessity:* this may account to you for what I have just written.

I have many things still to say to you, but I have no room left for more than one or two of them.—I would wish to know more of the Lady whom it gives me pleasure to think you love, in spite of what you say to the contrary—yet how am I to know more of her if I may not go to see your Mother? But I shall not go to her again till you bid me—for I would not for the world give her any pain. But why should you think it will give her pain to see me? It could only be the first interview that would agitate; after that I should conceive my company would rather soothe than hurt her:—you however know her best—and I will be guided by you in what regards her, most readily. If you wish me to write to you again I fancy I must begin upon a large sheet of foolscap, in order that I may have "ample room and verge enough" to answer your letter as it ought to be, for you have the art of saying much in little—which I have not—but if you are contented to let me scribble to you in my own way it will be no "trouble" to me to write as often as you choose to call upon me for a reply to a letter from yourself. If I wrote as well as you do I should be too proud to think my letter a "trouble" to any one, therefore do not repeat that word again to me. I hope soon to hear that you are well and

happy notwithstanding what I said to you in my last. Farewell for the present and

believe me My dear Sir
yours very sincerely,
CAROLINE SCOTT.

You never put the right day of the month to your letters—pray put the day of the week—any one will tell you that. You shall have the books—the *book* only if you think it worth your acceptance.

I shall be in Cockspur Street next week if you should feel inclined to write to me.

You did not tell me before that Mr. Rice and Mr. Chester were friends—let me hear what they say—if they should meet to talk of your situation, I shall be anxious to hear what Chester says for himself.

Monday morn.
June 11th, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,

The first thing I did on my return here was to write to Mr. Watkins[1]—but before I sent off my letter, I thought it proper to show it to my father; at the same time explaining to him my dissatisfaction at the manner in which the business had been conducted by Mr. Watkins, and the consequent necessity that he should hear of that dissatisfaction from ourselves. To this my Father agreed; but we differed as to the manner in which it should be expressed,—and I am sorry to say that some rather high words passed between us on the occasion. He will not allow me to send my letter to Mr. Watkins; he insists that I shall wait till I see him—and then he, as well as myself, he says, can tell Mr. Watkins what we think of the line of conduct he chose to adopt in contradiction to the instructions he received from me. I must tell you his reasons for this opposition to my wishes, which when you have heard, you will be able to judge whether, or not, I ought to follow his opinion, or rather commands, or my own; and by so doing bring his displeasure upon me, which I have but little need of just now, to add to the discomforts of my situation. You may remember that Mr. Watkins speaks of my "*character* in the prosecution": this sentence has naturally alarmed my father and he seems to think that by writing or making any particular bustle as to what has been done, now that you are free, will only give reason to doubt the propriety of my motives in protecting you. He says that if you are a reasonable man you will be satisfied, and that you will not wish me to expose myself—when

[1] The solicitor who acted for Mrs. Scott.

there is no necessity for it—in short he said many things on the subject which I did not like to hear, nor would you, therefore I need not repeat them,—they have but little weight with me, and I persevered in my design of sending my letter in defiance of what I then considered were his *sole* motives for the command he laid upon me. But there are other reasons, which have more weight with me, which he afterwards stated—and which oblige me to do only that which he permits me to do in this business. He seems to think that if we find fault with Mr. Watkins before he has paid the expenses attendant on the prosecution, that he will have no mercy in his charges—and situated as my father is at present a sum of money, more or less, is of the greatest consequence to him. He has paid an immense sum yesterday for me already, and I shrink from doing anything very unnecessary in this way. I therefore find myself under the necessity of waiting till I see Mr. Watkins in my father's presence, to express my displeasure at the measures he pursued for us in the Court, which, the more I think of them, the more I feel reason to be displeased with. The pleasure I felt at seeing you relieved from your painful situation gave me no time when with you for reflection: till I came here I could not bring myself to form any distinct ideas on the subject—but every day, now, I shall feel more and more annoyed by the ill-advised and badly conducted business altogether;—but you must not forget that your own people have some share in all that has taken place. Mr. Reynolds led me to believe that he took up the unfortunate affair more with a view of protecting my husband's character at first than of doing you service. I believed what he said—and expected therefore that he would advise me, and act in concert with me—as to the best measures to be followed to establish that point:—but he failed to do this on the first occasion altogether—and, in the last, Mr. Rice left it till it was too late to allow his advice to be of the least avail, and thus are we all mortified and vexed and dissatisfied when it is too late to mend the matter—and all my anxieties and tormentings of myself have come to this—that you have found that mercy and justice at the hands of a Stranger—which, had your own people known how to advise me properly, you would have received from me. *They* ought to have known, from the turn which the first trial took, how little they had to expect unless they laboured for it;—but this they neglected to do till it was *too* late—and now I daresay they blame *me*—who could not possibly know how such matters *ought* to be conducted; or of the policy, the industry, the time to be bestowed in order to accomplish the desired end. You are not one to be satisfied that you are merely *free* I know—it requires something more to give ease to your mind—and I am much distressed that you have not had justice done to you in the way that it ought to

have been done—but I shall have it in my power to speak *that* which is true of you in the Memoir—and it will be necessary that you shall give me, for that purpose, an account in writing of each circumstance that belongs to the sad event, in order that I may make no mistakes; for my memory, I find is sadly defective as to many particulars. Write to me as soon as you can for I wish to hear from you—and to write to you—if I may understand that my letters are to escape the surveillance which they are not fitted for: I shall not be able to write you long letters if I think any one is to see them save yourself—not even our sweet Eliza—and yet if the denial gave her a moment's uneasiness I would rather give up the satisfaction of corresponding with you altogether than add to her sickness or sick thoughts which have so preyed upon her loneliness. But I do not like what I write to be seen by any one but the person I write to. The idea of comments or criticism makes me feel quite uncomfortable—and I think and think of what I may have written, till my face and ears glow like fire, and I become quite wretched: this is a feeling which I cannot overcome—and therefore I suppose I must leave off writing to you—for I think Eliza is like myself, very much inclined, against her better judgment, to be jealous of those she loves. Remember now that this is only between you and me. I have many things I would like to talk to you about—and shall expect soon to see you here for that purpose—but first of all I must see Eliza. Can you not bring her down here on Thursday next to dine at two o'clock? I will see her to town again or to Battersea that evening or the next morning—and you can take away Molly—Fanny sends her remembrance with the same wish—send me word however and soon—for you know how impatient I am. Remember me very kindly to Eliza and your Mother—and if Mr. Leach be still in town, tell him his benevolent face will never pass from my remembrance; and at the same time make my best respects acceptable to him.

I promised to tell you my dream—but it would look foolish on paper—and it is sad and it forebodes evil—and have we not enough of that dark commodity on hand without dwelling on Chimeras of the distempered imagination! I begin to grow superstitious.

Believe me ever Your sincere friend

CAROLINE SCOTT.

APPENDIX III

LETTERS FROM JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

50, Poland Street,
6 March, 1821.

My Dear Sir,

I take a large sheet of paper that I may give you as full an account of what has come to my knowledge since your absence as I am sure you will be desirous of receiving. And first you will receive with this a very full copy of the evidence at the second meeting of the Jury at Chalk Farm, as taken by Mr. Rice, which it appears to him was considerably more in your favour than that of the preceding day: though as you will perceive nothing transpired before the former to soften the evidence of Dr. Darling. The verdict you will perhaps have heard, is such as we expected —"Wilful murder against yourself Mr. Christie and Mr. Traill." And the Warrant was issued on the night of the Inquest at about half past 12. The feeling of the Jury and of the public, is certainly strong against you, being so excited by Darling's evidence; to temper this as much as possible, Mr. Rice has caused the following paragraph to be inserted in the "Chronicle" and it shall appear in the "Times." "The Report of the proceedings upon the Inquisition conveying an erroneous impression of the circumstances which attended the late fatal meeting between Mr. Scott and Mr. Christie, the public, and particularly the friends of Mr. Patmore are requested to suspend their opinion till the proper investigation takes place, to which Mr. Patmore will submit himself." This is quite as much as need be said to the public. The Friends of C[hristie] and T[raill] have determined to print nothing before the Trial, and therefore the short statement above was obliged to come as from yourself or your Friends. I am informed that a meeting of C.'s party took place on Saturday, at which Sir W. Scott attended—and it was determined that he should surrender himself at the proper time. On Saturday Evening I saw Mr. Minshull, the then sitting Magistrate at Bow Street, and I stated to him that you would appear to take your trial at the fitting period, requesting to be informed whether on such an understanding, all further search would be withheld; Mr. Minshull

however observed that he could not receive any such communication, that the Warrant was in the Officer's hands, and that it was his and their duty to cause you to be apprehended. We have every reason therefore to be convinced of the propriety of the step which we advised you to take. Yesterday I had an interview with Mr. Baldwin, who the Evening before had seen Mrs. Scott and conversed with her for a considerable time. She had written a letter to you, going towards affording you some consolation for the dreadful loss of Mr. Scott, and quoting a few words from the letter written by him to her (which I had delivered to Mr. Dom. Colnaghi,[1] together with his own, *previous* to the arrival of your letter,—and which has safely reached Mrs. Scott's hands) stating that "you had done all you could to prevent a meeting." This letter of Mrs. Scott threw the blame on Traill, whose name occurred twice in it, on reading which Mr. Baldwin hinted at the propriety of forwarding a written Document of this nature, which you might be compelled to produce as evidence. To this observation, Mrs. Scott made the following important reply—"As to producing any letter of mine—there will not be occasion for such a measure, as I shall hold myself quite ready to come forward, if necessary, to give evidence of what I know. And I shall then speak of Mr. Traill as I now write." These were her words I think: they certainly however convey the purport of her communication. Mr. B. says that she is quite able to see Mr. Rice or myself on the subject, and Mr. Rice will therefore after Friday (the day of poor Scott's funeral) write a note requesting an appointment. Yesterday I dined with Horace Smith at Fulham, and heard from him a minute Relation of the affair, as far as he had any connection with or knowledge of it. He only saw Scott twice on the subject: at the first interview S. communicated the message he had received from Mr. Lockhart stating that he had so received it in your presence, and that you offered your services in the affair, which he could not but accept:—that he came to Smith because he considered you were too forward and inconsiderative in the business; and that he was desirous Smith would take upon himself the arrangement of the dispute. At the second meeting nothing particular occurred, and Smith declares that he has no knowledge of any circumstance which could at all favourably affect the question as far as regards yourself. It is highly probable that Scott has given this account of your conduct to Smith in order to secure an application made to him at second hand. And indeed this is strengthened by one observation of Smith, that, when he called and saw you, Mr. Scott came to him in the passage and requested him to acknowledge that he had called you in

[1] Mrs. Scott's maiden name was Colnaghi.

before, or written (as I understood) a letter. However this evidence does not seem material to your cause, though it shall be well considered—and, if upon getting your statement Mr. Rice sees that Smith can communicate or corroborate any material fact, I will see him again ; and he is very clear and ready in the business. I have written to Mr. Cullock as poor Scott directed, and have also sent circulars to the Magazine Contributors.

Thus, I have given you all the information you will require. And now, as Mr. Rice wishes to add a few words, I shall close this letter.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours very truly
J. H. Reynolds.

My dear Sir,

I am here at Raggetts where I expected to find the Passport ready to be sent along with the other documents—but, owing to some misconception as to its importance, he has not yet procured it. I trust he may be correct in supposing it not to be very material to the comfort or safety of your residence in Calais. I will take care that by the next Post it shall be forwarded without fail. In the mean-time, if you should be under any local embarrassment or difficulty of any sort for want of it, I am sure that on using my name to my friend Mr. Laurent he will render you any service or assistance in his power, and, as he is a merchant of some consequence and influence I believe in the Town, I doubt not but that his good word would under such circumstances be advantageous. At present, it must not be concealed from you that the public opinion is at its worst—but even if you were more under the influence of it than I believe you to be, I should in this case bid you to be of good cheer, for I am satisfied that your conduct is much misrepresented and capable of being fully proved to be so. Wait patiently therefore the appointed time until the change come. I have not time to add more than that I am

Dr. Sir
Yours very truly
J. Rice Junr.

50, Poland Street,
23 March, 1881.

My dear Patmore

I have a great deal to say to you, and have very little time left to say it in ; for I have been engaged all this morning in seeing, first Mrs. Scott (who by the sensible reasoning of my good friend Mrs. Montague has recognized the propriety of allowing the conversation I requested), then Dr. Darling, and then Mrs. Scott again.

She is perfectly willing and anxious to do you all the justice in her power, and feels very deeply for the distressing and fearful situation in which you are cast. I stated to her the apprehension that I had of a vindictive feeling on the part of the prosecution, and expressed myself anxious to learn the disposition with which the trial would be conducted on the part of her Family. She distinctly and positively assured me that the utmost anxiety existed in the breasts of all parties to proceed with the most lenient feeling. They would do anything, regard being had to the honour and memory of Scott, to shield the involved parties from danger. She is clear in her opinion that Scott did not make the statements, which Dr. Darling has given, under the impression that he was a dying man, for she recollects that hope was held out to him both by Darling and Guthrie that he might recover, and the latter gentleman stated to him that the wound was not necessarily mortal,—that there was a chance of recovery—that he had known others recover in the same state. This of course (as far as can be foreseen) will annul Darling's evidence. Mrs. Scott had heard what Horace Smith stated, and now assured me that it arose entirely from Scott's wish to render his second-hand application to Smith proper and delicate towards the latter. She declares that he was satisfied as to your conduct fully, and was averse to applying to Smith, but that her fears operated upon him, and at her request only was the application made. I do not see that any evidence she could offer would at all be serviceable to your case, for Scott never spoke to her upon the business, except when she applied to him at Elder's request, or to say that he felt for you. On the night of the Duel he certainly told his wife that there had been mismanagement, and that he ought not to have been in the state she saw him in. She is confident that he had no idea of *your* being in danger—that he thought Christie was, and therefore he expressed himself as he did. We shall ascertain now pretty correctly as to whether Darling's evidence will or will not be received, and that will guide us as to Mrs. Scott; though assuredly the cruelty of our producing her would be looked upon with dangerous feelings by a jury—and that "craves wary walking." She however is ready to do all that is right, and will now see me whenever it is required. She says if I, instead of Rice, had gone, she would have seen me before, and even now she will not see him or any stranger. My friend Mrs. Montague has behaved very kindly to her, and certainly has done us all the good by her representations of the duty Mrs. Scott owed to all parties to shield you with the truth. I saw Darling, as I before stated, this morning, and had a long conversation with him, in which I represented the dangerous effects of his evidence as far as your life even was concerned. He confessed that Scott was not destitute of hope when the statement was made, and he is not

aware of it having been Scott's impression that the words were uttered as words to be used against the parties. I shall see Guthrie to confirm what I hear of his Evidence.

I have given you this account of my interview with Mrs. Scott before I relate the particulars of the conference I have had with Mr. Cresswood and Mr. Adolphus (though that took place at Maidstone on Wednesday evening) because I am sure you will be most anxious to know her feelings respecting you. I now proceed to inform you of the opinions of Counsel on your case, as far as they can at present give them. They consider it of the highest importance that you should assign over your property before trial, as a verdict of Manslaughter would cause a forfeiture; and we must not deceive ourselves with the expectation of any decision more favourable. Mr. Rice is now in the City and will see Mr. Mount on the subject. I shall therefore leave it to him to inform you of the best means of effecting this assignment. Mr. Cresswood will arrange as to your surrender, so that you will only have to appear on the morning of trial—and thus avoid the confinement in Newgate for any previous time. They are very fearful of calling Mrs. Scott as an evidence, and, now that the feeling of the prosecutors is known to be so favourable, and the evidence of Darling is so questionable, I am pretty sure that they will not risk the odium of a measure which at the best would be considered cruel and selfish. They advise a simple, sincere, feeling and humble defence, and this we are immediately about to write for you. As to your surrender at all, they cannot risk it. It can only be for our decision. They state that you should be possessed of every danger that awaits your situation, and that then you must resolve for yourself. You are quite aware of the possible danger, and will decide accordingly.

I also to-day saw Mr. Brown, the keeper of Newgate, who, having seen your Father on the subject, and knowing Mr. Rice intimately, called to say that what he could do he would. He will, in case of your after confinement, do what he can to make it as light as possible. He will see me again and arrange as to the surrender on the Friday morning.

You are aware, I dare say, by the newspapers that a subscription has been set on foot by several persons for Mrs. Scott's benefit; a measure which I cannot but consider extremely improper at this time, inasmuch as it may excite the minds of the public, and therefore of the jurors, still further on the subject. Baldwin has this morning sent me a paragraph for my perusal and approval as a communication in the Lion's Head, of the subscription, etc. I shall return it with a request that for one month it may be postponed, as the Legal Inquiry will then be concluded, and no ill effects can ensue its publication.

I should have told you that Mrs. Scott's feeling is very strong against Christie,—that she considers him to have gained a handsome name, unjustly, in the cause. She regards him with the strongest sentiment of disgust and pain.

It now only remains for me to speak on the subject of your return. For my own part I consider it dangerous,—but Rice thinks that if you were quietly to come over and take a retired lodging near us, and inform *us only* of your residence,—that you might then be in London safely for the remainder of the time before trial. One thing would be in your favour, and that is the belief in every person's mind that you are abroad. If you determine on coming, (and certainly on many points your presence would now be highly desirable)—you need not say a word about it till you arrive. You might then take a quiet lodging in your assumed name—refer to Mr. Rice for character, etc.—and send us word where we may come to you. But unless you can determine on seeing no one, on not writing to any person, or going out at all,—your retirement would be quite hazardous. To be sure the time is near, should you be discovered; but a confinement would be irksome and expensive at best. In this you must judge from your own sentiments. Rice has requested me to leave him room for a few words, and I shall here therefore close my letter. We send to your Mother at all times.

I am My Dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully
W. Reynolds.

Rice has this moment returned—and, as he expects that you will most likely adopt the course of coming to England, he will not do any thing in the assignment until then, or until he hears from you on the subject. Present or absent it is a step that you must take, and if he does not hear by the next post of your intention of returning, he will immediately see Mr. Mount and other parties interested on the subject. He has seen your Father, Mother, and Mr. Stevens this morning—who send letters to you.

APPENDIX IV

PETER GEORGE PATMORE'S APOLOGIA

THE following manifesto, alluded to vol. i., pp. 15, 16, is undated. It appears, however, to have been composed not long after the duel. It is in P. G. Patmore's handwriting.

Now that the friends of Mr. Patmore can vindicate that gentleman's character and his conduct in the late unhappy affair, without prejudice to the interests of other parties, they think it no longer right to abstain from doing so, since, to effect this most fully, nothing more is needed than a simple statement of facts.

The prejudice which exists against Mr. Patmore—for there is no doubt that such a prejudice does exist—arises from a feeling that, in the meeting which ended so fatally to Mr. Scott, Mr. Patmore was not so careful of his friend's safety as he might and ought to have been consistently with his friend's honour. The friends of Mr. Patmore do not *complain* of the existence of this prejudice, because it is the necessary consequence of what has hitherto been regarded as an authentic statement which circumstances have rendered it improper to notice or contradict until the present moment. All they now ask of the Public is to listen to the real facts of the case, and the real impressions of those who were the most deeply interested in the affair, and who were alone capable of knowing and judging of those facts. When this justice has been done to Mr. Patmore, he may feel safe in submitting himself to that legal investigation which he has never for a moment wished to avoid, but which, if his friends remain silent, he must now be meeting under circumstances of peculiar hardship. In requesting attention, therefore, to the following statement, it is confidently hoped that such attention will not be withheld. For the rest, an English Public are too enlightened not to judge correctly of facts which are clearly placed before them.

It is unnecessary to allude to Mr. Scott's difference with Mr. Lockhart further than to state—because it is not publicly known—that Mr. Scott applied to Mr. Patmore in the first instance, requesting him to undertake the conduct of the affair; and that it was afterwards confided to the management of another gentleman,[1] at

[1] Horace Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses."

the express suggestion, not of Mr. Scott, but of Mr. Patmore, though Mr. Scott would not consent to take any step in it without first consulting with Mr. Patmore; and it was by his express advice that Mr. Scott finally declined a meeting with Mr. Lockhart.

The immediate circumstances which led to the meeting between Mr. Scott and Mr. Christie need not be referred to in detail; but it is necessary to state, in proof of Mr. Patmore's general views on the subject, that he strenuously and repeatedly urged Mr. Scott not to notice those circumstances at all; but that, when he found Mr. Scott's irritated feelings could not be appeased *without* noticing them, he then urged him to do it in *manner* very different from that which Mr. Scott was disposed to use, and which he could not be dissuaded from doing—so acutely did he feel as to the peculiar situation in which he then stood in consequence of the turn which his difference with Mr. Lockhart had taken.

But the circumstances in regard to which Mr. Patmore has been the most injuriously prejudged are those which took place at the actual meeting between Mr. Scott and Mr. Christie. Without referring to any previous accounts of those circumstances, the friends of Mr. Patmore will here state what really did occur, leaving the conduct of all parties to be judged of by those who are sure to judge of it sanely and correctly, because they can have no interest or desire but that justice should be done to all. First, then, that remark which was made by Mr. Christie relative to the advantages of the different positions in the field was made, not when the parties were on the point of firing, but before the positions had been finally chosen, or the pistols loaded; and, in fact, Mr. Scott himself fired both times from that side of the field where Mr. Christie stood when the remark was made. Secondly, and with respect to the nature of the *first fire*, the pistols of both parties were *levelled*, and both fired immediately on the signal being given and nearly at the same instant of time; and not a word passed from either party as to the nature of this fire, until they were on the point of firing again; at which time the friend of Mr. Christie addressed some words to that gentleman *by name*, and which Mr. Patmore therefore considered himself as not entitled, much less called upon, to attend to; though he did hear them, and they were perfectly unintelligible to him. Mr. Scott also appeared to hear them; and the effect of them was to irritate him in the highest degree—for the impression he (evidently) received from them was that Mr. Christie's friend meant to insinuate something against his (Mr. Scott's) conduct, in having fired *too quickly*. Mr. Patmore was fearful, from the irritation of Mr. Scott's words and manner at this time, that he might say something offensive, which would place the probability of an adjustment still farther off: he therefore urged Mr. Scott to be silent. Nothing more was said by the

opposite party; and a second fire took place. Immediately on the effect of this fire being known, both Mr. Christie and his friend informed Mr. Scott and Mr. Patmore that Mr. Scott had not been fired at the first time; and not till then had either Mr. Scott or Mr. Patmore the most distant suspicion that such had been the fact, or that any intimation was intended to be given to that effect. It seems almost superfluous to add how eagerly Mr. Patmore would have accepted and used such an intimation, had it been given and understood; for (to say nothing of other considerations) it might have prevented the most bitter and irreparable misfortune which has ever happened to him in the loss of the dearest, and in every sense of the word the most valuable friend he ever possessed.

One more fact should be added, because it *proved* what both Mr. Patmore and Mr. Scott's impressions really were, as to the above circumstances. A paragraph having appeared in the newspapers calculated to induce the preposterous belief that Mr. Patmore and Mr. Scott were aware—*before* the second fire took place—that the first had not been directed at Mr. Scott, Mr. Patmore, instead of contradicting this report on his own authority alone, thought right first to endeavour to procure Mr. Scott's impression of the fact, if he was in a state to be spoken to on the subject. Mr. Patmore therefore sent a friend to Chalk Farm for this purpose. The gentleman to whom Mr. Patmore intrusted this inquiry was an entire stranger to both Mr. and Mrs. Scott. He returned to Mr. Patmore with a paper containing the following words.[1] These words were taken down by Mrs. Scott from her husband's own lips: they were read over to him after they were written, and he was asked if *that* was what he meant to state: he replied that it was, and desired that the paper might be sent to Mr. Patmore immediately. It should be remembered that this statement was given some days *after* the date of one which had been made public since Mr. Scott's death; but long *before* any person except the one [2] who made it public knew that any such statement was to be expected.

It now remains to show what were Mr. Scott's impressions as to Mr. Patmore's general conduct of the affair up to the moment of the meeting; and also what are the *present* impressions and knowledge of the individual most deeply involved in the fatal consequences of that meeting, and who was in hourly and unremitting attendance on her husband, from the night he received his wound till he died. For this purpose the friends of Mr. Patmore are authorised to publish the following extracts. The first is from a letter [3] to Mrs. Scott, written by her husband on the evening of

[1] Given vol. i., p. 13.
[2] Dr. Darling.
[3] This letter is not among the papers preserved.

the meeting, with directions for it to be given to her *in case of his death*. The affecting circumstances under which this letter was written and received make its contents the more important and conclusive. The second extract is from a letter written by Mrs. Scott to Mr. Patmore,[1] on her hearing of the public prejudice which existed against that gentleman on account of his conduct in this unhappy affair. The friends of Mr. Patmore refrain from offering anything in the shape of remark on the above statement; for the *facts* which it contains are in themselves conclusive. They will only add that, as Mr. Patmore's character and habits cannot be known to the public, nothing has been stated as fact but what could be corroborated by other than Mr. Patmore's own authority.

[1] It is not clear what extracts P. G. Patmore intended to give. Mrs. Scott's letters are printed in Appendix II. as they came to hand.

APPENDIX V

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM BLACKWOOD TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

17 Princes Street,
Edinburgh,
Saturday, 20 Dec., 1817.

Sir,

The Criticisms to which you referred me—the translation from Petrarch—and the style of your correspondence prove that you are a gentleman and a scholar. Being assured of that, I am the less anxious to be made acquainted with your name, should you have any wish to let it remain unknown to me. In refusing all anonymous communications I was influenced by what I conceived to be a necessary caution, as not unfrequently articles have been sent to me as original which were not so. For satisfactory reasons I am determined that my own name shall be known only to the Proprietor of the Magazine. If under such circumstances, you choose to intrust your name to me, it shall, if you say so, be a secret in my heart. It would certainly on many accounts be desirable that I should know the name of so excellent a correspondent, and something of his opinion of men and things. The principles of the Magazine which I edit shall be independent of all personal favour. But if you do become one of my Correspondents, it would give me pleasure to consult your feelings in many ways—and to avoid giving offence perhaps to your literary predilections. I confess that I speak to you the more freely on this point, because your translation from Petrarch appeared, if I mistake not, in the "Examiner Newspaper,"[1]—from which circumstance it is probable that you may have a personal acquaintance with Mr. Leigh Hunt. Now you cannot be ignorant that there is a strife between him and a writer in our Magazine. The offensive paper certainly contains some very reprehensible passages which may seem to imply what I know the writer never meant to insinuate, and in

[1] Note by P. G. Patmore. Notwithstanding this it was, according to his account, so "beautiful," that he *reprinted* it in the Magazine.

that shape never would have been inserted but by accident. But if your sentiments concerning Mr. Hunt's poetry are at variance with those expressed in this Magazine, and if you wish to defend him, our pages are open to you to say what you choose on this subject. The style of your Criticism is so like the best parts of the "Examiner" and "Champion," that I have an impression, perhaps an erroneous one, that you may be acquainted with the men of talents who support these publications. If you choose therefore to say anything confidentially to me on this or any other subject, you will have no cause to regret such confidence. And I am ready to answer any question you may put to me, in the most free and unreserved manner.

I am of opinion that a regular monthly account of the *Acted Drama* of London would be of great benefit to this Magazine, and I can devote to this purpose from three to six pages, or even occasionally a page or two more, though in all probability six pages would be found sufficient for you. The execution of this plan I leave entirely to your judgement. I have only to observe that, in writing, you might keep in mind that it is for an "Edin. Magazine" and that you should have a *regular commencement as introduction explaining your views*. But the pages to which you referred me convince me that, whatever you do write, it will be executed with ability and judgement.

With respect to free admission into the theatres, I believe that I shall soon be able to procure this; but meanwhile, should you incur any expense on our account in any way, the amount shall instantly be sent you. You say that your object is amusement, and not emolument. I can only reply to this, that if you have become a Contributor to this Magazine, you shall, if you chuse it, be remunerated for your trouble, as liberally as any Writer on a work of this nature.

You will, therefore, be so good as to write to me as soon as possible. It would be desirable that your first communication should appear in our January No. in which case, it should be here on the 10th or 12th at the very latest. And you should let me know previously to what length it may extend.

If you finally make up your mind to write for me, I see no reason why you should confine yourself to the Drama. Your accomplishments would render you a valuable contributor in many other departments, and essays on any subject you choose will be most acceptable. I intend henceforth that the Magazine be still more miscellaneous, and contain a great variety of short pieces in prose and verse to relieve the effect of longer and graver communications. If you see anything amiss in any opinion contained in our pages, you may attack and destroy it. I feel that in you I have to deal with a Gentleman, and if you should, unluckily for us, be

prevented from meeting our wishes, we part now with friendship and courtesy.

I am, Sir,
Yours with respect,
The Editor of
BLACKWOOD'S EDIN. MAGAZINE.

I send this in a parcel to Messrs. Baldwin and Co. with a copy of this Month's Magazine, which I hope you will like.

Edin., 29 January, 1818.

To A. Z.,

SIR,

I need not say more to you, than that your two articles on the Acted Drama (forming one in our Number of this Month) fully equalled my expectations. In you I have found a most valuable correspondent, and sincerely hope you will find leisure to be a regular one. I have enclosed you £10—as a retaining fee—and I have no doubt that the success of our work, which will be greatly aided by your most effective assistance, will enable us to pay all our best contributions, at least as liberally as any similar periodical publication in the kingdom.

Till I have made some arrangements about free admittances to the Theatres, pray keep an account of your expenses in that way, and let it be sent to me when you think proper. But I trust that ere long I shall procure them.

We are all very much behind-hand in this city in theatrical knowledge; and the more criticism on living actors you can interweave with your *Acted Drama*, the better for Scotch readers. Your discretion will tell you how far you ought to go in this, so as not to appear uttering unnecessary truths to our English friends. Mathews is acting here at present, and if you have an opportunity of sketching his merits in your next, it would please us here. But as I said before I leave this department entirely to yourself.

Occasional Essays—short or long—on other subjects will be acceptable. Vain as we Scotsmen are of ourselves, the idiomatic language and simple elegance of Englishmen *tells* with us; and our Magazine can every month be open to one other article from you of equal length with your *Acted Drama*, if you choose to favour us with it.

Would not "The Poets of the West End of the Town,"—Spencer, etc., etc., be a good subject for an article or two!

I perceive by the Newspapers that Coleridge is about to deliver a course of Lectures. Could you furnish us with an interesting account of his first three lectures for our February Number, and of

his next three on Shakespeare for the March No.? If you think so—charge the price of the Course of Lectures to the Magazine.

Your poetry is in [my] opinion admirable, and I can scarcely expect much of it for the Magazine. I sent the two compositions you mentioned to the Gentleman who reviewed "Lallah Rookh" and "Manfred," and I now enclose you his letter to Mr. Blackwood on the subject, rather than mutilate his words, and you will return it with your first communication.

I need not say to you how foolishly false is the report that we intend to be libellers. I regret that on the subject of Mr. Leigh Hunt offence has been given to you, and indeed our London Correspondent in his first Paper expressed himself very unguardedly, though I cannot see any good from supposing that he meant to accuse Mr. Hunt of immoral actions—which indeed I know was not once in his mind. But I trust that our opinions and sentiments on other occasions may coincide. So no more on what must be painful. With the assistance of Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. Henry Mackenzie Dr. Brewster, Professor Thomson, Professor Jamieson, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Gordon, Mr. Lockhart, and many other gentlemen of the first literary reputation in Scotland, we have no need to seek to attract public notice by unworthy means, and I leave you to judge, notwithstanding our difference of opinion on one subject, and, if you please, our culpable error, if, on a single occasion we have ever attempted it.

Be so good as return Mr. Wilson's letter as soon as possible, and let me hear from you what I am to expect for next Number, and about what time.

I am, Sir,
Your Most Ob. Sr.,
The Editor of
Blackwood's Magazine.

Edin., 29 January, 1818.

Sir,

Mr. Blackwood has this moment shewn me your letter of the 26th.

I declined Z's communication respecting Mr. Hazlitt's Lectures, because I feared it might be too bitter, and I feel some difficulty in accepting yours lest it should be too panegyrical. At the same time I am no stranger to Mr. Hazlitt's talents, and from my confidence in your discretion, I can have no doubt that such an article could not fail of being interesting. I am therefore loth to lose it, and hope that you will send it to me if possible by the 9th, leaving to me a discretionary power over its insertion (which I have little doubt will be exerted in its favour) and the liberty of making any observations I may think fit upon it, in a future

Number. Should any such observations appear to me to be called for, you may rest assured that they will be expressed with all due respect to yourself and in a manner which will do no injustice to Mr. Hazlitt. This much I have thought necessary to say to you, because I cannot always approve either of the matter or the manner of Mr. Hazlitt's lucubrations, and therefore while you are at liberty to state your own opinions or his in your own way in our Magazine, you will admit it to be fair that I avail myself, if I chuse, of the same privilege.

Your Critique on your friend's work, shall with pleasure be inserted, unless it contains something very inconsistent indeed with the general strain of sentiments and opinions of this Magazine, which I know to be highly improbable, and I repeat that it will at all times give me satisfaction to consult your feelings on all literary subjects.

You will perceive that our last Number is not a very ambitious one, though perhaps, for general readers, an occasional number of that kind may not be ill adapted. After this admission you may perhaps consider it no great compliment when I add that your own was the only sterling article, and gave great satisfaction to our Scotch readers, being in fact written with that elegance and simplicity which Scotchmen can admire without being able to imitate.

From your letter to Mr. Blackwood, I am not without hopes of hearing from you in a few days at greater length, and be assured that you will have no occasion to regret any freedom of communication with me on any subject that may be interesting to you.

I have just to add that I am very anxious to have a full account of these three Lectures of Coleridge's that treat of the Drama, if no other; and as Kean is to perform here in Passion week, a striking Essay[1] on his Genius and mode of acting in his powerful characters would I think be a popular article in Scotland at least, for our March Number.

I am, Sir
Yours with respect
The Editor of
Blackwood's Magazine.

The following letter is of interest as it shows that P. G. Patmore's work, "Letters on England" (published by Colburn in 1823) "by Victor, Count de Soligny," was written,

[1] Note by P. G. P. It was in reply to this that the Essay was written which is noticed in the last No. of the Mag. (Dec., 1824), see the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

at least in part, in 1818. The most valuable portion of this work is undoubtedly the appreciations of "Living English Poets." The poets criticised are Wordsworth, Byron, Southey, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Coleridge, Wilson, Crabbe, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Barry Cornwall. It is curious that Shelley is included in the list, and Keats omitted. Keats died in 1821 and Shelley in 1822. Probably both had been originally included, and the critique on Keats omitted upon his death, while in July, 1822, the work may have been too far advanced for the essay on Shelley to be cut out. That on Keats very probably reappeared later in the "London Magazine." This paper was generally attributed to Hazlitt, whose style it more or less reproduces, but Coventry Patmore, probably with good reason, assigns it to his father.[1] There is not, in any of these critiques, the slightest indication of a French point of view: indeed, the disguise is throughout the whole book of the flimsiest description. The French element can only be recognized in a phrase or two forced in to fortify the illusion, as when the author speaks of Paris as "the metropolis of the world." Probably the pseudo-authorship was introduced merely to palliate any inaccuracy or want of method which might otherwise have called for remark, and to account for disquisitions on subjects which would seem too hackneyed for an English writer.

Edin., 23 March, 1818.

To A. Z.

Sir,

By the Magazine which I now send you, you will see that your communication came safe to hand.

I was also duly favoured with yours of the 17th, relative to your proposed work. I think the plan is an excellent one. It is a bold attempt for one person to undertake, the subjects are so varied and extensive, yet I have no doubt you will make it interesting. I am very anxious therefore to see any part of it that you have ready. Messrs. Baldwin and Co. will be sending off a coach parcel to me on the 30th, so you might send your packet to them, marking on it to be *forwarded by first Coach parcel.* Should it not be convenient for you to send it so soon, you can enclose it with your next communication.

I am not so sure with regard to that part of your plan, the writing in the character of a Foreigner. I rather think that one writing

[1] See vol. i., p. 66, and vol. ii., pp. 226-227.

in their own character will do so with more natural ease and force than in any assumed one. I see well enough that there are a number of little details which a Frenchman would enter into, and which an Englishman would not find it necessary to notice. Perhaps this might be obviated by supposing your Correspondent a Frenchman who had been in this country for a short time, and wished for farther information, whose remarks called from you observations and details. Besides, the French mode of thinking and expressing themselves is so different from ours that it would be difficult to keep up the idea of the work being a translation. And then, as to the French translation, I fear it would be difficult to get this well done and properly managed.

I merely throw out these hints, which are indeed rather premature, as I cannot pretend to judge till I have seen some part of your MS.

As to the volume of Poems I feel more doubtful. Mr. Wilson (and there cannot be a better judge) admires your pieces very much. All my experience however of publishing poetry tells me that, unless there be one poem of some length in a volume, which is likely to attract for its story, subject, or execution, a collection of short pieces, however beautiful, do not take hold of the public—particularly if the Author's name is unknown.

My Editor has been much occupied lately, but I have some hopes of seeing him to-day, and that he will give me a letter to transcribe for you.

Almost none of the London Papers have ever noticed the Magazine. If you have access to any of their Editors, we would be particularly obliged to you if you could get any extracts or remarks inserted. "The Courier," and particularly "The Times," I should think would be glad to insert some extracts from the Strictures on the "Edin. Review." "The Champion" also and some of the other papers might also be tried. I would be glad to send copies of the Magazine to any of the Editors. I sent it for some time to several of the papers, but have given it up, finding they made no use of it.

I am Sir
Your Most Obt. Ser.
W. Blackwood.

P.S.—The Editor desires me to say that he will write you in a few days. On showing him my letter he said he agreed with me in thinking that it would not answer to have a translation. But he supposes that you have so much of the work already executed that it must remain as written by a Frenchman, and indeed he is not sure but what you are right in this conception.

I sent the Magazine to Mr. Kean.

Edin., 19 April, 1818.

SIR,

. . . As to the line on Mr. Hazlitt,[1] I believe it was put in without thought, and I am sure that if the Editor had considered it he would have altered it.

We received your articles just in time. They are very interesting indeed. Your communications are much liked here. I shall see the Editor to-morrow, when I hope he will give me a letter for you.

* * * * * * *

I am, Sir
Your Most Ob. Sr.
W. BLACKWOOD.

Edin., 20 April, 1818.

SIR,

I ought to have written you long ago, but have been prevented by a thousand circumstances which it would be tedious to mention.

I return to you my most hearty thanks for the effective aid you have lent to our work ; and hope that you will continue it. It is succeeding remarkably well, and I think that you must be of opinion that on the whole its character is improving. I am well aware that it may be still greatly improved; and it is to yourself, and correspondents like you, that I look for such improvement. It cannot be that the sentiments and opinions expressed in it shall please all hearts and minds ; but it is my most anxious wish to give currency to nothing that is not fair, upright and manly. A strong push is made here and elsewhere to put it down ; but I am confident that it will not only stand its ground, but erelong be greatly superior to any Miscellany of the kind in Britain.

Your Notices of Mr. Hazlitt's Lectures have been admirable, and must I think have been satisfactory to himself. The joke about him in the Notices I do not understand nor much care about. The said Notices were written in a few hours by a gentleman of real wit, and perfect good humour. Some one had told him (it would seem erroneously) that Mr. Hazlitt had a pimpled face, and he accordingly said so, without much meaning.—Mr. Hazlitt is beyond all doubt a man of great talents. But is it possible, that he, the most severe and slashing satyrist of the day, can care for an unmeaning expression in an unmeaning *jeu d'esprit?* Surely not. If so, it is a curious enough instance of human inconsistency. I can have no wish to offend or irritate Mr. Hazlitt. But neither have I the slightest fear of him. I am mistaken

[1] Probably that in which he is called "Pimpled Hazlitt."

greatly, if there be not a pen ready to be drawn in my service, by "one as good as he." The Baron Lauerwinkel[1] is ready and able to enter the lists with any antagonist. At the same time, I know the powers of Mr. Hazlitt, and perfectly sympathise with your admiration of them.

Now that the Lectures are over, I hope that you will exert yourself on some other interesting subject. That you may write free from all restraint, might it not be advisable to adopt a certain signature (say A. Z.) and write from "London"? In this way you would be fully entitled, as our London Correspondent, to say what you choose on any subject, without regard to me or my opinions. Whatever you write I will insert in the Magazine. I reserve to myself the liberty of writing against you, if I think proper; but you may depend upon being spoken of, at all times, in the most friendly and respectful language. This is the only way in which I could admit a critique on Mr. Hunt's poetry. Had he used less violent language towards the Reviewer of his "Rimini," it might have been in my power to have given a friendly explanation. But as it is, I cannot. I do not greatly blame him for what he has said—but I cannot give up to threats and fury what I intended to give from a sense of justice. The subject is a painful one, and let us dismiss it. If you choose to write about Mr. Hunt, do so—but candour compels me to say, that I cannot consider him a great poet, and that his conceit and affectation are to me most offensive and disgusting. He also, like his friend Mr. Hazlitt, is a little inconsistent. He cheerfully takes part with the writer of a late letter to Mr. Canning—a letter in all respects as bitter as that of Z.[2] to Mr. Leigh Hunt. Neither does he seem to think the writer of that letter a Coward. There is much nonsense in the charge of cowardice. I am uncertain what Z. may wish to say farther about Mr. Hunt. The Magazine is open to him. But not a word of *dubious import* shall ever again appear in it relative to that Gentleman. Once more I say, if you chuse to vindicate Mr. Hunt, do so.

Mr. Blackwood has just given me to read, a specimen of your intended work. It is written with much spirit, liveliness, and acuteness. If I can be of any use to you in correcting the proofs, or otherwise, command my services.

I have written a long letter, I fear without saying anything. Once more be assured of my high consideration, and that all your communications to me, hints, etc. etc. will be received with the most friendly and respectful feelings. If you favour me with any thing for next Number, besides the Acted Drama (always much

[1] One of the many pseudonyms of John Gibson Lockhart.

[2] John Wilson, "Christopher North," frequently signed his articles with this initial.

admired here) be so good as to let me receive it, if possible, on or before the 10th of May. I am Sir,

Yours with esteem

THE EDITOR.

The copies of verses will be sent in next packet.

Most confidential.

Edin., 27 Au., 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

It gave me great pleasure indeed this morning to see your handwriting again. I hope you have had a delightful tour, and that you have a great store of materials collected during your travels which you will be giving us from time to time. The Editor is very desirous of your resuming your "Notices of the Acted Drama," and I hope I shall be able in a few days thro' a friend to obtain free access for you to the Theatres.

As to the wretched Pamphlet [1] which you mention, it is full of falsehoods, calumnies and misrepresentations of every kind, but just now I have no time to write you particularly about it. But what you have heard about Mr. Hazlitt is quite true—he has actually begun a prosecution on account of the article "Hazlitt Cross-questioned." This is an unpleasant business to all parties, and I am induced to write about it, from your so kindly offering to endeavour to settle it. I need hardly say that what I now write is in the strictest sense to yourself alone as a friend, and only to be acted upon if you find you can really be of use in the affair. Without farther preface therefore I shall state to you as shortly as I can what are my views and feelings with regard to the whole of this business.

When Mr. Hazlitt first gave me the intimation of his intention to prosecute, I did not for a moment believe that he sincerely intended doing so, or would ever be so ill advised as to sacrifice himself merely to gratify the rancorous malignity of the persons here who have used every means in their power to injure me. You can have no idea of Constable's rage and fury at the success of my Magazine. He has tried every method to attack me, and to stir up actions against the Magazine. He caused his two poor Creatures, my old Editors,[2] to raise an action, but they have never ventured to go on with it, knowing how hopeless their cause would

[1] This may possibly have been Hazlitt's letter to Gifford, from which Keats quotes long extracts in a letter to George and Georgiana Keats, dated March 12/19. Given in Sidney Colvin's "Letters of Keats," pp. 226-230.

[2] Messrs. Pringle and Cleghorn. To those who have read the article "Hazlitt Cross-questioned," it will appear astonishing that William Blackwood should have thought it necessary to account by external influence for Hazlitt's action.

be, as well as what a terrible exposure they would be subjected to, and how completely they would be gibbetted if they were foolish enough to come into a court. For all this Constable does not care a fig, and provided he could by any means trouble me, it matters not to him how contemptible soever he renders his poor tools. They however seem to have more sense than to risk themselves, and now his only resource and that of his party is your friend Mr. Hazlitt. He is a person at a distance whom they are glad to get hold of as a scape-goat, through whose means they may vent all their malignity towards me. What makes it the more absurd in this party now taking up Mr. Hazlitt's cause, is, that they were all ready enough in sneering at him, particularly Constable's mouth-piece, Macvey Napier, the Editor of his Encyclopædia, who was busy on all occasions telling stories to Mr. Hazlitt's discredit.

I have no fear as to the result of the action if it were to go on, but I would rather make a sacrifice in order to settle this matter privately, as it is so unpleasant for one to have a process, which must occasion some trouble, going on perhaps for a length of time. I do not hesitate to say this much to you in confidence. You will be aware too, on the other hand, that, taking a contrary view of the result of the action, it is still more Mr. Hazlitt's interest than mine to have the matter accommodated privately. On this head every friend of Mr. Hazlitt's can only have one opinion, for should the cause ever go into Court, every particle of the questions must be gone into, and my Counsel would contest the whole Inch by Inch, so that there would be such an exposure of Mr. Hazlitt's life and writings that he could never get the better of it. The expense of such a litigation I daresay Mr. H. would not feel, as I have no doubt but that Constable is to pay the whole, and little as he would mind this expense, he would care still less for the exposure which all Mr. Hazlitt's friends would deprecate so much, and which I confess to you I would not myself much like, as being in some measure the cause of it.

Having thus explained myself to you, I trust to your friendship in managing this matter delicately with Mr. Hazlitt, and, as I hope your opinion in regard to these matters will coincide with mine, you will take your own way in ascertaining his sentiments. In the first instance you will not give him any reason to believe that you speak to him on that subject by my desire. You will soon be able to discern if he is disposed to settle the matter by a pecuniary compensation. If you find that he is, you will immediately communicate with Mr. Sharon Turner, who will send you his address with this letter, to whom I have given full powers and instructions to conclude the affair on my part. I hope therefore Mr. Hazlitt will name a reasonable sum, and the affair may be concluded in

five minutes. One great object you will see must be kept in view, which is to have the matter settled without the intervention of Constable (who I believe is now in London) or any of his party. The moment they heard of any thing of this kind they would do all they could to prevent accommodation. You will thus see the necessity of proceeding cautiously, and, if the matter is to be settled in this way at all, that it should be settled at once. I need not say how much I shall feel indebted to you if you are successful in your mediation. I am sure that, if you are, you will be doing both Mr. Hazlitt and me a real service, but, if not, it will not I know be your fault, and it cannot be helped—we are prepared well, and matters must just take their course. I shall only regret having given you so much trouble to no purpose. As the cause will be going in a few days I hope you will be able to see Mr. H. without delay, and write me in a post or two.

I had almost forgot to say that the Editor is very anxious to have the next No. a strong one, and he hopes you will be able to send me some communications before the 7th or 8th.

I hope you will pardon all this trouble from

My Dear Sir, Yours faithfully

W. Blackwood.

Edin., 25 Dec., 1818.

My Dear Sir,

By the time this reaches you, I hope you will have received No. XXI. I have delayed writing from day to day expecting to have been able to have told you that I had finally settled with Mr. Hazlitt's Agent. Shortly after I received your last letter, he made a proposition to my Agent to drop the affair, provided the expenses already incurred were paid, and a small sum given to some charity. My Agent told Mr. Hazlitt's that he would certainly advise me to pay the expenses, as it was desirable for everyone to get out of court, but that he never would advise me to agree to the second part of the proposition. Mr. H.'s Agent said he himself did not expect this, and that he would write Mr. H. accordingly. I understand he had a letter two days ago authorizing him to settle as he thought best. My Agent is in the country, but, when he comes to town to-morrow or next day, everything will be adjusted satisfactorily. I beg again to return you my warmest thanks for your kind offices on this occasion.

I hope you will like this Number, as there is a great variety in it both of amusing and valuable Papers. The Editor was to have written you himself with regard to Mr. Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare, but neglected it, being obliged to go to the country. I did not know in time, else I would have written you. He is very anxious to have them, and I hope you have attended them though

you have not heard from us. I expect the Editor in town to-day and shall probably have a letter from him to enclose with this.

I am,
My Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
W. Blackwood.

P.S. I have just received the note of which you have a copy on the other side—I wish you may be able to accede to it, as I have not a moment's time—the parcel is just going off.

Edin., 25 Dec., 1818.

My Dear Sir,

I shall be most happy to receive from you any Sketches you may have by you of your late Tour on the Continent.

If you can send us any full or interesting account of Mr. Coleridge's Lectures on Poetry, I conceive nothing could be more valuable for our purposes. Your Notices of the Drama are extremely acceptable to our Readers. I expected to have heard from the person to whom I write with regard to admission to the Theatres. In the meantime any expenses on this head you will be so good as charge to me.

The arrangements entered into by the Publishers, have enabled me to offer my Correspondents 10 Gs. a sheet, which I hope will be approved of by you. If therefore you have any literary friends disposed and able to lend effectual assistance, you have it in your power to state the above to them, and in doing so confer an additional favour on me.

Accept of my warmest acknowledgements for your many good offices and believe me to be,

My Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
The Editor of Blackwood's Mag.

Edin., 23 May, 1820.

My Dear Sir

My friend Christopher desires me to say that he fears you are either getting tired of the "Acted Drama" or careless, for he thinks your last not so good as formerly. He also bids me tell you that he reserves to himself any notice whether laudatory or the reverse of such a work as Baldwin's Magazine, and that therefore he omitted your note. For my own part I hope it never will be noticed in our pages, but allowed to sink or swim according to its own merits.

I am,
My Dear Sir,
Yours truly
W. Blackwood.

APPENDIX VI

THE WORKS OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

THE history of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, which Patmore presented to the British Museum, is interesting so far as it can be recovered. I give below all that I have been able to gather on the subject.

The following is the printed description of the book affixed to the binding of vol. i.:

"THOMAE AQUINATIS (DIVI DOCTORIS ANGELICI) OPERA OMNIA CUM TABULA AUREA EXIMII DOCTORIS FRATRIS PETRI DE BERGOMO, 17 vols. in 21, *beautifully printed on vellum, purple morocco super extra, joints, gilt gaufré edges.*

Romae, apud heredes A. Bladi. 1570-71.

"First and best edition of the works of Saint Thomas Aquinas, and considered the most extensive Book ever printed on Vellum. This magnificent set was the DEDICATION COPY TO POPE PIUS V. (see his arms illuminated in gold and colours at the commencement), and by him was presented to Philip the Second, King of Spain, who deposited it in the library of the Escurial, whence it was taken during the occupation of Spain by the French. Subsequently, it came into the possession of Sir Mark Sykes, at whose sale, before bound (at an expense of one hundred and five guineas) for Mr. Williams,[1] it was sold for £162 15*s.*, and re-sold in Mr. Kerr's sale for £231. THE ONLY OTHER COPY KNOWN ON VELLUM IS THAT IN THE NAT. LIBRARY OF PARIS."

The latter part of this description is somewhat obscure. What is evidently implied is that the book passed from Sir Mark Sykes to Dr. Williams, by whom it was bound. Brunet says: "Un autre [sc. copy on vellum] a été vendu 162 liv. 15 sh. Sykes; 178 liv. 10 sh. Williams." From Dr. Williams it passed to Mr. Kerr, at whose sale the Museum failed to obtain it, probably because it fetched more than Mr. Panizzi was empowered to give.

[1] Rev. Theodore Williams, D.D., vicar of Hendon.

The description appears to have been cut out of a sale catalogue, presumably that of Dr. Williams. After the words, "gaufré edges," a passage has been crossed out in ink, but can be deciphered. This reads, "with the arms of Revd. T. Williams in gold on sides." The binding is that of Dr. Williams, but his arms have been cut out and the space filled in, and covered by a more extensive device, which almost conceals the scar.

The *tabula aurea* mentioned in the sale catalogue given above (printed at Bologna in 1472), became separated from the set, and was in 1894 bought for the Museum from Messrs. Sotheran and Co. by Dr. Garnett. It had previously been in the Aldenham collection. It is in Dr. Williams's binding with the arms complete, is "stilted" to make it range with the other volumes, and shows inside the cover the Aldenham bookplate. There is a scar in the corresponding position in the other volumes, which indicates that they once held a similar, and presumably the same, bookplate. Though there is no actual evidence on the subject, it seems probable that the whole book, including the separate index volume, passed from Mr. Kerr's sale to the Aldenham collection, and it may be conjectured that it came thence into Mr. Toovey's hands, from whom Patmore probably purchased it. His family think that the price he gave for it was £300, but there seems to be no actual evidence on this point.

The following letter from Patmore is placed inside the cover of vol. i. together with a copy of Mr. Panizzi's reports.

"Hastings,
"Feb. 9, 1880.

"Mr. Patmore begs to present the accompanying copy of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas to the Right Honourable and Honourable the Trustees of the British Museum."

These words are followed by a brief description of the book.

The following are Mr. Panizzi's reports advocating the purchase.

"Department of Printed Books,
"Feb. 26, 1847.

"Mr. Panizzi begs to report that on the 12th of next month a copy on vellum of all the works of Thomas Aquinas in 17 vols. fol. in 21, printed at Rome in 1570, is to be sold by auction.

"It is the largest work on vellum in existence, and there is only another copy of it on the same material in the Royal Library at Paris. There is not even a paper copy in the Museum Library. At Dr. Williams's sale the same vellum copy now to be disposed of sold for one hundred and seventy guineas. Mr. Panizzi thinks that it ought to be purchased for the Trustees even for ten guineas a volume (210 guineas for the 21 vols.) if it could not be obtained for less.

(Signed) "A. PANIZZI."

"Department of Printed Books,
"Feb. 27, 1847.

"In addition to his report dated yesterday suggesting the purchase of Thomas Aquinas's works on vellum for £220 10*s*., Mr. Panizzi begs to state that, from what he has since learnt, there is reason to think that more than that sum will be bid for them. These books are now in the British Museum for the inspection of the Trustees, and their condition and beauty is such that Mr. Panizzi begs to recommend their purchase for the Museum at any price not exceeding £305 (three hundred and five pounds).

(Sd.) "A. PANIZZI."

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